THE NATURAL METHOD READERS

A FOURTH READER

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THE NATURAL METHOD READERS

A FOURTH READER

BY

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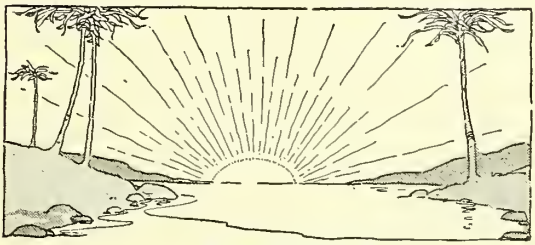

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON

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PREFACE

By the time the child has reached the fourth grade he has mastered the simple mechanics of reading. He has acquired a considerable vocabulary, a phonic sense that enables him to pronounce most of the words that he meets with a reasonable degree of accuracy, and an ability to use the dictionary. He has also learned the value of silent reading and has laid the foundation of a literary taste.

Beginning with the fourth grade, the chief aims of reading may be stated as follows:

1. The acquisition of practical reading power.
2. The acquisition of greater familiarity with the language—its sentence structure, forms of speech, varieties of style, etc.
3. The acquisition of information with the aim of co-ordinating the knowledge obtained from the study of other subjects, such as geography, history, science, etc.
4. The enlarging of the vocabulary with the resultant development of the powers of expression.
5. The development of taste and the formation of literary standards.
6. The formation of ideals and the consequent spiritual growth.

It would be beyond the scope of this preface to discuss in detail each of these objects of reading. It must be sufficient to mention them and to say that the selections of the Fourth Reader have been chosen with a view to assisting the teacher to realize these objects in her work in reading.

It must not be supposed that the teacher is expected to follow the order of the selections given in the book. She should feel free to take them up in the order which the taste, intelligence, and proficiency of the class suggests.

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As far as is consistent with following the above-mentioned aims, the authors have chosen a body of content designed to make reading a pleasure, to give the child a taste of "the joy of reading." The development of a love for reading has too often been lost sight of in the schoolroom. An attempt has also been made to introduce a larger proportion than usual of selections that deal with modern things. Children too often feel that their reading material is too remote from every-day life and hence lacks reality. Such selections as "Sunshine Girl," "Under the Sea in a Modern Submarine," and "Being a Scout" deal with activities of modern life that have either important informational or inspirational value.

Thanks are due to authors and publishers for permission to use copyrighted material: To Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams and *The Youth's Companion* for "The Little Air Current"; Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. for "Robert of Lincoln," by William Cullen Bryant; Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. for "A Tempest in a Big Teapot," from "Around the Hub," by Samuel Adams Drake; the W. A. Wilde Company for "A Hero of the Fleet," from "Deeds of Daring and Doing," by William Allen Johnston; The Houghton Mifflin Company for "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "Hiawatha's Sailing," "To Stay at Home Is Best," by Longfellow; "Little Daffydowndilly" and "The Boston Massacre," by Hawthorne; and "King Solomon and the Ants" and "The Brown Dwarf of Rügen," by Whittier.

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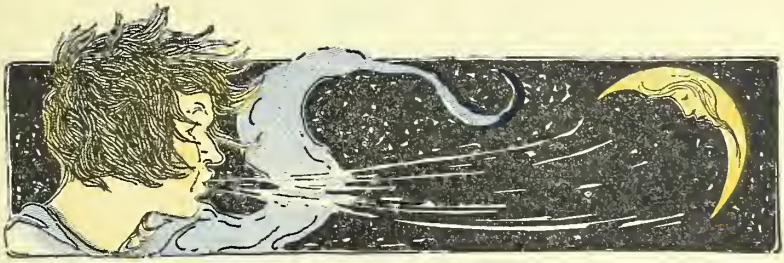
A FOURTH READER

FAIRY BREAD

Come up here, O dusty feet!
Here is fairy bread to eat.
Here in my retiring room,
  Children, you may dine
On the golden smell of broom,
  And the shade of pine,
And when you have eaten well
Fairy stories hear and tell.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



THE WIND AND THE MOON

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out.
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about;
I hate to be watched; I will blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So, deep,
On a heap
Of clouds, to sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon—
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!
On high,
In the sky,
With her one ghost eye,

The Moon shone white and alive and plain,
Said the Wind—"I will blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.
"With my sledge
And my wedge
I have knocked off her edge!
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and blew, and she thinned to a thread.
"One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread!"

He blew a great blast and the thread was gone;
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far-off and harmless the shy stars shone;
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more
On down
In town,
Like a merry-mad clown
He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar,
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more!

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the Queen of the night.

Said the Wind—"What a marvel of power am I?
With my breath,
Good faith!
I blew her to death—
First blew her away right out of the sky—
Then blew her in; what a strength am I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair,
For high,
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE LITTLE AIR-CURRENT

This is the story of a foolish little air-current that at one time was part of a big cyclone—a very foolish little air-current.

For days and weeks, and ever since the little air-current could remember, they had been circling round and round —all the big and little air-currents up there together— in long, graceful turns, with the sun shining down through them, and glinting and glistening on the dancing, dazzling water far, far below.

The water was the Gulf of Mexico, but of course the little air-current did not know that. He and his brothers were just plain, ignorant little currents and had never seen land.

But they used to have a great deal of fun floating round and round all the long, lazy day, with the sun glinting through them. The little air-current had a foolish idea that this was what he was going to do all his life, if he thought about it at all, and one day he remarked, in the hearing of one of the bigger currents: "My, we're going pretty fast to-day."

"Do you call this fast?" put in one of the big ones. "Huh, just you wait until we get under way."

"We'll be starting soon," he heard one say to another. The big ones all have hoarse voices.

"Which direction?" asked one of the little air-currents.

"North, of course. Are you crazy?"

"North is the only direction in summer time," said another still bigger current kindly.

The little air-current said, "North, of course," although he did not know anything about it.

And the next day came the word to move.

"There's an area of low pressure up over the Gulf States," said one, "that's what starts us. We are to go and fill it up."

"Yes, we must go and fill it up," said the foolish little air-current.

"Come on, we're going now," said all the big air-currents excitedly.

"Get in line there!" shouted one of the big ones. And just then off shot the big circling volume of air, a little to the east of north, toward the State of Mississippi. It was still revolving round and round, but making rapid forward progress now at the same time, like a spinning top that darts off to one side. And the faster it went ahead, the faster it whirled round.

"Oh, dear!" cried the little air-current, really quite frightened. "Where are we going?"

"Hold on tight!" cried the big air-currents. "If you let go you will be lost!" They, too, were a little frightened, but pretended that they were not. They were not going half so fast as they would be going by and by.

Soon they came over the land and they swooped down

lower. "Ugh! what's that ugly rough stuff?" screamed the little air-current.

"Land!" whistled one of the larger currents. "Land, land!" roared the biggest currents. "Land! land!" they all screamed and whistled together. "We'll tear it up!" Now they began to go faster and faster. The little air-current did not say anything more for a while; he just whirled round as the others were doing.

"What do you call this game?" he cried to a big current once in a lull.

"Game!" replied the other contemptuously. "This is no game. We are a cyclone now!" He hissed the word "cyclone."

"Oh, we are a cyclone?" It is the ambition of an air-current's life to be part of a cyclone. "I'm a cyclone," he repeated to himself. "Just think!" and he dashed down among some trees that were waving and tossing their branches wildly and helplessly.

Faster and faster they went, and now they came to a farmhouse, which they picked up, turned round, and put down on the same foundation, only backward. Fields of corn were uprooted. Streams boiled. Here was a town. Now houses began to fall and shatter. Roofs were lifted off, rolled up, and dropped on trees. Trees were picked up and slapped against steeples, which broke. Houses were twisted. Factories tottered and tumbled. And it was all so easily done.

But the cyclone did not stop to look. It just tore on

and on to the next town, sometimes skipping one village entirely, only to plunge down and entirely demolish the next.

All this time there was roaring and wild howling, and the little air-current, like all the rest, was doing his part. They forgot to ask questions now. They were no longer frightened. They had caught the wild ecstasy of the storm.

All that night they rushed on madly up the United States, howling and shrieking. It was no longer hard for the little air-current to keep up. He did it from force of habit.

With dawn the storm quieted a little, and they had time to look about.

"Oh, didn't we storm?" said the little air-current. "I tell you I knocked over some big trees!" Just then he turned round to see who listened and let go. It is always foolish to turn round in a cyclone.

"Keep still and come on!" whistled one of the big currents.

"Oh, wait!" cried the little air-current. "Wait, wait! Oh, I can't catch up!" he whispered.

He saw now, already far off in the distance, the cyclone twisting ahead in its earnest, quiet way, with his little brothers working hard, as if they all knew what they meant to do and were doing it, while he whisked quickly over a hill, across a river, and then right into the street of a great city.

Without having an idea of what he was doing, he darted up between other high buildings, across a park, over a wall, and into a street where people lived. They were just getting up. A few were coming out-of-doors.

He was so weak by this time that the best he could do was to take a man's hat off. The man ran after it, while the little air-current went on ahead of the hat until he came to a large house with trees in front. He turned in and ran through the tree-tops with all his might, but he noticed that he could only make the leaves rustle a little, rather pleasantly.

Then he knew what he was about, and glided across the room to a bed where a baby quietly sleeping lay. Then the baby sneezed.

"Nurse," said the lady, "please go over and cover the baby up. He is in a draft."

"And to think," sighed the little air-current, who was once part of a big cyclone, "that I can now only make the baby sneeze!"

JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS.

THE JOBLILIES

Larkin was an idle fellow, and was so utterly good-for-nothing, that he came to be called "Lazy Larkin." It is a dreadful thing to get a bad name when you are young. It sticks to you like a sand-burr. Larkin would neither work nor study. He did not even like good, hearty play, for any great length of time, but was very fond of the play that boys call mumble-the-peg; because, as he said, you could sit down to play it. He fished a little, but if the fish did not bite at the first place, he sat down; he would not move, but just sat and waited for them to come to him.

He had gone out to Bass Lake to fish, one day, in company with some other boys, but they had put him out of the boat because he was too lazy to row when his turn came. The others were rowing about, trolling for pickerel, and he sat down on a point of land called "Duck Point," and went to fishing. As the fish would not bite, he sat looking at them in the clear water, and wishing that he was a fish—they had such a lazy time of it, lying there in the sun, or paddling idly around through the water.

He saw a large pickerel lying perfectly still over a certain spot near the shore. When other fish came near

the pickerel, it darted out and drove them off, and then paddled back to the same place again. Larkin dropped his bait near by, but the fish paid no attention to it, and, indeed, seemed to have nothing to do but to lie still in the same place.

"I wish I were a pickerel," said the lazy fellow; "I wouldn't have to carry in wood or pull weeds out of the garden, or feed the chickens, or get the multiplication table, or—or—do anything else"; and he gave one vast yawn, stretching his mouth so wide, and keeping it open so

long, that it really seemed as if he never would get it together again. When it did shut, his eyes shut with it, for the fellow was too lazy to hold them open.

"Ha! ha! lazy fellow! lazy fellow!"

Larkin heard some one say this, and raised his head to see who it was. Not finding any one about, he thought he must have been dreaming. So he just gave one more yawn, opening his mouth like the lid of an old tin coffee-pot, and keeping it open nearly a minute. Then he stretched himself upon the grass again.

"Ha! ha! lazy fellow! lazy fellow!"

This time there seemed to be half a dozen voices, but Larkin felt too lazy to look up.

"Ha! ha! very lazy fellow!"

Larkin just got one eye open a little, and looked around to see where the sound came from. After a while, he saw a dozen or more very odd, queer-looking creatures, sitting on the broad, round leaves of the water-lilies that floated on the surface of the lake. These little people had white caps, for all the world like the white lily blossoms that were bobbing up and down around them. In fact, it took Larkin some time to make out clearly that they were not lilies. But finally he saw their faces peeping out, and noticed that they had no heads, but only fins instead. Then he noticed that their coats were beautifully mottled, like the sides of the pickerel, and their feet flattened out, like a fish's tail. Soon he saw that others of the same kind were coming up, all dripping, from the water, and taking

their places on the leaves; and as each new-comer arrived, the others kept saying:

"Ha! ha! lazy fellow! very lazy fellow!"

And then the others would look at him and shake their speckled sides with laughter, and say: "Lazy fellow! ha! ha!"

Poor Larkin was used to being laughed at, but it was provoking to be laughed at by these queer-looking folk, sitting on the lilies in the water. Soon he saw that there were nearly a hundred of them gathered.

"Come on, Joblilies!" cried one of them, who carried a long fish-bone, and seemed to be leader; "let's make a Joblily of him."

Upon that the whole swarm of them came ashore. The leader stuck his fish-bone into Larkin, and made him cry out. Then they all set up another laugh, and another cry of "lazy fellow"!

"Bring me three grains of silver-white sand from the middle of the lake," said the leader; and two of them jumped into the water and disappeared.

"Now fetch three blades of dry grass from the lining of the kingfisher's nest," he said; and immediately two others were gone.

When the four returned, the leader dropped the grains of sand into Larkin's eyes, saying:

"Three grains of silver sand,
From the Joblily's hand!
Where shall the Joblily lie,
When the young owl learns to fly?"

Then they all jumped upon him and stamped, but Larkin could not move hand or foot. In fact, he found that his hands were flattening out, like fins. The leader then put the three blades of grass into Larkin's mouth, and said:

"Eat a dry blade! eat a dry blade!
From the nest that the kingfisher made!
What will the Joblilies do,
When the old owl cries tu-whoo?"

And then the whole party set up such a cry of "tu-whoo! tu-whoo!" that Larkin was frightened beyond measure, and they caught him and rolled him over rapidly, until he found himself falling with a great splash into the water. On rising to the surface, he saw that he was changed into a Joblily himself.

Then the whole party broke out singing:

"When the sun shines the Joblilies roam;
When the storm comes we play with the foam;
When the owl hoots Joblilies fly home!"

When they had sung this, they all went under the water; and the leader, giving Larkin a thrust with his fish-bone, cried out, "Come along!" and Lazy Larkin had nothing to do but to swim after them.

Once under the water, the scene was exceedingly beautiful. The great umbrella-like leaves of the lilies made spots of shadow in the water and on the pebbles of the bottom. The streaks of sunshine that came down between

flecked everything with patches of glorious light, just as you have seen the hills and valleys made glorious by alternate patches of light and shade, produced by the shadows of the clouds. And the tall lily stems, in the soft light, appeared to be pillars, while the great variety of waterweed, that wound about them in strange festoons, was glorious beyond description. There were beautiful bass turning their sides up to the sun, and darting about through these strange, weird scenes, seeming to enjoy their glorious abode.

"You have an easy time of it, no doubt," said Larkin, to one of these fish.

"Easy time of it, indeed! I have rather a happy time of it, because I have plenty to do; but you are a strange Joblily if you do not know that I have anything but an easy time of it. Chasing minnows, jumping three feet out of water after a butterfly, catching wigglers and mosquitoes, and keeping a sharp lookout for unlucky grasshoppers that may chance to fall in my way—all these are not easy. I tell you, there is no family of our social position that has more trouble to earn a living than the bass family."

"Come along," said the Joblily, giving another punch with his fish-bone; and Larkin travelled on.

Presently they came to a log with something growing on it.

"What beautiful moss!"

"Moss, indeed!" said one of the Joblilies; "that is a colony of small animals, all fast to one stem."

"They have an easy time of it, I suppose," said Lazy Larkin; "they don't have to travel, for they cannot move."

"True, but these beautiful, transparent moss animals have to get their living by catching creatures so small that you cannot see them. They have great numbers of little fingers or feelers that are going all the time."

Larkin touched one, and it immediately drew itself in —really swallowed itself; for these little things take this way of saving themselves from harm.

And so Larkin swam on, and found that it was a busy world beneath the Lake. He saw mussels slowly crawling through the sand; he found that the pickerel, which he had supposed idle, was really standing guard over her nest, and fanning the water with her fins all day long, that a current of fresh water might be supplied to her eggs. And all the time the Joblilies kept singing——

"Work! Work!
Never shirk!
There is work for you,
Work for all to do!
Happy they who do it,
They that shirk shall rue it!"

And after their long swim around the lake, the Joblilies came back to Duck Point again, and climbed out on the lily leaves. No sooner had Larkin seated himself with the rest than he heard a great owl cry, "Tu-whit! tu-whoo!"

Immediately the Joblilies leaped into the air, and the

whole hundred of them dashed into the water like so many bullfrogs, crying, as they came down:

"What will the Joblily do,
When the great owl cries tu-whoo?"

Larkin looked around suddenly to see whither they had gone, but could discover no trace of them. A moment after, he found himself sitting under the same tree that he was under when the Joblilies came for him. The boys had gone, and he was forced to walk home alone.

Larkin thought carefully over his trip with the Joblilies, and, I am glad to say, gradually learned to be more industrious, though it took him a long while to overcome his lazy habits, and still longer to get rid of the name of Lazy Larkin. But he remembered the jingle of the Joblilies, and I trust you will not forget it:

"Work! Work!
Never shirk!
There is work for you,
Work for all to do!
Happy they who do it,
They that shirk shall rue it!"

EDWARD EGGLESTON.

SUNSHINE GIRL

I

The July sun beat down fiercely on the street in front of the Spencers' house. It was going to be a hot day; there could be no doubt about that. But up on the front porch where Betty sat darning stockings with her mother, it was more comfortable. A tiny bit of a breeze just stirred the leaves of the honeysuckle vines that shaded the porch from the street.

Betty sighed, then dropped her darning into her lap.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed. "There are so many things that I like to do better than darning stockings."

Her mother smiled. "I feel just that way myself, Betty. But the darning has to be done, you know. It isn't anything that we can run away from."

"Oh, yes, of course. But it seems such an unimportant thing. I should like to spend my time doing something big."

"Yes, I know. That's the way everybody feels who has ambitions. Every poet wants to be a Shakespeare and every musician a Beethoven.[1] It is a good thing that it is so. We must have high ideals if we are to make the most of ourselves."

Betty sighed again and went on with her darning. All at once there was a rumble of heavy wheels. As the sound drew nearer Betty rose and looked down the street.

"Oh, here come the girls of our Campfire," she cried. "They are on their way to camp at the lake."

The omnibus came rattling down the street. Above the noise of its wheels sounded the shrill chatter and laughter of happy girls' voices. As they passed the house Betty ran half way down the front steps and waved her handkerchief.

"Wohelo for aye!" she called.

At her cry the girls in the "bus" with one accord burst out into the Campfire cheer:

"Wohelo for aye, wohelo for aye!
Wohelo, wohelo, wohelo for aye!
Wohelo for work, wohelo for health,
Wohelo, wohelo, wohelo for Love."

[1] Bā-tō-vĕn.

"Come along, Betty!" one of them called.

"Yes, yes, come along," rang out a chorus of voices.

Betty shook her head. She was smiling, but her eyes were misty and her chin trembled a little. "Not to-day!" she called.

She stood on the steps waving her handkerchief until the omnibus was out of sight, then she went back to her darning.

It was too bad that she couldn't go with them. She had looked forward to the trip for many weeks. Up-stairs in her wardrobe hung a new ceremonial gown that she had made herself and embroidered with beads especially to wear at meetings of the Campfire. But a few days before, Mr. Spencer had become seriously ill, and Betty had been obliged to change her plans. Instead of two or three delightful weeks at the Lake with her Campfire friends, she must look forward to staying closely at home helping her mother with the household work and nursing her sick father. It was hard to have one's plans upset so, and especially hard to have one's vacation spoiled in this way, after a hard year's school work. So Betty felt rather rebellious this July morning.

"I had planned to do so much, Mother. I could have passed my tests for a Fire Maker and been initiated up at the lake if I could have gone with the girls," said Betty.

"Yes, dear, I know. It is hard to be disappointed. But you know how much your father and I need you at home. By staying here and helping me you are living up to one of the most important parts of the Campfire Law. You are giving service, you know, in a very real sense."

Betty looked thoughtful. Then she repeated the Law of the Campfire to herself in a low voice.

"Seek beauty; give service; pursue knowledge; be trustworthy; hold on to health; glorify work; be happy."

" 'Give service and glorify work'—those are the laws for me to bear in mind just now," she said to herself.

The next few weeks were hard ones for Betty. From early morning until late at night she was busy with some household task. She darned stockings and mended clothes. She washed dishes, swept the floors and made the beds. She helped her mother with the cooking. And when she wasn't occupied with other duties she was helping to nurse her father.

This was what she liked best to do. It made her feel sad to see her dear father lying so helpless in bed, he who had always seemed to be so big and strong; but she was thankful that she was able to do something to make him feel more comfortable and to help him to get well sooner. At first her father was too ill to notice her, and paid no attention to her comings and goings; but as he grew better he began to depend on her for help and comfort. He missed her when she was out of the room and would ask for her.

One morning when he was well enough to talk a little he beckoned her over to his bedside, and when she bent over him said in a weak voice, half whisper: "You are my little sunshine girl."

Betty's heart swelled with joy. Her father's words were reward enough for all her work and sacrifice. They gave her an idea too. "Sunshine girl," she said to herself. "That shall be my Campfire name from now on."

At last a day came when her father was well enough to come down-stairs. They propped him up with pillows in a big chair on the front porch and Betty and her mother sat one on each side of him. All three were very happy.

"It is nice to have you well again, dear Father," said Betty.

"How could I help getting well again with two such devoted nurses to take care of me?" he asked smiling.

Betty smiled happily and squeezed her father's hand.

"Betty has certainly been a great comfort to both of us," said Mrs. Spencer. "I don't know what I should have done without her."

Just then the postman came up the front steps and handed Mrs. Spencer a letter.

"It's from Aunt Ida," she said, after looking at the handwriting. She broke the seal and began to read. "Oh, Oh!" she cried. "Listen to this," and she read aloud:

Dear Alice,

I have just returned home from a month's absence in the West and find your letters awaiting me. I was shocked to learn of Frank's illness but glad to know that he is on the way to a complete recovery. I know that you and Betty must be completely tired out, so I am coming over to take care of Frank while you and Betty go off for a complete rest. Now don't say you can't for I won't listen to any excuses. Expect me Wednesday.

Lovingly,

Ida.

"Ida is a dear, but we can't leave you, Frank," said Mrs. Spencer.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Spencer, "I am as fit as a fiddle.

Go along and pack up, both of you. You will both be ill if you don't, and then I shall have to turn nurse.''

''Oh, Mother, do you think I can go up to the lake?'' asked Betty.

''Certainly, dear,'' said her mother. ''That will be the best place in the world for you to get the roses back into your cheeks again.''

II

The sun had long since set behind Big Tunk Mountain, throwing its great shadow out over the lake. Along the shore among the pines it was dark, but in a cleared space a big fire was blazing. It lighted up the trees and shone on the eager faces of a score of girls who were seated in a circle about it. In the centre of the circle stood Miss Beecher, the Campfire Guardian. In the silence her voice rose clear and sweet.

"Betty Spencer—'Sunshine Girl,' is to take the rank of Fire Maker. Sunshine Girl, rise."

From her seat in the circle rose our old friend Betty. She wore her beautiful ceremonial gown. It was embroidered with beads, and strings of colored beads representing the honors she had taken as Campfire girl hung about it.

The Guardian continued, "Betty has won the twenty elective honors recorded in the Count of this, the Opeeche Campfire, as is shown by the beads she is now wearing. She has met the necessary requirements by preparing the meals for this Campfire, by showing the record of the time she has slept in the open air, and that she has spent in outdoor exercise. She presents her cash account and has given a record of the stockings she has darned and the garments she has mended. Betty, will you now repeat the Fire Maker's Desire?"

Betty's voice quavered a little at first, but it grew firmer as she went on: "As fuel is brought to the fire, so I purpose to bring my strength, my ambition, my heart's desire, my joy and my sorrow, to the fire of human kind; as my fathers have tended and my fathers' fathers since time began the fire that is called the love of man for man, the love of man for God."

When Betty had finished, the Guardian asked her to extend her arm. Then she placed about it the Fire Maker's bracelet, saying:

"Upon your arm a charm I place
A charm of unseen fire,
To burn within your heart of hearts
And light your soul to its desire,
Upon your arm, this silver charm."

There was a pause. At a sign from the Guardian all the girls rose. Then the sweet chorus of the good-night song rang out on the night air. It echoed through the woods, it floated out over the lake. Deep down in Betty Spencer's heart it roused an answering thrill.

"Beneath the quiet sentinel stars
We now rest,
May we arise to greet the new day,
Give it our best.
Good night, good night,
God over all."

R. H. Bowles.

A HOME SONG

I read within a poet's book
  A word that starred the page:
"Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage!"

Yes, that is true; and something more
  You'll find, where'er you roam,
That marble floors and gilded walls
  Can never make a home.

But every house where Love abides,
  And Friendship is a guest,
Is surely home, and home-sweet-home:
  For there the heart can rest.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

In a little village in France, there lived long ago a young girl called Joan of Arc. Her home was a simple cottage close by a great wood. Here she dwelt very happily with her father and mother.

Joan was a good girl, and always helpful and industrious. She could knit and she could spin, and often she even helped her father tend his sheep. She loved her simple country life. There was nothing that she liked so well as to roam in the woods and fields, listening to the birds or gathering wild flowers.

At this time, there was a dreadful war going on in France. Thousands of English soldiers had come over and were trying to conquer the whole land. The great Duke of Burgundy, who was himself a Frenchman, was helping the English too, and fighting with them. It was a sad time for France.

Now Joan had learned something of the war. From time to time wounded men passed through the village where she lived. Once even a troop of soldiers came and began to rob and set fire to the houses. Joan and her parents had to run away and hide until the soldiers had all gone.

One day a very wonderful thing happened. As Joan was sitting alone in her garden one sunny summer afternoon, she thought an angel came and told her that she must go and help the King drive the English out of France.

Joan was much dismayed. How could she help? She did not know how to ride and she knew nothing of war. But the angel told her not to be afraid; that God would help her.

From that time on Joan waited patiently for a chance to obey the angel's commands. It is said that she used to catch the horses grazing in the meadows about her home and in this way learned to ride.

At last, one day, the opportunity came. Joan was visiting an uncle in another village, when she heard that the English were trying to take the city of Orleans and that the French would soon have to surrender the city.

Poor Joan was aroused. There was no time to lose. She at once told her uncle what the angel had said to her, and asked him to take her to see the governor of the city near by. Joan's uncle was much interested in her story. He felt sure that God had chosen her to save France. So he went to the governor and told him what Joan had said. The governor was at first afraid that Joan was a witch, but when he had talked with her he believed her story. So he sent her to the Dauphin, as the French King was then called, with soldiers to guard her on her way.

It was a hard journey for poor Joan. She was a simple peasant girl and had never before been far from her father and mother. All her life had been spent among the quiet woods and fields about her father's home. Her way now led through a country filled with rough wandering soldiers and thieves. It was winter and the weather was cold. But

Joan had a brave heart. "God shows me my way," said she, "for this I was born."

At last Joan reached Chinon, where the King then held his court, and went to the palace to see him. In order to test her the King had dressed very plainly and mingled with his courtiers, while one of the nobles arrayed in the King's robes sat in the King's seat.

But Joan was not to be deceived. The angel who had sent her to the King did not desert her now. Inspired by him she turned from the gentleman who wore the royal robes and looked about the room until she saw the King. Then kneeling at his feet she told him that God had sent her to help him.

The King was much impressed by Joan's earnestness and firm resolve. After listening to her appeal he promised to let her lead a force to raise the siege of Orleans. Joan was overjoyed. At last she was to be allowed to do something for her beloved France.

Not long after this Joan set out for the city of Orleans, at the head of several thousand soldiers. She wore a beautiful suit of white armor and was mounted on a big gray horse. With one hand she held high a great white banner embroidered with gold. As she passed through towns and villages on the way, men, women, and children came flocking to see her and to cheer her on to victory. They all firmly believed that God had sent her to drive the English from the country.

When Joan arrived in Orleans the city had been besieged

by the English for seven months. The people were suffering from hunger and the soldiers fought with but faint spirit. At her arrival, however, the French were fired by fresh hopes and it was the turn of the English to become discouraged. When Joan spurred her horse into battle bearing high above her head her beautiful white banner, the English were frightened and turned to run away. "She is a witch! She is a witch!" they cried and fled in terror. Within ten days after Joan reached Orleans, the English gave up the siege and marched away. The city was saved!

The news of Joan's wonderful success spread far and wide. The simple country girl had become the most famous person in all France. Hundreds of Frenchmen who had given up hope of ever driving away the English came to join the army. But Joan was not satisfied with having saved Orleans. She took other cities that were held by the English and she attacked and defeated them in the open field. Everywhere she met the English they fought only half-heartedly. City after city that they held was surrendered to her.

And now after having won so many victories for France, Joan felt that the time had come to rally the people still further to the support of the King. So she persuaded him to be crowned in the great cathedral at Rheims. Here, amid the chanting of the monks and the shouting of the people, the King was crowned with great ceremony.

Joan would now have been glad to go home. She had saved Orleans, she had seen many other French cities

won back from the English and she had seen the King crowned.

But the great city of Paris was still in the hands of the English. Joan felt that her work would not be complete until that was taken.

So, sorely against her wishes, Joan gave up all thoughts of returning to her simple country home and set herself to attack Paris. But the first day of the assault she fell wounded by an arrow. Discouraged by the loss of their beloved leader, the French fought with but faint hearts and were driven back. The attempt to capture Paris had to be given up.

And now the King himself began to grow tired of fighting the English. He left the direction of the war to unskilful leaders and gave himself up to pleasure. Many of the French soldiers went home and Joan's splendid army became smaller and smaller. No wonder she herself began to get discouraged. Not long afterward in an attack on a force of Burgundians and English she was overcome by numbers and captured.

Strange to say, the French King seemed to forget all that Joan had done for him and for France. He might have purchased her freedom from the English by paying a ransom. This would have been a small thing to do for one to whom he owed so much. But he did not raise his hand to help her. Of course, the English were glad to have in their power one who had stood in the way of their success, and they planned how they might get rid of her. They accused her of being a witch and threw her into a damp and unwholesome prison.

Here she was kept chained night and day to her bed, mocked at by low and ignorant soldiers. Only the coarsest food was given to her. Poor Joan! It was enough to break even her proud and brave spirit.

At length she was brought to trial. And such a trial! The judges had made up their minds beforehand to condemn her to death. They asked her unfair and difficult questions. They did everything they could to confuse her and break her spirit. Then she was condemned to death and burned at the stake in the market-place of Rouen.

But Joan of Arc had not died in vain. The good work that she began continued after her death. The French began to look on her as a saint, and taking heart from her deeds they fought with fresh courage against the English and at last drove them out of France.

That was nearly five hundred years ago, and the little country place where Joan of Arc was born is famous all over the world because of her. Her memory is everywhere reverenced as that of a sweet, simple and devoted young girl who gave her life in the attempt to save her country from shame and degradation.

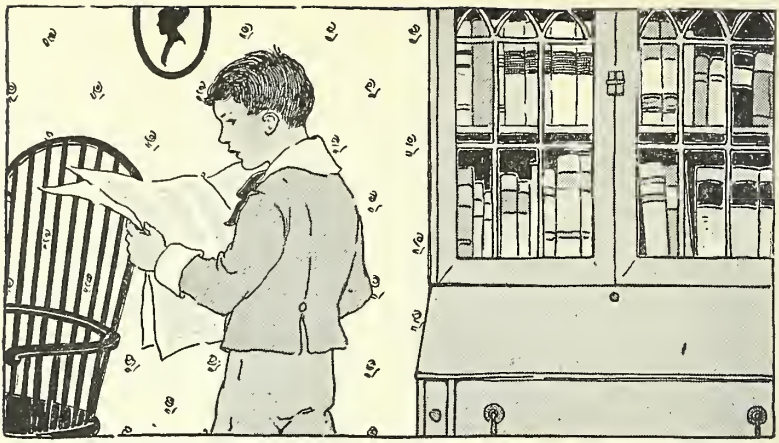
LONGFELLOW'S FIRST POEM IN PRINT

In February, 1807, Henry W. Longfellow was born in the city of Portland, Maine. Some years later an important literary event occurred in the same city. Nobody was aware of its importance at the time, with the exception of one small boy, and since then the world has not rung with it.

The said small boy was none other than Henry W. Longfellow, aged ten. He stole out of his father's house one evening, with a great secret in his breast, and something precious in his breast pocket. This something was a copy of verses—a little, a very little, poem—which he had written by stealth. He was now going to drop the little poem into the letter-box of the newspaper office on the corner.

More than once he walked by the door, fearing to be seen doing so daring a deed. But hope inspired him, and, running to the editor's box when nobody was near to observe him, he stood on his toes, and reaching up, dropped the poem in. He hurried home with a fluttering heart. But the next morning he walked by the office again, and from the opposite side of the street looked up at the printers at work.

It was summer-time and the windows were open. Seeing the printers in their work-sleeves, each with shaded



lamp over his case, making a little hollow of hope and romance to the boy's eyes, he said to himself, "Maybe they are printing my poem."

When the family newspaper came, and he carried it to a secret corner and opened it with hope and fear—sure enough, heading the poet corner and looking strange, but oh, so beautiful in print, there were his precious verses!

Many years after he told me the story of his first literary venture much as I have told it here. That earliest poem has been followed by works which have become as familiar as household words in the mouths of the English people all over the world.

Honor and fame were his in full measure. "But," said the great poet with a smile, "I don't think any other literary success in my life has made me quite so happy."

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughtèr,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailòr,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
  Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
  Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
  With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
  Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
  A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
  Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
  The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
  On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
  In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
  On the reef of Norman's Woe!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY

Daffydowndilly was so called because in his nature he resembled a flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labor of any kind. But while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from his pleasant home, and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil. Those who knew him best affirmed that this Mr. Toil was a very worthy character; and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than anybody else in the world.

Nevertheless, Mr. Toil had a severe and ugly countenance, especially for such little boys or big men as were inclined to be idle. His voice, too, was harsh; and all his ways and customs seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffydowndilly. The whole day long, this terrible old schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the scholars, or stalked about the schoolroom with a certain awful birch rod in his hand. Now came a rap over the shoulders of a boy whom Mr. Toil had caught at play; now he punished a whole class who were behindhand with their lessons. In short, unless a lad chose to attend quietly and constantly to his book, he had no chance of enjoying a quiet moment in the schoolroom of Mr. Toil.

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"This will never do for me," thought Daffydowndilly.

Now, the whole of Daffydowndilly's life had hitherto been passed with his dear mother, who had a much sweeter face than old Mr. Toil and who had always been very indulgent to her little boy. No wonder, therefore, that poor Daffydowndilly found it a woful change, to be sent away from the good lady's side, and put under the care of this ugly-visaged schoolmaster, who never gave him any apples or cakes, and seemed to think that little boys were created only to get lessons.

"I can't bear it any longer," said Daffydowndilly to himself, when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away, and try to find my dear mother; and, at any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil!"

So, the very next morning, off started poor Daffydowndilly, and began his rambles about the world, with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast, and very little pocket-money to pay his expenses. But he had gone only a short distance when he overtook a man of grave and sedate appearance, who was trudging at a moderate pace along the road.

"Good morning, my fine lad," said the stranger; and his voice seemed hard and severe, but yet had a sort of kindness in it; "whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?"

Little Daffydowndilly was a boy of very ingenuous disposition, and had never been known to tell a lie in all his

life. Nor did he tell one now. He hesitated a moment or two, but finally confessed that he had run away from school, on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil; and that he was resolved to find some place in the world where he should never see or hear of the old schoolmaster again.

"Oh, very well, my little friend!" answered the stranger. "Then we will go together; for I, likewise, have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of."

Our friend Daffydowndilly would have been better

pleased with a companion of his own age, with whom he might have gathered flowers along the roadside, or have chased butterflies, or have done many other things to make the journey pleasant. But he had wisdom enough to understand that he should get along through the world much easier by having a man of experience to show him the way. So he accepted the stranger's proposal, and they walked on very sociably together.

They had not gone far, when the road passed by a field where some haymakers were at work, mowing down the tall grass and spreading it out in the sun to dry. Daffydowndilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the new-mown grass, and thought how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, and with the birds singing sweetly in the neighboring trees and bushes, than to be shut up in a dismal schoolroom, learning lessons all day long, and continually scolded by old Mr. Toil. But, in the midst of these thoughts, while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back and caught hold of his companion's hand.

"Quick, quick!" cried he. "Let us run away, or he will catch us!"

"Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster!" answered Daffydowndilly. "Don't you see him amongst the haymakers?"

And Daffydowndilly pointed to an elderly man, who seemed to be the owner of the field and the employer of the men at work there. He had stripped off his coat and

waistcoat, and was busily at work in his shirt-sleeves. The drops of sweat stood upon his brow; but he gave himself not a moment's rest, and kept crying out to the haymakers to make hay while the sun shone. Now, strange to say, the figure and features of this old farmer were precisely the same as those of old Mr. Toil, who, at that very moment, must have been just entering his schoolroom.

"Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who was bred a farmer; and people say he is the most disagreeable man of the two. However, he won't trouble you, unless you become a laborer on the farm."

Little Daffydowndilly believed what his companion said, but was very glad, nevertheless, when they were out of sight of the old farmer, who bore such a singular resemblance to Mr. Toil.

The two travellers had gone but little farther, when they came to a spot where some carpenters were erecting a house. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to stop a moment; for it was a very pretty sight to see how neatly the carpenters did their work, with their broadaxes, and saws, and planes, and hammers, shaping out the doors, and putting in the window-sashes, and nailing on the clapboards, and he could not help thinking that he should like to take a broadaxe, a saw, a plane, and a hammer, and build a little house for himself. And then, when he should have a house of his own, old Mr. Toil would never dare to molest him.

But, just while he was delighting himself with this idea, little Daffydowndilly beheld something that made him catch hold of his companion's hand, all in a fright.

"Make haste. Quick, quick!" cried he. "There he is again!"

"Who?" asked the stranger, very quietly.

"Old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, trembling. "There! he that is overseeing the carpenters. 'Tis my old schoolmaster, as sure as I'm alive!"

The stranger cast his eyes where Daffydowndilly pointed his finger; and he saw an elderly man, with a carpenter's rule and compasses in his hand. This person went to and fro about the unfinished house, measuring pieces of timber, and marking out the work that was to be done, and continually exhorting the other carpenters to be diligent. And wherever he turned his hard and wrinkled visage, the men seemed to feel that they had a taskmaster over them, and sawed, and hammered, and planed, as if for dear life.

"Oh, no! this is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster," said the stranger. "It is another brother of his, who follows the trade of carpenter."

"I am very glad to hear it," quoth Daffydowndilly; "but if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way as soon as possible."

Then they went on a little farther, and soon heard the sound of a drum and fife. Daffydowndilly pricked up his ears at this, and besought his companion to hurry forward, that they might not miss seeing the soldiers. Accordingly,

they made what haste they could, and soon met a company of soldiers, gayly dressed, with beautiful feathers in their caps, and bright muskets on their shoulders. In front marched two drummers and two fifers, beating on their drums and playing on their fifes with might and main, and making such lively music that little Daffydowndilly would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. And if he was only a soldier, then, he said to himself, old Mr. Toil would never venture to look him in the face.

"Quick step! Forward march!" shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffydowndilly started, in great dismay; for this voice which had spoken to the soldiers sounded precisely the same as that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil's schoolroom, out of Mr. Toil's own mouth. And, turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, with a smart cap and feather on his head, a pair of gold epaulets on his shoulders, a laced coat on his back, a purple sash round his waist, and a long sword, instead of a birch rod, in his hand. And though he held his head so high, and strutted like a turkey-cock, still he looked quite as ugly and disagreeable as when he was hearing lessons in the schoolroom.

"This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, in a trembling voice. "Let us run away, for fear he should make us enlist in his company!"

"You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger, very composedly. "This is not Mr. Toil, the

schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who has served in the army all his life. People say he's a terribly severe fellow; but you and I need not be afraid of him.''

''Well, well,'' said little Daffydowndilly, ''but, if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more.''

So the child and the stranger resumed their journey; and, by and by, they came to a house by the roadside, where a number of people were making merry. Young men and rosy-cheeked girls, with smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle. It was the pleasantest sight that Daffydowndilly had yet met with, and it comforted him for all his disappointments.

''Oh, let us stop here,'' cried he to his companion; ''for Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there

is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. We shall be quite safe here!''

But these last words died away upon Daffydowndilly's tongue; for, happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle-bow instead of a birch rod, and flourishing it with as much ease and dexterity as if he had been a fiddler all his life! He had somewhat the air of a Frenchman, but still looked exactly like the old schoolmaster; and Daffydowndilly even fancied that he nodded and winked at him, and made signs for him to join in the dance.

''Oh dear me!'' whispered he, turning pale. ''It seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world. Who could have thought of his playing on a fiddle!''

''This is not your old schoolmaster,'' observed the stranger, ''but another brother of his, who was bred in France, where he learned the profession of a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Monsieur le Plaisir;[1] but his real name is Toil, and those who have known him best think him still more disagreeable than his brothers.''

''Pray let us go a little farther,'' said Daffydowndilly. ''I don't like the looks of this fiddler at all.''

Well, thus the stranger and little Daffydowndilly went wandering along the highway, and in shady lanes, and through pleasant villages; and whithersoever they went, behold! there was the image of old Mr. Toil. He stood

[1] Mē syû' lē plā'zēēr.

like a scarecrow in the corn-fields. If they entered a house, he sat in the parlor; if they peeped into the kitchen, he was there. He made himself at home in every cottage, and stole, under one disguise or another, into the most splendid mansions. Everywhere there was sure to be somebody wearing the likeness of Mr. Toil, and who, as the stranger affirmed, was one of the old schoolmaster's innumerable brethren.

Little Daffydowndilly was almost tired to death, when he perceived some people reclining lazily in a shady place, by the side of the road. The poor child entreated his companion that they might sit down there, and take some repose.

"Old Mr. Toil will never come here," said he; "for he hates to see people taking their ease."

But, even while he spoke, Daffydowndilly's eyes fell upon a person who seemed the laziest, and heaviest, and most torpid of all those lazy and heavy and torpid people who had lain down to sleep in the shade. Who should it be, again, but the very image of Mr. Toil!

"There is a large family of these Toils," remarked the stranger. "This is another of the old schoolmaster's brothers, who was bred in Italy, where he acquired very idle habits, and goes by the name of Signor Far Niente.[1] He pretends to lead an easy life, but is really the most miserable fellow in the family."

"Oh, take me back!—take me back!" cried poor little

[1] Sēn'yor Far Nē ĕn'tē.

Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the schoolhouse!"

"Yonder it is—there is the schoolhouse!" said the stranger; for though he and little Daffydowndilly had taken a great many steps, they had travelled in a circle instead of a straight line. "Come; we will go back to school together."

There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffydowndilly now remembered, and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into his face, behold! there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil; so that the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him. Some people, to whom I have told little Daffydowndilly's story, are of opinion that old Mr. Toil was a magician, and possessed the power of multiplying himself into as many shapes as he saw fit.

Be this as it may, little Daffydowndilly had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward was diligent at his task, because he knew that diligence is not a whit more toilsome than sport or idleness. And when he became better acquainted with Mr. Toil, he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable, and that the old schoolmaster's smile of approbation made his face almost as pleasant as even that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE DAFFODILS

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

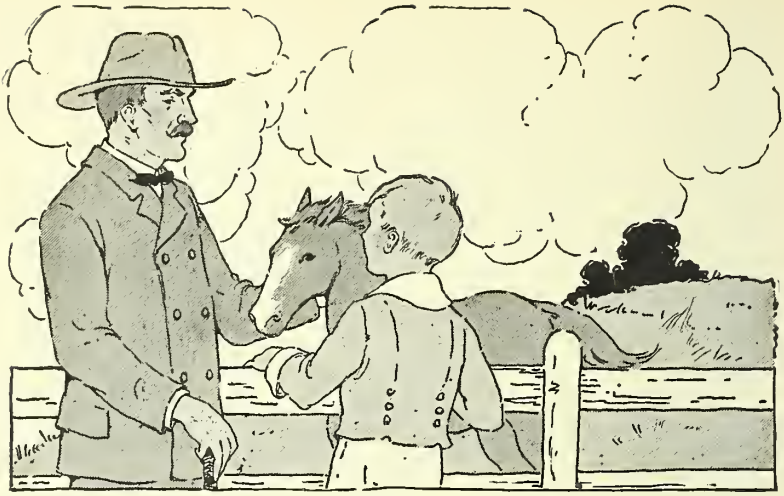
Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay

In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



SAMUEL COWLES AND HIS HORSE ROYAL

The day on which I was twelve years old my father said to me: "Samuel, walk down the lane with me to the pasture-lot; I want to show you something." I trudged along with father, and what should I find in the pasture-lot but the cunningest, prettiest, liveliest colt a boy ever clapped eyes on!

"That is my birthday present to you," said father. "Yes, Samuel, I give the colt to you to do with as you like, for you've been a good boy and have done well at school."

You can easily understand that my boyish heart overflowed with pride and joy and gratitude. A great many years have elapsed since that time, but I haven't forgotten and I never shall forget the delight of that moment, when I

realized that I had a colt of my own—a real, live colt, and a Morgan colt, at that!

"How old is he, father?" I asked.

"A week old, come to-morrow," said father.

"Has Judge Phipps seen him yet?" I asked.

"No; nobody has seen him but you and me and the hired man."

Judge Phipps was the justice of the peace. I had a profound respect for him, for what he didn't know about horses wasn't worth knowing. I was sure of this, because the judge himself told me so. One of the first duties to which I applied myself was to go and get the judge and show him the colt.

"What do you think I ought to name my colt?" I asked of the judge.

"When I was about your age," the judge answered, "I had a colt and I named him Royal. He won all the premiums at the county fair before he was six years old."

That was quite enough for me.

From the moment when I first set eyes on Royal I was his stanch friend. Even now, after the lapse of years, I cannot think of my old companion without feeling here in my breast a sense of gratitude that that honest, patient, loyal friend entered so largely into my earlier life.

Twice a day I used to trudge down the lane to the pasture-lot to look at the colt, and invariably I was accompanied by a troop of boy acquaintances who heartily envied me my good luck. Royal soon became friendly with

us all, and he would respond to my call, whinnying to me as I came down the lane, as much as to say: "Good morning to you, little master! I hope you are coming to have a romp with me." And, gracious! how he would curve his tail and throw up his head and gather his short body together and trot around the pasture-lot on those long legs of his! He enjoyed life, Royal did, as much as we boys enjoyed it.

Naturally enough, I made all sorts of plans for Royal. I recall that, after I had been on a visit to Springfield and had beheld for the first time the marvels of Barnum's show, I made up my mind that when Royal and I were old enough we would unite our fortunes with those of a circus, and in my imagination I already pictured huge and gaudy posters announcing the blood-curdling performances of the dashing bareback equestrian, Samuel Cowles, upon his fiery Morgan steed, Royal! This plan was not at all approved of by Judge Phipps, who continued to insist that it was on the turf and not in the sawdust circle that Royal's genius lay, and to this way of thinking I was finally converted, but not until the judge had promised to give me a sulky as soon as Royal demonstrated his ability to make a mile in 2.40.

It is not without a sigh of regret that in my present narrative I pass over the five years next succeeding the date of Royal's arrival. For they were very happy years —indeed, at this distant period I am able to recall only that my boyhood was full, brimful of happiness. I broke

Royal myself. Father and the hired man stood around and made suggestions, and at times they presumed to take a hand in the proceedings. Virtually, however, I broke Royal to the harness and to the saddle, and after that I was even more attached to him than ever before —you know how it is, if ever you've broken a colt yourself!

When I went away to college it seemed to me that leaving Royal was almost as hard as leaving mother and father. You see the colt had become a very large part of my boyish life—followed me like a pet dog, was lonesome when I wasn't round, used to rub his nose against my arm and look lovingly at me out of his big, dark, mournful eyes—yes, I cried when I said good-by to him the morning I started for Williamstown. I was ashamed of it then, but not now—no, not now.

But my fun was all the keener, I guess, when I came home at vacation times. Then we had it, up hill and down dale—Royal and I did! In the summer-time along the narrow roads we trailed, and through leafy lanes, and in my exultation I would cut at the tall weeds at the roadside and whisk at the boughs arching overhead, as if I were a warrior mounted for battle. In the winter we sped away over the snow and ice, careless to the howling of the wind and the wrath of the storm. Royal knew the favorite road, every inch of the way.

The summer I left college there came to me an overwhelming sense of patriotic duty. Mother was the first to notice my absent-mindedness, and to her I first con-

fided the great wish of my early manhood. It is hard for parents to bid a son go forth to do service upon the battlefield, but New England in those times responded cheerfully and nobly to Mr. Lincoln's call.

The Eighth Massachusetts Cavalry was the regiment I enlisted in. A baker's dozen of us boys went together from the quiet little village nestling in the shadow of Mount Holyoke. From Camp Andrew I wrote back a piteous letter, complaining of the horse that had been assigned to me. I wanted Royal, we had been inseparable in times of peace—why should we not share together the fortunes of war? Within a fortnight along came Royal, conducted in all dignity by—you would never guess—by Judge Phipps! Full of patriotism and of cheer was the judge.

"Both of you are thoroughbreds," said he. "You'll come in under the wire first every time, I know you will."

So Royal and I went into the war together. There were times of privation and of danger; neither of us ever complained. I am proud to bear witness that in every emergency my horse bore himself with a patience and a valor that seemed actually human. My comrades envied me my gentle, stanch, obedient servant. Indeed, Royal and I became famous as inseparable and loyal friends.

We were in five battles, and neither of us got even so much as a scratch. But one afternoon in a skirmish with the Confederates near Potomac Mills a bullet struck me in the thigh, and from the mere shock I fell from Royal's

back into the tangle of the thicket. The fall must have stunned me, for the next thing I knew I was alone—deserted of all except my faithful horse. Royal stood over me, and when I opened my eyes he gave a faint whinny. I hardly knew what to do. My leg pained me excruciatingly. I surmised that I should never be able to make my way back to camp under the fire of the Confederate pickeeters, for I discovered that they were closing in.

Then it occurred to me to pin a note to Royal's saddle-blanket and to send Royal back to camp telling the boys of the trouble I was in. The horse understood it all. Off he galloped, conscious of the import of the mission upon which he had been despatched. Bang-bang-bang! went the guns over yonder. But not a bullet touched him —leastwise he galloped on and on till I lost sight of him.

They came for me at last—the boys did. They were a formidable detachment, and how the earth shook as they swept along!

"We thought you were a 'goner,' sure," said Hi Bixby.

"I guess I should have been if it hadn't been for Royal," said I.

"I guess so, myself," said he. "When we saw him stumbling along all bloody we thought for sure you were dead!"

"All bloody?" I cried. "Is Royal hurt?"

"As badly as a horse can be," said he.

In camp we found them doing the best they could for him. But it was clearly of no avail. There was a gaping,

ragged hole in his side; seeking succor for me, Royal had met his death-wound. I forgot my own hurt; I thrust the others aside and hobbled to where he lay.

"Poor old Roy!" I cried, as I threw myself beside my dying friend and put my arms about his neck. Then I patted and stroked him and called him again and again by name, and there was a look in his eyes that told me he knew me and was glad that I was there.

How strange, and yet how beautiful, it was that in that far-off country, with my brave, patient, loyal friend's fluttering heart close unto mine, I neither saw nor thought of the scene around me!

But before my eyes came back the old, familiar places—the pasture-lot, the lane, the narrow road up the hill, the river winding along between great stretches of brown corn, the aisle of maple-trees, and the fountain where we drank so many, many times together—and I smelled the fragrance of the flowers and trees abloom, and I heard the dear voices and the sweet sounds of my boyhood days.

Then presently a mighty shudder awakened me from this dreaming. And I cried out with affright and grief, for I felt that I was alone.

EUGENE FIELD.

WHY BLACKFEET NEVER KILL MICE

Muskrat and his grandmother were gathering wood for the camp the next morning, when they came to an old Buffalo skull. The plains were dotted with these relics of the chase, for already the hide-hunting white man had played havoc with the great herds of Buffalo. The skull was in a grove of cottonwood-trees near the river, and as they approached two Mice scampered into it to hide. Muskrat, in great glee, secured a stick and was about to turn the skull over and kill the Mice, when his grandmother said: "No, our people never kill Mice. Your grandfather will tell you why if you ask him. The Mice-people are our friends and we treat them as such. Even small people can be good friends, you know—remember that."

All the day the boy wondered why the Mice-people should not be harmed; and just at dark he came for me to accompany him to War Eagle's lodge. On the way he told me what his grandmother had said, and that he intended to ask for the reason, as soon as we arrived. We found the other children already there, and almost before we had seated ourselves, Muskrat asked:

"Grandfather, why must we never kill the Mice-people? Grandmother said that you knew."

"Yes," replied War Eagle, "I do know and you must know. Therefore I shall tell you all to-night why the Mice-people must be let alone and allowed to do as they please, for we owe them much; much more than we can ever pay. Yes—they are great people, as you will see.

"It happened long, long ago, when there were few men and women on the world. Old-man was chief of all then, and the Animal-people and the Bird-people were greater than our people, because we had not been on earth long and were not wise.

"There was much quarrelling among the animals and the birds. You see the Bear wanted to be chief, under Old-man and so did the Beaver. Almost every night they would have a council and quarrel over it. Besides the Bear and Beaver, there were other animals, and also birds, that thought they had the right to be chief. They couldn't agree and the quarrelling grew worse as time went on. Some said the greatest thief should be chosen. Others thought the wisest one should be the leader; while some said the swiftest traveller was the one they wanted. So it went on and on until they were almost all enemies instead of friends, and you could hear them quarrelling almost every night, until Old-man came along that way.

"He heard about the trouble. I forget who told him, but I think it was the Rabbit. Anyhow he visited the council where the quarrelling was going on and listened to what each one had to say. It took until almost daylight, too. He listened to it all—every bit: when they had finished talking and the quarrelling commenced as usual, he said, 'Stop!' and they did stop.

"Then he said to them: 'I will settle this thing right here and right now, so that there will be no more rows over it, forever.'

"He opened his paint-sack and took from it a small, polished bone. This he held up in the firelight, so that they might all see it, and he said:

"'This will settle the quarrel. You all see this bone in my right hand, don't you?'

"'Yes,' they replied.

"'Well, now you watch the bone and my hands, too, for they are quick and cunning.'

"Old-man began to sing the gambling song and to slip the bone from one hand to the other so rapidly and smoothly that they were all puzzled. Finally he stopped singing and held out his hands—both shut tight, and both with their backs up.

"'Which of my hands holds the bone now?' he asked them.

"Some said it was in the right hand and others claimed that it was the left hand that held it. Old-man asked

the Bear to name the hand that held the bone, and the Bear did; but when Old-man opened that hand it was empty—the bone was not there. Then everybody laughed at the Bear. Old-man smiled a little and began to sing and again pass the bone.

"'Beaver, you are smart; name the hand that holds the bone this time.'

"The Beaver said: 'It's in your right hand. I saw you put it there.'

"Old-man opened that hand right before the Beaver's eyes, but the bone wasn't there, and again everybody laughed—especially the Bear.

" 'Now, you see,' said Old-man, 'that this is not so easy as it looks, but I am going to teach you all to play the game; and when you have all learned it, you must play it until you find out who is the cleverest at the playing. Whoever that is, he shall be chief under me, forever.'

"Some were awkward and said they didn't care much who was chief, but almost all of them learned to play pretty well. First the Bear and the Beaver tried it, but the Beaver beat the Bear easily and held the bone for ever so long. Finally the Buffalo beat the Beaver and started to play with the Mouse. Of course the Mouse had small hands and was quicker than the Buffalo—quicker to see the bone. The Buffalo tried hard, for he didn't want the Mouse to be chief; but it didn't do him any good, for the Mouse won in the end.

"It was a fair game and the Mouse was chief under

the agreement. He looked quite small among the rest, but he walked right out to the centre of the council and said:

"'Listen, brothers—what is mine to keep is mine to give away. I am too small to be your chief and I know it. I am not warlike. I want to live in peace with my wife and family. I know nothing of war. I get my living easily. I don't like to have enemies. I am going to give my right to be chief to the man that Old-man has made like himself.'

"That settled it. That made the man chief forever, that is why he is greater than the animals and the birds. That is why we never kill the Mice-people.

"You saw the Mice run into the Buffalo skull, of course. There is where they have lived and brought up their families ever since the night the Mouse beat the Buffalo playing the bone game. Yes—the Mice-people always make their nests in the heads of the dead Buffalo-people, ever since that night.

"Our people play the same game, even to-day. See," and War Eagle took from his paint-sack a small, polished bone. Then he sang just as Old-man did so long ago. He let the children try to guess the hand that held the bone, as the Animal-people did that fateful night; but, like the animals, they always guessed wrong. Laughingly War Eagle said:

"Now go to your beds and come to see me to-morrow night. Ho!"

FRANK B. LINDERMAN.

"Give me of your bark, O Birch-tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!
Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"
Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, "Behold me!
Gheezis, the great Sun, behold me!"
And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,

Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"
With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.
"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"
Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"
Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a frame-work,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.
"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,

That the river may not wet me!''
And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
''Take them all, O Hiawatha!''
From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the frame-work.
''Give me of your balm, O Fir-tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the water may not wet me!''
And the Fir-tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
''Take my balm, O Hiawatha!''
And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.
''Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,

And two stars to deck her bosom!''

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
''Take my quills, O Hiawatha!''

From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its brows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

WHY THE KINGFISHER ALWAYS WEARS A WAR-BONNET

The moon had not yet climbed the distant mountain range to look down on the humbler lands when I started for War Eagle's lodge; and dimming the stars in its course, the milky-way stretched across the jewelled sky. "The wolf's trail," the Indians call this filmy streak that foretells fair weather, and to-night it promised much, for it seemed plainer and brighter than ever before.

"How—how!" greeted War Eagle, making the sign for me to be seated near him, as I entered his lodge. Then he passed me his pipe and together we smoked until the children came.

Entering quietly, they seated themselves in exactly the same positions they had occupied on the previous evenings, and patiently waited in silence. Finally War Eagle laid the pipe away and said: "Ho! Little Buffalo Calf, throw a big stick on the fire and I will tell you why the Kingfisher wears a war-bonnet."

The boy did as he was bidden. The sparks jumped toward the smoke-hole and the blaze lighted up the lodge until it was bright as daytime, when War Eagle continued:

"You have often seen Kingfisher at his fishing along the rivers, I know; and you have heard him laugh in his

queer way, for he laughs a good deal when he flies. That same laugh nearly cost him his life once, as you will see. I am sure none could see the Kingfisher without noticing his great head-dress, but not many know how he came by it because it happened so long ago that most men have forgotten.

"It was one day in the winter-time when Old-man and the Wolf were hunting. The snow covered the land and ice was on all of the rivers. It was so cold that Old-man wrapped his robe close about himself, and his breath showed white in the air. Of course the Wolf was not cold; wolves never get cold as men do. Both Old-man and the Wolf were hungry, for they had travelled far and had killed no meat. Old-man was complaining and grumbling, for his heart is not very good. It is never well to grumble when we are doing our best, because it will do no good and makes us weak in our hearts. When our hearts are weak our heads sicken and our strength goes away. Yes, it is bad to grumble.

"When the sun was getting low Old-man and the Wolf came to a great river. On the ice that covered the water they saw four fat Otters playing.

" 'There is meat,' said the Wolf; 'wait here and I will try to catch one of those fellows.'

" 'No!—No!' cried Old-man, 'do not run after the Otter on the ice, because there are air-holes in all ice that covers rivers, and you may fall into the water and die.' Old-man didn't care much if the Wolf did drown. He was

afraid to be left alone and hungry in the snow—that was all.

" 'Ho!' said the Wolf, 'I am swift of foot and my teeth are white and sharp. What chance has an Otter against me? Yes, I will go,' and he did.

" Away ran the Otters with the Wolf after them, while Old-man stood on the bank and shivered with fright and cold. Of course the Wolf was faster than the Otter, but he was running on the ice, remember, and slipping a good deal. Nearer and nearer ran the Wolf. In fact he was just about to seize an Otter, when SPLASH!—into an air-hole all the Otters went. Ho! the Wolf was

going so fast he couldn't stop, and SWOW! into the air-hole he went like a badger after mice, and the current carried him under the ice. The Otters knew that hole was there. That was their country and they were running to reach that same hole all the time, but the Wolf didn't know that.

"Old-man saw it all and began to cry and wail as women do. Ho! but he made a great fuss. He ran along the bank of the river, stumbling in the snowdrifts, and crying like a woman whose child is dead; but it was because he didn't want to be left in that country alone that he cried—not because he loved his brother, the Wolf. On and on he ran until he came to a place where the water was too swift to freeze, and there he waited and watched for the Wolf to come out from under the ice, crying and wailing and making an awful noise, for a man.

"Well—right there is where the thing happened. You see, Kingfisher can't fish through the ice and he knows it, too; so he always finds places like the one Old-man found. He was there that day, sitting on the limb of a birch-tree, watching for fishes, and when Old-man came near to Kingfisher's tree, crying like an old woman, it tickled the Fisher so much that he laughed that queer, chattering laugh.

"Old-man heard him and—ho! but he was angry. He looked about to see who was laughing at him and that made Kingfisher laugh again, longer and louder than before. This time Old-man saw him and SWOW! he

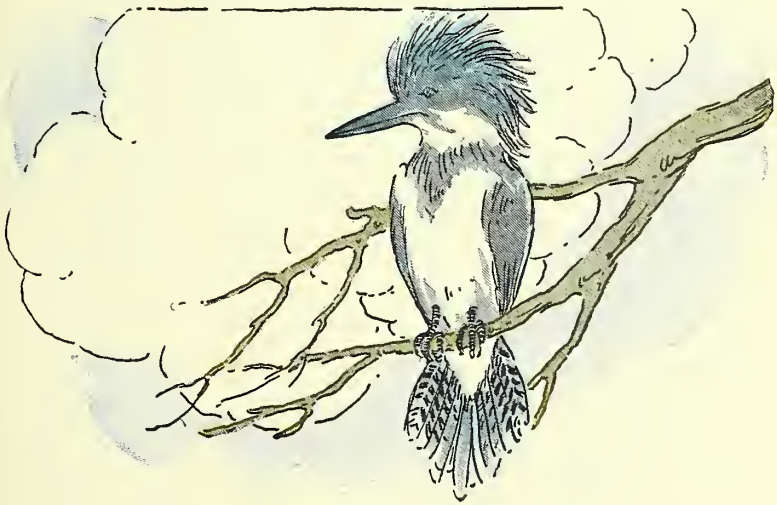
threw his war-club at Kingfisher; tried to kill the bird for laughing. Kingfisher ducked so quickly that Old-man's club just grazed the feathers on his head, making them stand up straight.

" 'There,' said Old-man, 'I'll teach you to laugh at me when I'm sad. Your feathers are standing up on the top of your head now and they will stay that way, too. As long as you live you must wear a head-dress, to pay for your laughing, and all your children must do the same.'

"This was long, long ago but the Kingfishers have not forgotten, and they all wear war-bonnets, and always will as long as there are Kingfishers.

"Now I will say good night, and when the sun sleeps again I will tell you why the curlew's bill is so long and crooked. Ho!"

FRANK B. LINDERMAN.



THE SHEPHERDESS AND THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP

Have you ever seen a very, very old clothes-press, quite black with age, on which were carved all sorts of flourishes and foliage? Just such a one stood in a certain room. It had been handed down from a grandmother, and it was carved from top to bottom with roses and tulips. On it were also little stags, with zigzag antlers on their heads.

On the top was carved a man. He was a queer-looking fellow, who showed his teeth as if he were laughing, had goat's legs, little horns on his head, and a long beard. The children in the room always called him General-clothes-press-inspector-head-superintendent Goatlegs. He looked down upon the table and toward the mirror, where a little porcelain Shepherdess was standing. She was a charming creature. Her shoes were gilded, her gown was tastefully looped up with a red rose, and she wore a gilded hat and cloak.

Close by stood a little Chimney-sweep of porcelain, too. There he stood with his ladder, and with a little round face as fair and as rosy as that of the Shepherdess. Really this was not quite right, for it ought to have been a little black. He was quite close to the Shepherdess; both

stood where they had been placed. As soon as they were put there, they had promised each other eternal fidelity; for they suited each other exactly. They were young, they were of the same porcelain, and both equally fragile.

Close to them stood another figure three times as large as they were. This was an old Chinese that could nod his head. He was of porcelain, too, and said that he was grandfather of the little Shepherdess; but this he could not prove. He said, moreover, that he had authority over her, and that was the reason he had nodded his assent to the General-clothes-press-inspector-head-superintendent Goatlegs, who paid his addresses to the Shepherdess.

"In him," said the old Chinese, "you will have a husband who, I believe, is of mahogany. You will be Mrs. Goatlegs, the wife of a General-clothes-press-inspector-head-superintendent, who has his shelves full of plate, besides what is hidden in secret drawers and recesses."

"I will not go into the dark cupboard," said the little Shepherdess. "I have heard say that he has eleven wives of porcelain in there already."

"Then you may be the twelfth," said the Chinese. "To-night, as soon as the clothes-press cracks, as sure as I am a Chinese, we will keep the wedding." And then he nodded his head and fell asleep.

But the little Shepherdess wept, and looked at her beloved—at the porcelain Chimney-sweep.

"I implore you," said she, "fly away with me; for it is impossible for us to remain here!"

"I will do all you ask," said the Chimney-sweep. "Let us leave the place at once. I think my trade will enable me to support you."

"If we were only down from the table!" said she. "I shall not be happy till we are far from here, and free."

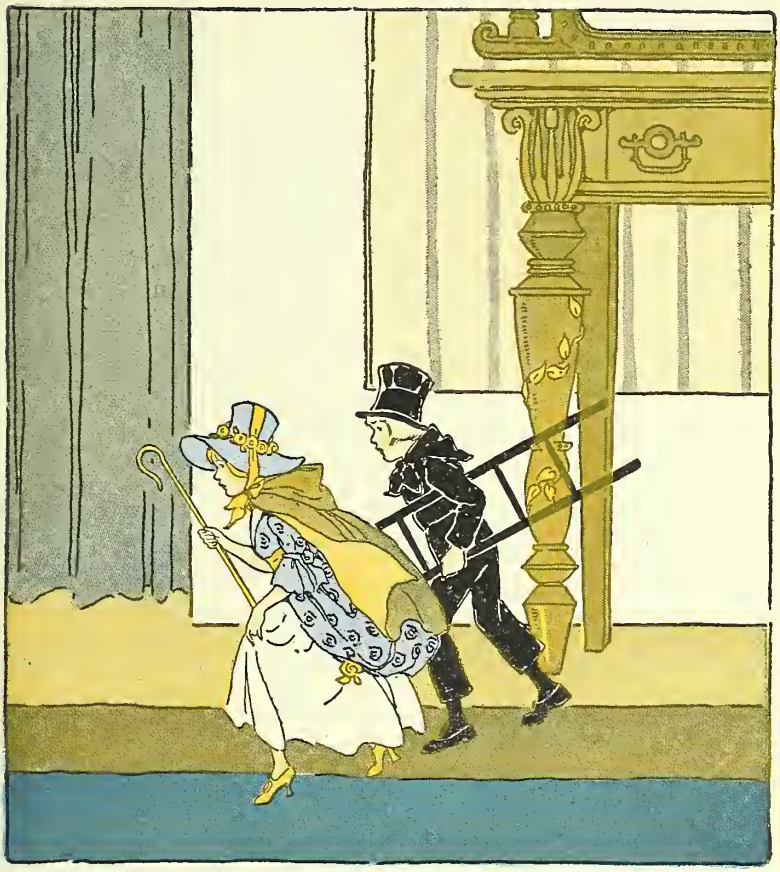
He consoled her, and showed her how she was to set her little foot on the carved border and on the gilded foliage which twined about the legs of the table. Then he brought his ladder, and at last both were on the floor. But when they looked toward the old clothes-press, they observed a great stir. All the carved stags stretched their heads out farther and raised their antlers. The General-clothes-press-inspector-head-superintendent gave a jump, and called to the old Chinese: "They are eloping! They are eloping!"

At this the little Shepherdess grew a little frightened and jumped quickly into the drawer.

Here lay three or four packs of cards and a little puppet-show. A play was being performed, and all the ladies, Diamonds as well as Hearts, Clubs, and Spades, sat in the front row, and fanned themselves with the tulips they held in their hands. The play made the Shepherdess weep, for it was like her own story.

"I cannot bear it longer," said she; "I must get out of the drawer."

But when she had got down on the floor and looked up at the table she saw that the old Chinese was awake, and that his whole body was rocking.



"Oh, oh! The old Chinese is coming!" cried the little Shepherdess; and down she fell on her porcelain knees, she was so frightened.

"A thought has struck me," said the Chimney-sweep. "Let us creep into the great Potpourri Jar that stands in

the corner. There we can lie on roses and lavender, and if he comes after us, throw dust in his eyes.''

''It would be no use to do that,'' said she. ''No, there is nothing for us to do but to wander forth into the wide world.''

''Have you really courage to go forth with me into the world?'' asked the Chimney-sweep tenderly. ''Have you considered how big it is, and that we can never come back here again?''

''I have,'' said she.

The Sweep gazed tenderly upon her and then said: ''My way lies up the chimney. Do you really dare to go with me through the stove, and to creep up through the flues? We shall then mount so high that they can never reach us; for at the top is an opening that leads out into the world.''

And he led her toward the door of the stove.

''It looks quite black,'' said she; but still she went with him, and on through the inside, and through the flues, where there was pitchy darkness.

''We are now in the chimney,'' said she; ''and, behold, behold! Above us is shining the loveliest star.''

It was a real star in the sky that shone down upon them, as if to show them the way. They climbed and they crept higher and higher. It was a frightful way; but he lifted her up and held her, and showed her the best places to put her little porcelain feet. Thus they reached the top of the chimney, and seated themselves on the edge of it; for they were tired, which is not to be wondered at.

The heaven and all its stars were above them, and all the roofs of the town below them. They could see far around, far away into the world. The poor Shepherdess had never pictured it to herself thus. She leaned her little head against the Sweep, and wept so bitterly that all the gilding of her girdle came off.

"Oh, this is too much!" said she. "I cannot bear it. The world is too big. Oh, I wish I were again on the little table under the looking-glass! I shall never be happy till I am there again. I have followed you into the wide world. Now, if you really love me, you must follow me home again."

The Chimney-sweep spoke sensibly to her, spoke to her about the old Chinese and the General-clothes-press-inspector-head-superintendent. But she sobbed so violently that he was obliged to give way, although it was not right to do so.

So now down they climbed again with great difficulty. They crept through the flue, and into the stove, where they listened behind the door, to discover if anybody was in the room. It was quite still. They peeped out, and there, on the floor, in the middle of the room, lay the old Chinese. He had fallen from the table in trying to follow them, and was broken in three pieces. His whole back was but a stump, and his head had rolled into a corner. The General-clothes-press-inspector-head-superintendent Goatlegs was standing where he had always stood, lost in thought.

"How dreadful!" said the little Shepherdess. "My

old grandfather is dashed to pieces, and we are the cause.'' And she wrung her little hands in agony.

''He can be mended,'' said the Chimney-sweep. ''He can easily be mended. Only do not be so hasty. If we glue his back together and rivet his neck well, he will be as good as new, and will be able to say enough disagreeable things to us yet.''

''Do you think so?'' she asked; and then they clambered up again to the table on which they had stood before.

''You see,'' said the Sweep, ''we might have spared ourselves these disagreeable things after all.''

''If we had but mended my old grandfather!'' said the Shepherdess. ''Will it cost much?''

And mended he was. The family had his back glued, and his neck riveted, so that he was as good as new, except that he could not nod.

''It seems to me that you have grown proud since you were dashed to pieces,'' said General-clothes-press-inspector-head-superintendent Goatlegs. ''However, I think there is not so very much to be proud of. Am I to have her, or am I not?''

The Chimney-sweep and the little Shepherdess looked at the old Chinese. They feared he would nod, but he could not, and it was disagreeable to him to tell a stranger that he had a rivet in his neck. So the little porcelain friends remained together. They blessed the old grandfather's rivet, and loved each other till they fell to pieces.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
  Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountainside or mead,
  Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
    Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
  Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
  Hear him call in his merry note:
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
    Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
  Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
  Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
    Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
  One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
  Pouring boasts from his little throat:
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
    Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE SAD KNIGHT

CHARACTERS

ROBIN HOOD
WILL SCARLETT
LITTLE JOHN
ALLAN-A-DALE
SIR RICHARD LEA, THE SAD KNIGHT
SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM
PRIOR OF EMMETT
MAN OF LAW
ARCHERS, ATTENDANTS, ETC.

SCENE I

BY A COUNTRY ROADSIDE

ROBIN HOOD *enters with several of his band.*

ROBIN HOOD: Here, methinks, is a pleasant place where peaceful folk such as we may stay awhile in quietness. Therefore let us tarry and rest our weary limbs.

WILL SCARLETT: A goodly saying, Master Robin. Beside the hedge the sun shines bright and warm, and the grass is soft and sweet. Here we can linger safely, sheltered from the autumn wind.

The men sit or lie down on the grass.

ROBIN HOOD: (*Raises his head and draws a deep breath.*) Ah, what a fair day is this, Will Scarlett! Dost thou not pity the folk that dwell in towns? How is it they can shut themselves within damp walls when they might like us lead free and easy lives under the clear blue sky?

WILL SCARLETT: Pity them I do indeed, Master Robin. Nothing could ever tempt me back to the town, now that I have tasted the sweet freedom of our forest life.

ROBIN HOOD: It is indeed a sweet life! But look! Dost see yon gallant riding hither down the road? He hath a sad and melancholy air. He hangs his head upon his breast, and e'en his horse walks with hanging head, as though he shared his master's grief.

WILL SCARLETT: He is indeed a sorry-looking gallant.

ROBIN HOOD: Methinks his dress is rich though he himself is downcast. Bide ye here while I go out to meet him. (*Rises and goes to meet the* SAD KNIGHT.) Hold, Sir Knight! I fain would speak with thee.

SAD KNIGHT: Why who art thou that dost stop a traveller on the King's highroad?

ROBIN HOOD: Marry when thou learnest my name I know not with what eyes thou wilt look on me. Many there are who call me cruel, yet many there are also who call me kind. My name is Robin Hood.

SAD KNIGHT: Robin Hood! Ay, truly I have heard of thee. Men say thou doest good to all who are poor or in distress and that thou dost punish those who are selfish or that oppress the weak.

Robin Hood: That indeed is what I try to do, Sir Knight. But many there are that call me thief.

Sad Knight: Nay, nay, Master Robin, thief is a sorry word. No man can justly call thee that. But what is thy will with me?

Robin Hood: A simple thing, indeed, Sir Knight. Go with me to Sherwood Forest, where I will give thee as merry a feast as ever thou hadst in all thy life.

Sad Knight: Thou art indeed most kind, but thou wouldst find me but a sorry guest. Let me go my way in peace.

Robin Hood: Nay, if thou wilt not go then thou at least must pay the reckoning.

Sad Knight: Alas, good Robin, I would that I could! But I tell thee true when I say that in my purse I have but ten shillings and that is every groat Sir Richard Lea hath in all the world.

Robin Hood: Is that true on thy knightly word?

Sad Knight: It is indeed. Nay, here is my purse, thou may'st look within it.

Robin Hood: Nay, nay, put up thy purse, Sir Richard. I do not doubt thy word. The proud I strive to bring low, but those that walk in sorrow I would aid if I could. Come with me to Sherwood, for mayhap I can aid thee.

Sad Knight: Truly friend thou art kind, but I fear thou canst not help me.

Robin Hood: We shall see, Sir Knight, but first we will to Sherwood and then thou shalt tell me all thy griefs.

Ho! Will Scarlett! Lead on our merry men. To Sherwood Forest will we go to honor there our guest, this noble knight, Sir Richard Lea.

All go out.

SCENE II

IN SHERWOOD FOREST

ROBIN HOOD, SIR RICHARD LEA *and* ROBIN HOOD'S *band are sitting on the ground on which are the remains of a feast. A short distance away are big fires over which hang smoking kettles.*

SIR RICHARD LEA: That was indeed a feast fit for a King, Master Robin. Never in all my life have I tasted venison so sweet, and for the ale, better was surely never brewed.

ROBIN HOOD: Nay, not even the King himself fares so well as we. For we have the first pick of the King's deer. He must needs be content with those we leave. Ha, ha! But come, Sir Richard Lea, thou hast rested thy weary limbs and right well feasted. Dost thou not find it in thy heart to tell us thy sorrows? Mayhap I can aid thee.

SIR RICHARD LEA: (*Sighs*) Alas, good Robin! I blush for shame to tell thee, and yet why should I? Thus it is: My castle and my lands are in pawn for a debt I owe. Three days hence the money must be paid else all my estate is forever lost.

ROBIN HOOD: But why shouldst thou live in such a way that all thy wealth shouldst disappear like snow under the springtide sun?

Sir Richard Lea: Do not wrong me, Master Robin. I did not spend my money idly, but to save my son from prison. By some sad chance he killed a knight in the jousts at Chester, and to save my son from prison I had to pay a ransom. To get the gold I pawned my lands to the Priory of Emmett, and a hard bargain they drove with me in my hour of need.

Robin Hood: Truly, that is a sad case, Sir Knight. And how much owest thou to the Priory?

Sir Richard Lea: Only four hundred pounds.

Robin Hood: Four hundred pounds! A noble estate forfeited for such a sum as that! Truly that were a wicked thing! But what wilt thou do if thou dost lose thy lands?

Sir Richard Lea: Then must I cross the seas to fight in Palestine for the holy sepulchre.

Will Scarlett: But hast thou no friends to help thee in thy need?

Sir Richard Lea: Alas! Many friends had I until trouble came upon me. Then they all left me. Now I am not only poor, but have also many enemies.

Robin Hood: Cheer up, Sir Knight. Many have found Robin Hood a friend in need. Maybe I may help thee, too. Little John, bring forth our treasure-chest. (Little John *goes out taking one of the band with him. They soon return bringing with difficulty a heavy iron-bound chest and place it on the ground before* Robin Hood.) Now, Little John, open our chest and count out for our noble guest four hundred pounds. (Little John *does as* Robin Hood

commands, and putting the money into a leather bag gives it to Robin Hood.) There, Sir Knight, take this money and pay thy debt to the Priory of Emmett.

Sir Richard Lea: I thank thee, friend, with all my heart. But I cannot take thy money as a gift. I will take it and pay my debts, and in a year and a day hence I will return it safely to thee. For this I pledge my knightly word.

Robin Hood: Thou speakest like a noble knight, and it shall be as thou wishest.

Sir Richard Lea: And now I must not longer stay, good friends. It groweth late and my lady will wax anxious if I come not home. So I crave leave to depart.

Robin Hood: I will not keep thee against thy will, noble knight. Here, some one, bring Sir Richard's horse! There, Sir Knight, farewell. Some day we'll meet again.

Sir Richard Lea: Farewell, noble Robin. (*Mounts his horse and rides away.*)

SCENE III

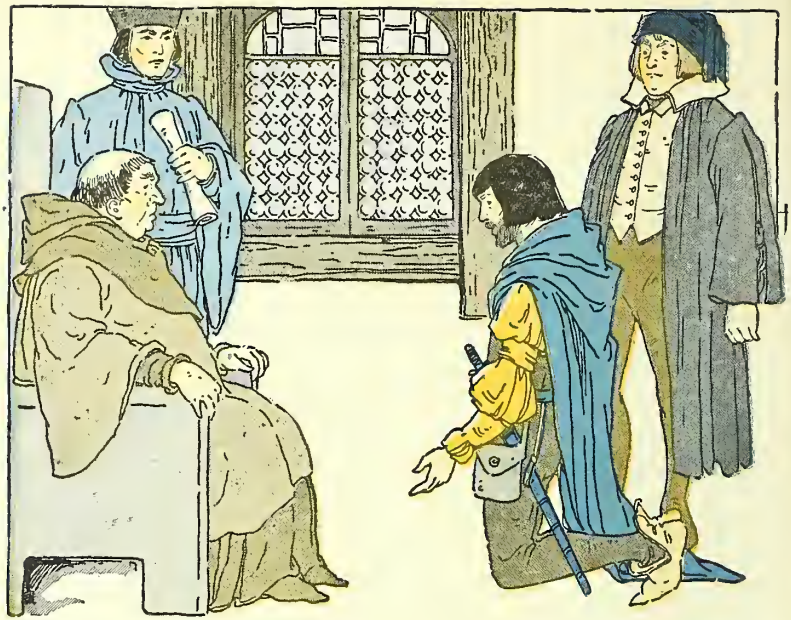
THE HALL IN THE PRIORY OF EMMETT

The Prior *is sitting at table, with the* Sheriff of Nottingham *on his right and a man of law on his left.*

Sheriff: Thinkst thou the knight will keep his day?

Prior: Nay, I know right well he hath no money wherewith to pay his debt.

Man of Law: Then his lands must indeed be forfeited.



PRIOR: I am sure of it. His lands shall all be mine.

Noise of horses and men outside.

SHERIFF: The knight hath come. Perchance he doth bring gold.

PRIOR: Nay, nay, I fear not.

SIR RICHARD LEA *comes in attended by men-at-arms. He comes forward and kneels before the* PRIOR.

SIR RICHARD LEA: God save and keep thee, Sir Prior, I am come to keep my day.

PRIOR: Well, Sir Knight, hast thou brought thy money?

SIR RICHARD LEA: Alas! I have not one penny on me.

PRIOR: Ha, ha! 'Tis as I thought. Thou pay'st not thy debts.

SIR RICHARD LEA: Have mercy on me, Sir Prior. Take not my lands and make me poor.

PRIOR: Thy day is broken and thy lands are forfeit.

SIR RICHARD LEA: (*To the* MAN OF LAW) Man of Law, wilt thou not help me in my hour of need?

MAN OF LAW: Nay, nay, I cannot help thee. The Prior here hath already paid me my fee in good, hard gold. I am bounden to him.

SIR RICHARD LEA: (*To the* SHERIFF) Wilt thou not be my friend, Sir Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Nay, nay, this is no business of mine. But mayhap the Prior will not be so hard on thee. Eh, Sir Prior? (*He winks at the* PRIOR.) Wilt thou not ease him of some part of his debt?

PRIOR: Ay, I am no stone. Pay me three hundred pounds, Sir Richard, and I will give thee quittance.

SIR RICHARD LEA: Wilt thou not give me another year to pay my debt?

PRIOR: Not another day.

SIR RICHARD LEA: Is this all thou wilt do for me?

PRIOR: (*Angrily*) Out upon thee, false knight, either pay thy debt as I have said or get thee gone from out my hall.

SIR RICHARD LEA: (*Rising*) Thou lying fellow! I am no false knight, that knowest thou full well. (*Beckons to one of his men-at-arms, who comes forward with a leather bag.*)

Here, Sir Prior, are thy three hundred pounds. Not one farthing more shalt thou get. (*Counts out money on table.*) I have held my day and paid my debt, so there is no more between us.

Goes out, leaving the PRIOR, *the* SHERIFF, *and the* MAN OF LAW *staring in astonishment.*

SCENE IV

IN SHERWOOD FOREST A YEAR LATER

ROBIN HOOD, LITTLE JOHN, WILL SCARLETT, ALLAN-A-DALE, *and others are sitting or lying about under the trees.*

ROBIN HOOD: The sun climbs high. The knight should be here soon.

LITTLE JOHN: Ay, marry, and I doubt not he will keep his day.

WILL SCARLETT: He is a gentle knight and a true. He surely will not fail us.

ROBIN HOOD: Is everything prepared? We must give the knight and all his company a right noble feast.

LITTLE JOHN: Ay, marry, that it is! We will give him such a feast as Sherwood Forest ne'er hath seen before. Such a store of roasted venison, stuffed goose, and partridges was never seen outside King Harry's court. And as for the ale, we have a goodly store, sweet and freshly brewed.

ROBIN HOOD: We will give him the welcome he deserves.

Little John: Methinks I see the flash of steel adown the forest glades.

Robin Hood: Yes, yes, of a surety here he comes! Little John, Will Scarlett, Allan-a-Dale, run and greet him for me.

Richard Lea *rides up with a richly dressed band of attendants and several pack-horses loaded with bundles.*

Robin Hood: (*Coming forward and seizing* Sir Richard *by the hand*) Welcome, welcome to Sherwood, Sir Richard!

Sir Richard: Ah, Robin, 'tis good once more to see thee. (*Gets down off his horse.*)

Robin Hood: But how, now! Methinks thou art a gayer bird than when I saw thee last.

Sir Richard: Yes, thanks to thee, good Robin. But for thee I should be a homeless wanderer. But I have kept my word and have brought back the money thou did'st lend me. (*Takes a leather bag from one of his men.*) Here, Robin, are the four hundred pounds that thou did'st lend me.

Robin Hood: Sir Richard, it would please me best if thou would'st keep the money as a gift.

Sir Richard: I thank thee, Robin, but do not feel hurt if I take it not. Gladly I borrowed it of thee, but I cannot take it as a gift.

Robin Hood: So be it then. Here, Little John, take the money and put it into our treasury. Never was loan more wisely used.

Sir Richard: And now, dear Robin, I have some gifts for thee. (*To attendants.*) Open the packs. Here are tenscore bows of finest Spanish yew all burnished till they shine again. And here are tenscore leathern quivers embroidered with golden thread, and in each quiver a score of arrows with burnished heads and feathered with peacock's plumes. And now, Robin, for thee I have this bow and quiver all adorned with gold. Take these gifts and with them my heartfelt thanks for all thy kindness.

Robin Hood's Men: Hurrah! Hurrah! for Sir Richard Lea! Hurrah for the noble knight!

Robin Hood: Words fail me, Sir Richard, when I try to thank thee. 'Twere best we now sit down and break our fast. And while we feast thou can'st tell me all the news. Come, Allan-a-Dale, give us a song!

Allan-a-Dale: (*Sings*)

"Under the greenwood tree,
What folks so gay as we,
In rain or shine,
Rough days or fine,
Time passes merrily.

Chorus: "For we are Robin Hood's merry men all
Merry men all, merry men all;
Ready to answer his every call,
Under the greenwood tree."

R. H. Bowles.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

When Freedom from her mountain height
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
  And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

. . . . . .

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
  By angel hands to valor giv'n,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
  And all thy hues were born in heav'n.
Forever float that standard sheet!
  Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
  And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

UNCLE SAM AS A FLAGMAKER

Did you ever see a fleet of Uncle Sam's war-ships steaming into harbor? If not, you have missed a thrilling sight. The mighty battleships come first, ploughing majestically through the water, like floating forts, with long wicked-looking cannon projecting from their turrets. The rakish destroyers glide swiftly after them, their bows buried in spray. Low-lying submarines, their decks awash, their slender periscopes and tall wireless masts seeming to rise almost out of the sea, follow in line. Then there are other craft of various kinds—gunboats, despatch-boats, repair-ships, perhaps even an old-fashioned monitor or two, following in the train of the bigger and more dangerous fighting-ships.

Perhaps you have even gone on board one of our big "dreadnaughts." At any rate, you have watched them from the shore and wondered at them. You have heard the bands playing in the distance or listened to the notes of the bugle ringing sweetly over the water, calling the jackies to their various duties.

Perhaps you have seen the fleet when the President or the Secretary of the Navy has come from Washington to pay it a formal visit. Then what a display of flags there was! From the great military masts of the battleships lines seemed to run to every part of the ships, and from

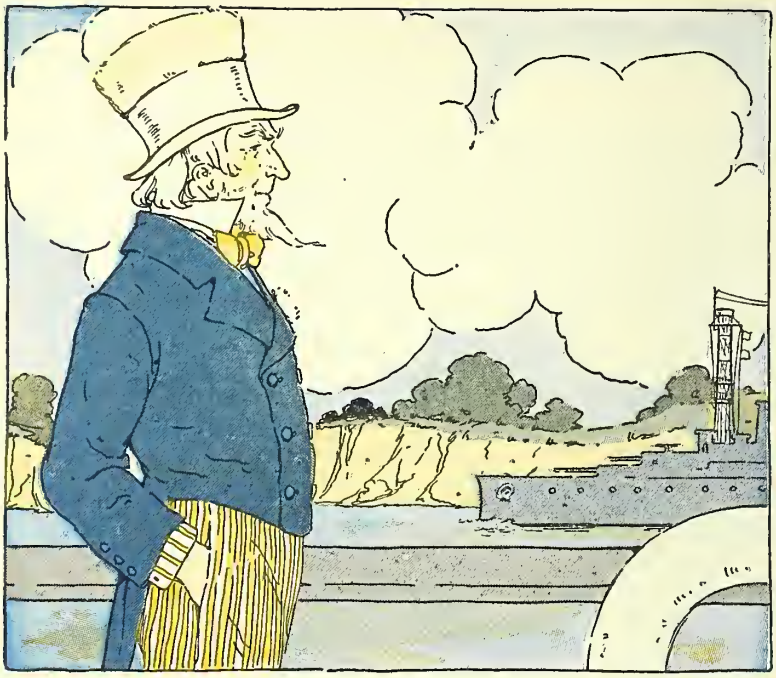
these lines hung flags of all colors and sizes. It was a glorious sight!

But did you ever think where the flags all come from? Probably not. Those same flags, however, that you see flaunting by the hundred from the masts of Uncle Sam's ships were all designed and made in Uncle Sam's own workshops. Uncle Sam himself is the big flagmaker of this country.

If you should get a pass and go over to the Brooklyn Navy Yard you would find the place where all these flags are made. Here are dozens of expert needlewomen busy making flags of all colors and sizes for the many ships in our navy, ranging from the mightiest battleship down to the tiniest launch.

The business has to be a big one, for every one of our ships has to carry constantly on board about four hundred flags. Perhaps half of these are for signal purposes and the rest for decoration or ordinary use. A great many are needed, so that the proper naval etiquette may be observed. For example, when the President comes on board, his flag is raised over the ship he visits; and when any distinguished official visits a ship, certain flags are raised as a mark of respect. When, also, one of our ships enters the harbor of a foreign country, the flag of that country must be raised at the forepeak. Think what this means! The flag of every nation in the world must be carried in the storeroom of every one of our big ships.

Some of these flags are elaborate, and call for very



skilful workmanship. There is the flag of Siam, for example, which has a great white elephant in the middle. The flag of the old empire of China was also very handsome. It bore a fierce-looking blue dragon on a yellow field. Then there is the President's flag. This is one of the most beautiful and elaborate of them all. On a blue field it shows the coat of arms of the United States. This consists of a great eagle with outstretched wings, and upon the eagle's breast is a shield in red, white, and blue. In one of his talons the eagle holds an olive-branch as a sym-

bol of peace, and in the other a bundle of arrows as a symbol of our military power. In his beak the eagle holds a scroll bearing the legend, *E Pluribus Unum* (From Many, One), that is to say, one united country made up of a number of separate States. Above the head of the eagle is a group of thirteen stars representing the original thirteen States. This is not only a beautiful flag but it is a difficult one to make. It has to be sewed by hand and calls for great skill in needlework.

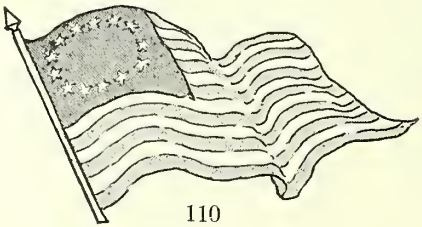
Since our flag was adopted its design has been changed several times. On June 14, 1777, Congress decided that the flag should consist of thirteen stripes of alternate red and white and a union of thirteen white stars on a blue field. In 1791 Vermont, and in 1792 Kentucky were admitted to the Union, so in 1794 Congress resolved that after May 1, 1795, the flag should have fifteen stripes and fifteen stars. In a few years, however, when other States had been admitted, it was seen that if a new stripe were to be added for every new State the flag would become a mere bundle of red and white ribbons. So in 1818 Congress decided that the flag should thereafter consist of thirteen stripes and twenty stars, and that as new States were admitted into the Union a star be added.

So as new States are admitted to the Union the flag is changed. The Secretary of the Navy notifies the flag-making department and they immediately set to work to make new flags for all our ships. Think what trouble and expense this makes!

The sizes of the flags carried on our naval ships vary greatly. The signal-flags are small, because it is often necessary to use a number of them together. The usual size for "Old Glory" and the flags of foreign nations is twenty-five by thirteen feet. But occasionally one is made as large as thirty-six by nineteen feet. This is a monster flag and the largest one made.

As the flags get such hard usage, great care is taken to make them of the best materials. The very best quality of wool bunting is used, and before it is made into flags it is most carefully prepared. It is first washed in soap and water; then later in salt water. After this it is hung out in the open air for ten days or so. All this is to test its color. It is also tested for its ability to resist strain. If it can stand a pulling strain of sixty-five pounds in one direction and forty-five in the other, it is considered satisfactory and may then be made up into flags.

The next time you see the beautiful Stars and Stripes flying from one of our ships think of all the care and labor that have been expended in its manufacture. Think, too, that it is not a mere piece of red, white, and blue bunting, but a symbol of our country's greatness. It stands for freedom, equality, and justice.



A TEMPEST IN A BIG TEAPOT

There is a dense crowd of men, with a sprinkling of women, arguing and gesticulating about the door of the brick church, and the interior is so choked with people that we can scarcely elbow our way in. The men's faces, we notice, are flushed and excited, and there is an angry buzz of half-suppressed voices. Evidently something uncommon has brought these people here. What can it be?

Ah! They are all talking about tea.

"You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink," says one, very significantly, to his neighbor.

"Let them take it back to England, then, and peddle it out there," ejaculates a third. "We will not have it forced down our throats," he adds.

"What sort of drink would tea and salt water make?" suggests a man, who is evidently losing patience; for it has grown dark, and the lamps shed a dim light throughout the crowd.

"Good for John Rowe," shout the bystanders approvingly; and, as the words passed from mouth to mouth, the people laugh and clap.

Presently a man of middle age speaks. At his first words every voice is hushed; every eye is turned upon him. In a grave and steady voice he tells the people that their purpose to send the tea-ships home to England with their

cargoes untouched has been thwarted by Governor Hutchinson, who refuses to give the vessels a pass, without which they cannot sail. "And now," concludes this same grave and earnest voice, to which all eagerly listen, "this meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

There is a moment's silence—a moment of keen disappointment, an ominous silence. Then some one in the gallery cries out, in a ringing voice: "Boston Harbor a teapot to-night. Hurrah for Griffin's Wharf!"

Instantly, before the people are aware what is intended, an Indian war-whoop pierces the air, and at that signal half a hundred men, disguised as Indians, brandishing hatchets and shouting as they run, pour through Milk Street, followed by the crowd.

They turn down to Griffin's Wharf, where the tea-ships are lying, clamber on board, take off the hatches in a hurry, and while some pass up the chests from the hold, others smash them and pitch them overboard. Crash! go the hatchets; splash! goes the tea. Crash! crash! Splash! splash! Every one works with a will.

Never were ships more quickly unloaded. The frightened captains and crews were told to go below, and stay there, and they should not be harmed. They obeyed. No one but the fishes drank that tea.

After finishing their work the lads who have been making a teapot of Boston Harbor march gayly back to town to the music of a fife. While on their way they pass by the residence of Mad Montagu, the British admiral, the

commander of the fleet of armed ships then lying at anchor within gunshot of the town.

The admiral threw up his window, thrust out his head, and halloed: "Well, boys, you have had a fine, pleasant evening for your Indians' caper, haven't you? But mind, you've got to pay the fiddler yet."

"Oh, never mind, squire," shouted the leader. "Just come out here, if you please, and we'll settle the bill in two minutes."

The admiral shut his window in a hurry, and the tea-party, with a laugh for the admiral, marched on. He was fond of a fight, but thought it best to decline this invitation.

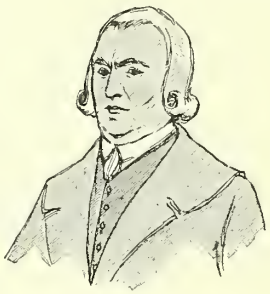
But who, we ask, was the man whose words carried with them so much authority at the meeting, and whom all seemed instinctively to look upon as their leader? That man, we are told, was Samuel Adams.

And who was Samuel Adams?

Why, Samuel Adams was the man of the hour—the guiding spirit of the Revolution. He believed in the people, and they believed in him. With great ability to plan as well as firmness to execute, he was devoted heart and soul to his country. He had a will of iron. He was wholly unselfish; though poor, he asked no reward.

He believed first in God and next in his country. He was one of the old Puritans, whom nothing could turn from a purpose once fixed—no, not bribes, nor threats, nor even danger to life and limb. Washington was the head of the army. Samuel Adams was the head of the people.

SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE.



THE BOSTON MASSACRE

It was now the 3d of March, 1770. The sunset music of the British regiments was heard as usual throughout the town. The shrill fife and rattling drum awoke the echoes in King Street, while the last ray of sunshine was lingering on the cupola of the Town House. And now all the sentinels were posted. One of them marched up and down before the Custom House, treading a short path through the snow and longing for the time when he would be dismissed to the warm fireside of the guard-room.

In the course of the evening there were two or three slight commotions, which seemed to indicate that trouble was at hand. Small parties of young men stood at the corners of the streets or walked along the narrow pavements. Squads of soldiers who were dismissed from duty passed by them, shoulder to shoulder, with the regular step which they had learned at the drill. Whenever these encounters took place, it appeared to be the object of the young men to treat the soldiers with as much incivility as possible.

"Turn out, you lobsterbacks!" one would say. "Crowd them off the sidewalks!" another would cry. "A redcoat has no right in Boston streets!"

"Oh, you rebel rascals!" perhaps the soldiers would

reply, glaring fiercely at the young men. "Some day or other we'll make our way through Boston streets at the point of the bayonet!"

Once or twice such disputes as these brought on a scuffle, which passed off, however, without attracting much notice. About eight o'clock, for some unknown cause, an alarm-bell rang loudly and hurriedly.

At the sound many people ran out of their houses, supposing it to be an alarm of fire. But there were no flames to be seen, nor was there any smell of smoke in the clear, frosty air; so that most of the townsmen went back to their own firesides and sat talking with their wives and children about the calamities of the times. Others, who were younger and less prudent, remained in the streets; for there seems to have been a presentiment that some strange event was on the eve of taking place.

Later in the evening, not far from nine o'clock, several young men passed by the Town House and walked down King Street. The sentinel was still on his post in front of the Custom House, pacing to and fro; while, as he turned, a gleam of light from some neighboring window glittered on the barrel of his musket. At no great distance were the barracks and the guard-house, where his comrades were probably telling stories of battle and bloodshed.

Down toward the Custom House, as I told you, came a party of wild young men. When they drew near the sentinel he halted on his post and took his musket from his shoulder, ready to present the bayonet at their breasts.

"Who goes there?" he cried, in the gruff, peremptory tones of a soldier's challenge.

The young men, being Boston boys, felt as if they had a right to walk their own streets without being accountable to a British redcoat, even though he challenged them in King George's name. They made some rude answer to the sentinel. There was a dispute or perhaps a scuffle. Other soldiers heard the noise and ran hastily from the barracks to assist their comrades. At the same time many

of the townspeople rushed into King Street by various avenues and gathered in a crowd round about the Custom House. It seemed wonderful how such a multitude had started up all of a sudden.

The wrongs and insults which the people had been suffering for many months now kindled them into a rage. They threw snowballs and lumps of ice at the soldiers. As the tumult grew louder it reached the ears of Captain Preston, the officer of the day. He immediately ordered eight soldiers of the main guard to take their muskets and follow him. They marched across the street, forcing their way roughly through the crowd, and pricking the townspeople with their bayonets.

A gentleman (it was Henry Knox, afterward general of the American artillery) caught Captain Preston's arm.

"For Heaven's sake, sir," exclaimed he, "take heed what you do or there will be bloodshed!"

"Stand aside!" answered Captain Preston, haughtily. "Do not interfere, sir. Leave me to manage the affair."

Arriving at the sentinel's post, Captain Preston drew up his men in a semicircle, with their faces to the crowd and their rear to the Custom House. When the people saw the officer and beheld the threatening attitude with which the soldiers fronted them, their rage became almost uncontrollable.

"Fire, you lobsterbacks!" bellowed some.

"You dare not fire, you cowardly redcoats!" cried others.

"Rush upon them!" shouted many voices. "Drive

the rascals to their barracks! Down with them! Down with them! Let them fire if they dare!''

Amid the uproar the soldiers stood glaring at the people with the fierceness of men whose trade was to shed blood.

''Fire, if you dare, villains!'' hoarsely shouted the people, while the muzzles of the muskets were turned upon them. ''You dare not fire!''

They appeared ready to rush upon the levelled bayonets. Captain Preston waved his sword and uttered a command which could not be distinctly heard amid the uproar of shouts that issued from a hundred throats. But his soldiers deemed that he had spoken the fatal mandate, ''Fire!'' The flash of their muskets lighted up the streets, and the report rang loudly between the edifices. It was said, too, that the figure of a man, with a cloth hanging down over his face, was seen to step into the balcony of the Custom House, and discharge a musket at the crowd.

A gush of smoke had overspread the scene. It rose heavily, as if it were loath to reveal the dreadful spectacle beneath it. Eleven of the sons of New England lay stretched upon the street. Some, sorely wounded, were struggling to rise again. Others stirred not nor groaned; for they were past all pain. Blood was streaming upon the snow; and that purple stain in the midst of King Street, though it melted away in the next day's sun, was never forgotten nor forgiven by the people.

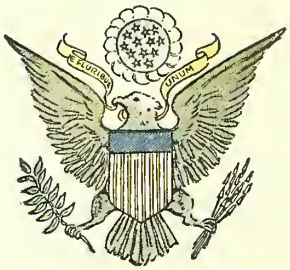
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

AMERICA

I love thine inland seas,
Thy groves of giant trees,
  Thy rolling plains;
Thy rivers' mighty sweep,
Thy mystic canyons deep,
Thy mountains wild and steep,
  All thy domains;

Thy silver Eastern strands,
Thy Golden Gate that stands
  Wide to the West;
Thy flowery Southland fair,
Thy sweet and crystal air,—
O land beyond compare,
  Thee I love best!

HENRY VAN DYKE.



THE QUEEN BEE

I

The farmer opened his bee-hive.

"Out with you!" he said. "The sun is shining; the flowers are blossoming everywhere and are a sheer joy to behold. Let me see you industrious now and gather me a good lot of honey which I can sell to the shopkeeper in the autumn. Many mickles make a muckle; and you know that things are looking bad with agriculture."

"What is agriculture to us?" said the bees.

But they flew out nevertheless, for they had been in

the hive all winter and were longing for a breath of fresh air. Buzzing and humming, they stretched their legs and tried their wings. They swarmed forth everywhere, crawled up and down the hive, flew off to the flowers and shrubs and walked about on the ground.

There were many hundred bees.

The queen came last. She was bigger than the others and it was she that reigned in the hive.

"Stop that nonsense now, children," she said, "and begin to do something. A decent bee does not idle, but turns to, in a capable way, and makes good use of her time."

Then she divided them into companies and set them to work.

"You, there, fly out and see if there is any honey in the flowers. The second company can gather pollen; and, when you come home, deliver it all nicely to the old bees indoors."

They flew away. But all the young ones were still left. They formed the last company, for they had never been out before.

"What are we to do?" they asked.

"You? You've got to sweat!" said the queen. "One, two, three and to work!"

And they sweated as best they knew how, and the loveliest yellow wax burst out of their bodies.

"That's right," said the queen. "Now we will begin to build."

The old bees took the wax and started building a number of small hexagonal cells, all alike and close together. All the time that they were building, the others came flying up with pollen and honey, which they laid at the queen's feet.

"Now we'll knead the dough!" said she. "But first pour a little honey in; then it will taste better."

They kneaded and kneaded and made nice little loaves of bee-bread, which they carried to the cells.

"Now we'll go on building!" commanded the queen bee. And they sweated wax and built away with a vengeance.

"I may as well begin my own work," said the queen, and heaved a deep sigh, for this was the hardest of all.

She sat down in the middle of the hive and began to lay eggs. She laid great heaps and the bees ran up, took the little eggs in their mouths and carried them into the new cells. Every egg got its own little room; and, when they were all disposed of, the queen ordered the bees to put doors to the cells and to shut them tight.

"Good," she said, when they had finished. "Now you can build me ten big, handsome rooms at the outer edge of the hive."

The bees did so in a trice and then the queen laid ten beautiful eggs, one in each of the big rooms, and put a door before them.

Every day, the bees flew out and in and gathered great heaps of honey and pollen; but, in the evening, when their

work was done, they set the doors a little ajar and peeped in at the eggs.

"Take care!" said the queen, one day. "Now they're coming!"

And suddenly all the eggs burst and in each cell lay a nice little baby.

"What queer creatures!" said the young bees. "Why, they have no eyes; and where are their legs and wings?"

"Those are grubs," said the queen, "and that's what you young greenhorns yourselves once looked like. You have to be a grub before you can become a proper bee. Hurry now and give them something to eat!"

The bees hastened to feed the little young ones; but they did not all fare equally well. The ten that lay in the large rooms got as much to eat as ever they wanted and a big helping of honey was carried in to them every day.

"Those are princesses," said the queen. "Therefore, you must treat them well. The others you can stint in their food; they are only work-people and must accustom themselves to take things as they come."

And the poor little creatures got a small piece of bee-bread every morning and nothing more; they had to be content with that, even though they were ever so hungry.

II

In one of the small hexagonal cells close to the princesses' rooms lay a tiny little grub. She was the youngest of them all and had but quite lately come out of the egg.

She could not see, but she could distinctly hear the grown-up bees talking outside; and meanwhile she lay quite still and just thought her own thoughts.

"I could do with a little more to eat," she said, and tapped at her door.

"You've had enough for to-day," replied the old bee who crawled up and down outside in the passage and had been appointed head nurse to the baby bees.

"Ah, but I'm hungry!" cried the little grub. "And then I want to have a princess's room; I feel so cramped in here."

"Oh, just listen to her!" said the old bee, sarcastically. "One would think she was a dainty little princess by the pretensions she puts forward! You were born to toil and drudge, my little friend. A common working bee, that's what you are; and you'll never be anything else in all your days."

"Ah, but I want to be a queen!" said the grub and thumped on the door.

The old bee, of course, made no reply to such silly trash, but went on to the others. Everywhere they were crying for more food; and the little grub could hear it all.

"It's really hard," she thought, "that we should be so hungry."

And then she tapped on the wall and called to the princess on the other side: "Give me a little of your honey! Let me come in to you in your room. I am lying here and starving and I am quite as good as you."

"Ah, you just wait till I'm queen regnant!" said the princess. "Be sure I shan't forget your impudence."

But she had hardly said this before the other princesses began to bawl most terribly:

"You shan't be queen! I will! I will!" they all yelled together, and began to thump on the walls and make a frightful din.

The head nurse came running up at once and opened the doors:

"What are your Royal Highnesses' commands?" she asked, and courtesied and scraped with her legs.

"More honey!" they all cried together. "But me first! Me first! I'm going to be queen!"

"This minute! This minute! your Royal Highnesses!" she replied and ran off as fast as her six old legs could carry her.

Soon after she came back with several other bees. They dragged a quantity of honey with them, which they put down the throats of the angry little princesses, till gradually they grew quiet and all ten of them went to sleep.

But the little grub lay awake and thought over what had happened. She was yearning for honey and shook the door:

"Give me some honey! I can stand this no longer. I'm quite as good as the others."

The old bee told her to be silent: "Keep still, you little squaller! Here comes the queen."

And the queen bee came as she spoke. "Go away," she said to the bees. "I wish to be alone."

She stood long, silently, outside the princesses' rooms. "You're lying in there now and sleeping," she said at last. "Eat and sleep, that's what you do, from morn till night, and, every day that passes you grow stronger and fatter. In a few days you will be full grown and you will creep out of the cells. Then my time is over. I know it well! I have heard the bees saying among themselves that they want a younger and prettier queen; and then they will drive me away in disgrace. But that I will not submit to. To-morrow I shall kill them all, so that I can go on reigning till I die."

Then she went away, but the little grub had heard all that she said.

"Goodness gracious!" she thought. "After all, it's really a pity for the little princesses. They certainly give themselves airs and they have been unkind to me; but it would be sad, for all that, if the wicked queen killed them. I think I shall tell the old grumbler in the passage."

Then she began to tap at the door again; and the old head nurse came running up; but this time she was really angry.

"Now, you had better mind yourself, my good grub!" she said. "You're the youngest of them all and the noisiest. Next time I'll report you to the queen."

"Ah, but first listen to me," said the grub; and then she betrayed the queen's wicked plan.

"Heavens above! Is that true?" cried the old bee, and struck her wings together with horror.

And, without listening to any more, she hurried away to tell the other bees.

"I do think I deserve a little honey for my good-will," said the little grub. "But now I can go to sleep with an easy conscience."

The next morning, the queen, when she thought that all the bees were in bed, came to put the princesses to death. The grub could hear her talking aloud to herself; but was very much afraid of the wicked queen and hardly dared move.

"If only she doesn't kill the princesses," she thought, and crept closer to the door to hear what was happening.

The queen bee looked carefully round in every direction and opened the first of the doors. But, as she did so, the bees swarmed up from every side, seized her by the legs and wings and dragged her away.

"What does this mean?" she screamed. "Are you rising in rebellion?"

"No, your Majesty," replied the bees, respectfully, "but we know that you are thinking of killing the princesses; and that you cannot possibly be permitted to do. How should we manage in that case in the autumn, when your Majesty dies?"

"Unhand me!" screamed the queen and tried to tear herself free. "I am still queen and have the right to do what I please. How do you know that I shall die in the autumn?"

But the bees held fast and dragged her out of the hive. There they let her go; but she shook her wings with rage and said,

"You are disloyal subjects, who are not worth reigning over. I will not stay here another hour, but will go away and build a new hive. Are there any of you that will follow me?"

Some of the old bees who had been grubs with the queen declared that they would go with her, and soon after they flew away.

"Now we have no queen," said the others. "We shall have to take good care of the princesses."

And so they stuffed them with honey from morning till night, and the princesses grew and thrived and squabbled, and made more and more noise day after day.

And no one gave a thought to the little grub.

III

One morning the doors of the princesses' rooms flew open and they all ten came out as beautiful full-grown queen bees; the other bees came running up and looked at them with admiration.

"Oh, how lovely they are!" they said. "It is not easy to say which of them is the prettiest!"

"I am!" cried one.

"You make a great mistake!" said the second, and thrust at her with her sting.

"You flatter yourselves!" cried the third. "I should think I am no less beautiful than you."

Soon they were all screaming together; and, a little later, they all began to fight. The bees wanted to part them, but the old head nurse said:

"Just let them fight, then we shall see which is the strongest and we will elect her to be our queen. After all, we can't have more than one."

The bees then formed a ring and watched the combat. It was long and hard-fought. Wings and legs were bitten off and flew around in the air; and, after some time, eight of the princesses lay dead on the ground. The last two went on fighting for a long while. One had lost all her wings and the other had only four legs left.

"It will be a pitiful queen, whichever of them we get," said one of the bees. "We had better have kept the old one."

But she might as well have saved herself the observation, for at that very moment the princesses suddenly gave each other so violent a thrust with their stings that both of them fell stone-dead.

"Here's a nice thing!" cried the bees. "Now we have no queen! What shall we do? What shall we do?"

They crept round the hive in utter bewilderment and despair. But the oldest and wisest of them sat in a corner and held counsel. At last the head nurse spoke and said:

"Now I will tell you how you can get out of the dilemma, if you will follow my advice. I remember that

the same misfortune once happened long ago in this hive. I was a grub at the time and I lay in my cell and distinctly heard what was going on. All the princesses had killed one another and the old queen had gone away, just as now. But then the bees took one of us grubs and put her in one of the princesses' cells. They fed her every day on the best and finest honey that the hive contained; and, when she was full grown, she was a really good and beautiful queen. I remember the whole story clearly, for I thought at the time that they might just as well have taken me. But never mind that at present. I propose that we should behave in just the same way."

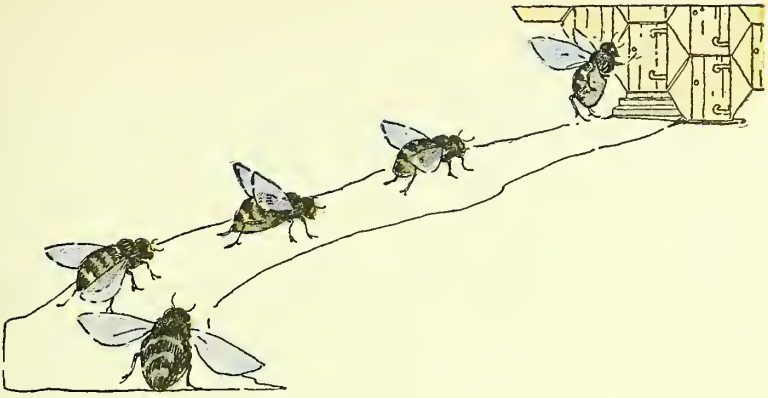
The bees gladly cried that they agreed, and they ran straight off to fetch a grub.

"Stop a bit," cried the head nurse, "and take me with you. After all, I have managed to help you. Now, look here: It must be one of the youngest grubs, for she must have time to think of her new position. When you've been brought up to be a common worker, it's not so easy to accustom yourself to wear a crown."

The bees thought this sensible, too, and the old bee continued,

"Just beside the princesses' rooms lies a little grub. She is the youngest of them all. She must have learned a deal from hearing the princesses' cultured conversation. Moreover, it was she who had the honesty to tell me of the old queen's wicked thoughts. Let us take her."

They all went forthwith, in a solemn procession, to the



narrow, hexagonal cell in which the little grub lay. The head nurse knocked politely at the door, opened it carefully and told the grub what the bees had decided upon. At first she almost refused to believe her own ears; but, when they carried her carefully into one of the beautiful large rooms and brought her as much honey as she could eat, she saw that it was serious.

"So I am to be queen after all!" she said to the head nurse. "You never thought that, you old grumbler!"

"I hope your Majesty will forget my rude remarks at the time when you lay in the hexagonal cell," said the old bee and dropped a respectful courtesy.

"I forgive you!" replied the new-fledged princess. "Get me some more honey!"

Soon after, the grub was full grown and stepped out of her room, looking as large and beautiful as the bees

could possibly wish. And she did know how to command and no mistake!

"Away with you!" she said. "We want more honey for winter use and you others must sweat more wax. I mean to build a wing to the hive. The new princesses will live in it next year; it is much too unpleasant for them to be so near the common grubs."

"What next!" cried the bees to one another. "One would really think that she had been queen from the time when she lay in the egg!"

"No," said the head nurse, "that she was not. But she has had *queenly thoughts;* and that is the great thing."

CARL EWALD.

KING SOLOMON AND THE ANTS

Out from Jerusalem
  The king rode with his great
  War-chiefs and lords of state,
And Sheba's queen with them;

Comely, but black withal,
  To whom, perchance, belongs
  That wondrous Song of Songs,
Sensuous and mystical,

Whereto devout souls turn
  In fond, ecstatic dream,
  And through its earth-born theme
The Love of loves discern.

Wisest of men, he knew
  The languages of all
  The creatures great or small
That trod the earth or flew.

Across an ant-hill led
  The king's path, and he heard
  Its small folk, and their word
He thus interpreted:

"Here comes the king men greet
As wise and good and just,
To crush us in the dust
Under his heedless feet."

The great king bowed his head,
And saw the wide surprise
Of the Queen of Sheba's eyes
As he told her what they said.

"O king!" she whispered sweet,
"Too happy fate have they
Who perish in thy way
Beneath thy gracious feet!

"Thou of the God-lent crown,
Shall these vile creatures dare
Murmur against thee where
The knees of kings kneel down?"

"Nay," Solomon replied,
"The wise and strong should seek
The welfare of the weak,"
And turned his horse aside.

His train, with quick alarm,
Curved with their leader round
The ant-hill's peopled mound,
And left it free from harm.

The jewelled head bent low;
"O king!" she said, "henceforth
The secret of thy worth
And wisdom well I know.

"Happy must be the State
Whose ruler heedeth more
The murmurs of the poor
Than flatteries of the great."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE RIVER-BANK

The Mole had been working very hard all the morning, spring cleaning his little home. First with brooms, then with dusters; then on ladders and steps and chairs, with a brush and a pail of whitewash, till he had dust in his throat and eyes, and splashes of whitewash all over his black fur, and an aching back and weary arms. Spring was moving in the air above and in the earth below and around him. It was small wonder, then, that he suddenly flung down his brush on the floor, said, "Bother!" and "Oh, blow!" and also "Hang spring cleaning!" and bolted out of the house without even waiting to put on his coat. Something up above was calling him imperiously, and he made for the steep little tunnel which answered in his case to the gravelled carriage-drive owned by animals whose residences are nearer to the sun and air. So he scraped and scratched and scrabbled and scrooged, and then he scrooged again and scrabbled and scratched and scraped, working busily with his little paws and muttering to himself, "Up we go! Up we go!" till at last, pop! his snout came out into the sunlight and he found himself rolling in the warm grass of a great meadow.

"This is fine!" he said to himself. "This is better than whitewashing!" The sunshine struck hot on his fur,

soft breezes caressed his heated brow, and after the seclusion of the cellarage he had lived in so long the carol of happy birds fell on his dulled hearing almost like a shout. Jumping off all his four legs at once, in the joy of living and the delight of spring without its cleaning, he pursued his way across the meadow till he reached the hedge on the farther side.

"Hold up!" said an elderly rabbit at the gap. "Sixpence for the privilege of passing by the private road!" He was bowled over in an instant by the impatient and contemptuous Mole, who trotted along the side of the hedge chaffing the other rabbits as they peeped hurriedly from their holes to see what the row was about. "Onion-sauce! Onion-sauce!" he remarked jeeringly, and was gone before they could think of a thoroughly satisfactory reply. Then they all started grumbling at each other. "How *stupid* you are! Why didn't you tell him—" "Well, why didn't *you* say—" "You might have reminded him—" and so on, in the usual way; but, of course, it was then much too late, as is always the case.

It all seemed too good to be true. Hither and thither through the meadows he rambled busily, along the hedgerows, across the copses, finding everywhere birds building, flowers budding, leaves thrusting—everything happy, and progressive, and occupied. And instead of having an uneasy conscience pricking him and whispering "whitewash!" he somehow could only feel how jolly it was to be the only idle dog among all these busy citizens. After all,

the best part of a holiday is perhaps not so much to be resting yourself, as to see all the other fellows busy working.

He thought his happiness was complete when, as he meandered aimlessly along, suddenly he stood by the edge of a full-fed river. Never in his life had he seen a river before. The Mole was bewitched, entranced, fascinated. By the side of the river he trotted as one trots, when very small, by the side of a man who holds one spellbound by exciting stories; and when tired at last, he sat on the bank, while the river still chattered on to him.

As he sat on the grass and looked across the river, a dark hole in the bank opposite, just above the water's edge, caught his eye, and dreamily he fell to considering what a nice, snug dwelling-place it would make for an animal with few wants and fond of a bijou riverside residence, above flood-level and remote from noise and dust. As he gazed, something bright and small seemed to twinkle down in the heart of it, vanished, then twinkled once more like a tiny star. But it could hardly be a star in such an unlikely situation; and it was too glittering and small for a glow-worm. Then, as he looked, it winked at him, and so declared itself to be an eye; and a small face began gradually to grow up round it, like a frame round a picture.

A brown little face, with whiskers.

A grave round face, with the same twinkle in its eye that had first attracted his notice.

Small neat ears and thick, silky hair.

It was the Water Rat!

Then the two animals stood and regarded each other cautiously.

"Hullo, Mole!" said the Water Rat.

"Hullo, Rat!" said the Mole.

"Would you like to come over?" inquired the Rat presently.

"Oh, it's all very well to *talk*," said the Mole rather pettishly, he being new to a river and riverside life and its ways.

The Rat said nothing, but stooped and unfastened a rope and hauled on it; then lightly stepped into a little boat which the Mole had not observed. It was painted blue outside and white within, and was just the size for two animals; and the Mole's whole heart went out to it at once, even though he did not yet fully understand its uses.

The Rat sculled smartly across and made fast. Then he held up his forepaw as the Mole stepped gingerly down. "Lean on that!" he said. "Now then, step lively!" and the Mole to his surprise and rapture found himself actually seated in the stern of a real boat.

"This has been a wonderful day!" said he, as the Rat shoved off and took to the sculls again. "Do you know, I've never been in a boat before in all my life."

"What?" cried the Rat, open-mouthed.

"Never been in a—you never—well I—what have you been doing, then?"

"Is it so nice as all that?" asked the Mole shyly, though he was quite prepared to believe it as he leaned back in

his seat and surveyed the cushions, the oars, the rowlocks, and all the fascinating fittings, and felt the boat sway lightly under him.

"Nice? It's the *only* thing," said the Water Rat solemnly as he leaned forward for his stroke. "Believe me, my young friend, there is *nothing*—absolutely nothing—half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats. Simply messing," he went on dreamily; "messing—about —in—boats; messing——"

"Look ahead, Rat!" cried the Mole suddenly.

It was too late. The boat struck the bank full tilt. The dreamer, the joyous oarsman, lay on his back at the bottom of the boat, his heels in the air.

"—about in boats—or *with* boats," the Rat went on composedly, picking himself up with a pleasant laugh. "In or out of 'em, it doesn't matter. Nothing seems really to matter, that's the charm of it. Whether you get away, or whether you don't; whether you arrive at your destination or whether you reach somewhere else, or whether you never get anywhere at all, you're always busy, and you never do anything in particular; and when you've done it there's always something else to do, and you can do it if you like, but you'd much better not. Look here! If you've really nothing else on hand this morning, suppose we drop down the river together, and have a long day of it?"

The Mole waggled his toes from sheer happiness, spread his chest with a sigh of full contentment, and leaned back

blissfully into the soft cushions. "*What* a day I'm having!" he said. "Let us start at once!"

"Hold hard a minute, then!" said the Rat. He looped the painter through a ring in his landing-stage, climbed up into his hole above, and after a short interval reappeared staggering under a fat wicker luncheon-basket.

"Shove that under your feet," he observed to the Mole, as he passed it down into the boat. Then he untied the painter and took the sculls again.

"What's inside it?" asked the Mole, wriggling with curiosity.

"There's cold chicken inside it," replied the Rat briefly: "coldtonguecoldhamcoldbeefpickledgherkinssaladfrenchrolls cress sandwiches potted meat ginger beer lemonade soda water——"

"Oh stop, stop!" cried the Mole in ecstasies. "This is too much!"

"Do you really think so?" inquired the Rat seriously. "It's only what I always take on these little excursions; and the other animals are always telling me that I'm a mean beast and cut it *very* fine!"

The Mole never heard a word he was saying. Absorbed in the new life he was entering upon, intoxicated with the sparkle, the ripple, the scents and the sounds and the sunlight, he trailed a paw in the water and dreamed long waking dreams. The Water Rat, like the good little fellow he was, sculled steadily on and forbore to disturb him.

"I like your clothes awfully, old chap," he remarked

after some half an hour or so had passed. "I'm going to get a black velvet smoking-suit myself some day, as soon as I can afford it."

"I beg your pardon," said the Mole, pulling himself together with an effort. "You must think me very rude; but all this is so new to me. So—this—is—a—River!"

"*The* River," corrected the Rat.

"And you really live by the river? What a jolly life!"

"By it and with it and on it and in it," said the Rat. "It's brother and sister to me, and aunts and company,

and food and drink, and (naturally) washing. It's my world, and I don't want any other. What it hasn't got is not worth having, and what it doesn't know is not worth knowing. Whether in winter or summer, spring or autumn, it's always got its fun and its excitements. When the floods are on in February, and my cellars and basement are brimming with drink that's no good to me, and the brown water runs by my best bedroom window; or again, when it all drops away and shows patches of mud that smells like plum-cake, and the rushes and weed clog the channels, and I can potter about dry shod over most of the bed of it and find fresh food to eat, and things careless people have dropped out of boats!''

''But isn't it a bit dull at times?'' the Mole ventured to ask. ''Just you and the river, and no one else to pass a word with?''

''No one else to—well, I mustn't be hard on you,'' said the Rat with forbearance. ''You're new to it, and of course you don't know. The bank is so crowded nowadays that many people are moving away altogether. Oh no, it isn't what it used to be, at all. Otters, kingfishers, dabchicks, moor-hens, all of them about all day long and always wanting you to *do* something—as if a fellow had no business of his own to attend to!''

''What lies over *there?*'' asked the Mole, waving a paw toward a background of woodland that darkly framed the water-meadows on one side of the river.

''That? Oh, that's just the Wild Wood,'' said the

Rat shortly. "We don't go there very much, we river-bankers."

"Aren't they—aren't they very *nice* people in there?" said the Mole a trifle nervously.

"W-e-ll," replied the Rat, "let me see. The squirrels are all right. *And* the rabbits—some of 'em, but rabbits are a mixed lot. And then there's Badger, of course. He lives right in the heart of it; wouldn't live anywhere else, either, if you paid him to do it. Dear old Badger! Nobody interferes with *him*. They'd better not," he added significantly.

"Why, who *should* interfere with him?" asked the Mole.

"Well, of course—there—are others," explained the Rat in a hesitating sort of way. "Weasels—and stoats—and foxes—and so on. They're all right in a way—I'm very good friends with them—pass the time of day when we meet, and all that—but they break out sometimes, there's no denying it, and then—well, you can't really trust them, and that's the fact."

The Mole dropped the subject.

"And beyond the Wild Wood again?" he asked; "where it's all blue and dim, and one sees what may be hills or perhaps they mayn't, and something like the smoke of towns, or is it only cloud-drift?"

"Beyond the Wild Wood comes the Wide World," said the Rat. "And that's something that doesn't matter, either to you or me. I've never been there, and I'm never going, nor you either, if you've got any sense at all. Don't

ever refer to it again please. Now then! Here's our backwater at last, where we're going to lunch.''

Leaving the main stream, they now passed into what seemed at first sight like a little land-locked lake. Green turf sloped down to either edge, brown snaky tree-roots gleamed below the surface of the quiet water, while ahead of them the silvery shoulder and foamy tumble of a weir, arm-in-arm with a restless dripping mill-wheel, that held up in its turn a gray-gabled mill-house, filled the air with a soothing murmur of sound. It was so very beautiful that the Mole could only hold up both forepaws and gasp: ''O my! O my!''

The Rat brought the boat alongside the bank, made her fast, helped the still awkward Mole safely ashore, and swung out the luncheon-basket. The Mole begged as a favor to be allowed to unpack it all by himself; and the Rat was very pleased to indulge him, and to sprawl at full length on the grass and rest, while his excited friend shook out the table-cloth and spread it, took out all the mysterious packets one by one and arranged their contents in due order, still gasping: ''O my! O my!'' at each fresh revelation. When all was ready, the Rat said, ''Now pitch in, old fellow!'' and the Mole was indeed very glad to obey, for he had started his spring cleaning at a very early hour that morning, as people *will* do, and had not paused for bite or sup; and he had been through a very great deal since that distant time which now seemed days ago.

''What are you looking at?'' said the Rat presently,

when the edge of their hunger was somewhat dulled, and the Mole's eyes were able to wander off the table-cloth a little.

"I am looking," said the Mole, "at a streak of bubbles that I see travelling along the surface of the water. That is a thing that strikes me as funny."

"Bubbles? Oho!" said the Rat, and chirruped cheerily in an inviting sort of way.

A broad glistening muzzle showed itself above the edge of the bank, and the Otter hauled himself out and shook the water from his coat.

"Greedy beggars!" he observed, making for the provender. "Why didn't you invite me, Ratty?"

"This was an impromptu affair," explained the Rat. "By the way—my friend, Mr. Mole."

"Proud, I'm sure," said the Otter, and the two animals were friends forthwith.

"Such a rumpus everywhere!" continued the Otter. "All the world seems out on the river to-day. I came up this backwater to try and get a moment's peace, and then stumble upon you fellows!—At least—I beg pardon—I don't exactly mean that, you know."

There was a rustle behind them, proceeding from a hedge wherein last year's leaves still clung thick, and a stripy head, with high shoulders behind it, peered forth on them.

"Come on, old Badger!" shouted the Rat.

The Badger trotted forward a pace or two then grunted, "H'm! Company," and turned his back and disappeared from view.

"That's *just* the sort of fellow he is!" observed the disappointed Rat. "Simply hates society! Now we shan't see any more of him to-day. Well, tell us, *who's* out on the river?"

"Toad's out, for one," replied the Otter. "In his brand-new wager-boat; new togs, new everything!"

The two animals looked at each other and laughed.

"Once, it was nothing but sailing," said the Rat. "Then he tired of that and took to punting. Nothing would please him but to punt all day and every day, and a nice mess he made of it. Last year it was house-boating,

and we all had to go and stay with him in his house-boat, and pretend we liked it. He was going to spend the rest of his life in a house-boat. It's all the same, whatever he takes up; he gets tired of it, and starts on something fresh.''

''Such a good fellow, too,'' remarked the Otter reflectively.

From where they sat they could get a glimpse of the main stream across the island that separated them; and just then a wager-boat flashed into view, the rower—a short, stout figure—splashing badly and rolling a good deal, but working his hardest. The Rat stood up and hailed him, but Toad—for it was he—shook his head and settled sternly to his work.

''He'll be out of the boat in a minute if he rolls like that,'' said the Rat, sitting down again.

''Of course he will,'' chuckled the Otter. ''Did I ever tell you that good story about Toad and the lock-keeper? It happened this way. Toad . . .''

A May-fly swerved unsteadily athwart the current. A swirl of water and a ''cloop!'' and the May-fly was visible no more.

Neither was the Otter.

The Mole looked down. The voice was still in his ears, but the turf whereon he had sprawled was clearly vacant. Not an Otter to be seen, as far as the distant horizon.

But again there was a streak of bubbles on the surface of the river.

The Rat hummed a tune, and the Mole recollected that animal etiquette forbade any sort of comment on the sudden disappearance of one's friends at any moment, for any reason or no reason whatever.

"Well, well," said the Rat, "I suppose we ought to be moving. I wonder which of us had better pack the luncheon-basket?" He did not speak as if he was frightfully eager for the treat.

"Oh, please let me," said the Mole. So, of course, the Rat let him.

Packing the basket was not quite such pleasant work as unpacking the basket. It never is. But the Mole was bent on enjoying everything, and although just when he had got the basket packed and strapped up tightly he saw a plate staring up at him from the grass, and when the job had been done again the Rat pointed out a fork which anybody ought to have seen, and last of all, behold! the mustard-pot, which he had been sitting on without knowing it—still, somehow, the thing got finished at last, without much loss of temper.

The afternoon sun was getting low as the Rat sculled gently homeward in a dreamy mood, murmuring poetry-things over to himself, and not paying much attention to Mole. But the Mole was very full of lunch, and self-satisfaction, and pride, and already quite at home in a boat (so he thought), and was getting a bit restless besides: and presently he said, "Ratty! Please, *I* want to row, now!"

The Rat shook his head with a smile. "Not yet, my

young friend,'' he said; ''wait till you've had a few lessons. It's not so easy as it looks.''

The Mole was quiet for a minute or two. But he began to feel more and more jealous of Rat, sculling so strongly and so easily along, and his pride began to whisper that he could do it every bit as well. He jumped up and seized the sculls so suddenly that the Rat, who was gazing out over the water and saying more poetry-things to himself, was taken by surprise and fell backward off his seat with his legs in the air for the second time, while the triumphant Mole took his place.

''Stop it, you *silly* fellow!'' cried the Rat, from the bottom of the boat. ''You can't do it! You'll have us over!''

The Mole flung his sculls back with a flourish and made a great dig at the water. He missed the surface altogether, his legs flew up above his head, and he found himself lying on the top of the prostrate Rat. Greatly alarmed, he made a grab at the side of the boat, and the next moment —Sploosh!

Over went the boat, and he found himself struggling in the river.

O my, how cold the water was, and O, how *very* wet it felt! How it sang in his ears as he went down, down, down! How bright and welcome the sun looked as he rose to the surface coughing and spluttering! How black was his despair when he felt himself sinking again! Then a firm paw gripped him by the back of his neck. It was the Rat, and he was evidently laughing—the Mole could *feel* him

laughing, right down his arm and through his paw, and so into his—the Mole's—neck.

The Rat got hold of a scull and shoved it under the Mole's arm; then he did the same by the other side of him and, swimming behind, propelled the helpless animal to shore, hauled him out, and set him down on the bank, a squashy, pulpy lump of misery.

When the Rat had rubbed him down a bit, and wrung some of the wet out of him, he said: "Now then, old fellow! Trot up and down the towing-path as hard as you can, till you're warm and dry again, while I dive for the luncheon-basket."

So the dismal Mole, wet without and ashamed within, trotted about till he was fairly dry, while the Rat plunged into the water again, recovered the boat, righted her and made her fast, fetched his floating property to shore by degrees, and finally dived successfully for the luncheon-basket and struggled to land with it.

When all was ready for a start once more, the Mole, limp and dejected, took his seat in the stern of the boat; and as they set off, he said in a low voice, broken with emotion: "Ratty, my generous friend! I am very sorry indeed for my foolish and ungrateful conduct. My heart quite fails me when I think how I might have lost that beautiful luncheon-basket. Will you overlook it this once and forgive me, and let things go on as before?"

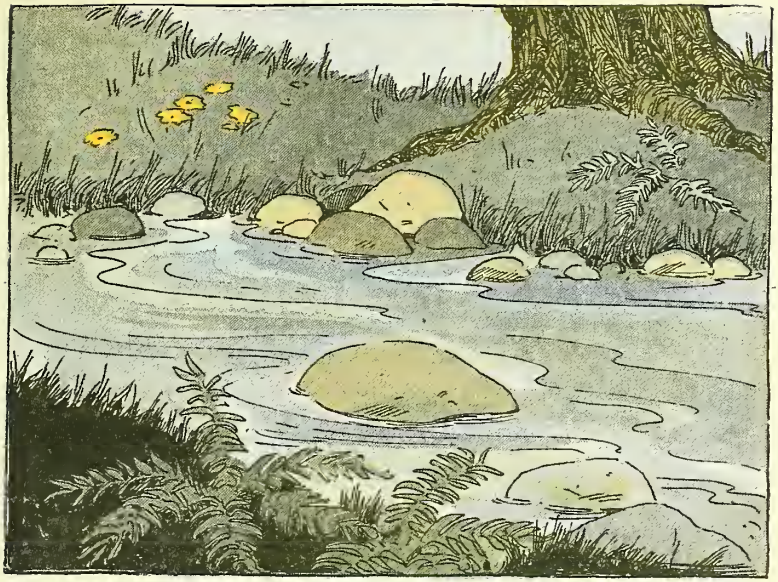
"That's all right, bless you!" responded the Rat cheerily. "What's a little wet to a Water Rat? I'm more in the water than out of it most days. Don't you

think any more about it; and look here! I really think you had better come and stop with me for a little time. It's very plain and rough, you know—not like Toad's house at all—but you haven't seen that yet; still, I can make you comfortable. And I'll teach you to row and to swim, and you'll soon be as handy on the water as any of us.''

The Mole was so touched by his kind manner of speaking that he could find no voice to answer him; and he had to brush away a tear or two with the back of his paw. But the Rat kindly looked in another direction, and presently the Mole's spirits revived again, and he was even able to give some straight back-talk to a couple of moor-hens who were sniggering to each other about his bedraggled appearance.

When they got home, the Rat made a bright fire in the parlor and planted the Mole in an armchair in front of it, having fetched down a dressing-gown and slippers for him, and told him river stories till supper-time. Very thrilling stories they were, too, to an earth-dwelling animal like Mole. Stories about weirs, and sudden floods, and leaping pike, and about herons, and how particular they were whom they spoke to; and about adventures down drains, and night fishings with Otter, or excursions far a-field with Badger. Supper was a most cheerful meal; but very shortly afterward a terribly sleepy Mole had to be escorted up-stairs by his considerate host to the best bedroom, where he soon laid his head on his pillow in great peace and contentment, knowing that his new-found friend, the River, was lapping the sill of his window.

KENNETH GRAHAME.



THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
  I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
  To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
  Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
  And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I clatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my bank I fret
By many a field and fallow
And many a fairy foreland set,
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery water break
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance
Among my skimming swallows.
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses,
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and drew the back of one flapper across his eyes. He looked at Alice and tried to speak, but, for a minute or two, sobs choked his voice. "Same as if he had a bone in his throat," said the Gryphon; and it set to work shaking him and punching him in the back. At last the Mock Turtle recovered his voice, and, with tears running down his cheeks, he went on again:

"You may not have lived much under the sea—" ("I haven't," said Alice)—"and perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster—" (Alice began to say "I once tasted—" but checked herself hastily, and said "No, never") "—so you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster-Quadrille is!"

"No, indeed," said Alice. "What sort of a dance is it?"

"Why," said the Gryphon, "you first form into a line along the seashore——"

"Two lines!" cried the Mock Turtle. "Seals, turtles, salmon, and so on: then, when you've cleared all the jelly-fish out of the way——"

"That generally takes some time," interrupted the Gryphon.

"—you advance twice——"

"Each with a lobster as a partner!" cried the Gryphon.

"Of course," the Mock Turtle said: "advance twice, set to partners——"

"—change lobsters, and retire in same order," continued the Gryphon.

"Then, you know," the Mock Turtle went on, "you throw the——"

"The lobsters!" shouted the Gryphon, with a bound into the air.

"—as far out to sea as you can——"

"Swim after them!" screamed the Gryphon.

"Turn a somersault in the sea!" cried the Mock Turtle, capering wildly about.

"Change lobsters again!" yelled the Gryphon at the top of its voice.

"Back to land again, and—that's all the first figure," said the Mock Turtle, suddenly dropping his voice; and the two creatures, who had been jumping about like mad things all this time, sat down again very sadly and quietly, and looked at Alice.

"It must be a very pretty dance," said Alice timidly.

"Would you like to see a little of it?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Very much indeed," said Alice.

"Come, let's try the first figure!" said the Mock Turtle to the Gryphon. "We can do it without lobsters, you know. Which shall sing?"

"Oh, you sing," said the Gryphon. "I've forgotten the words."

So they began solemnly dancing round and round Alice, every now and then treading on her toes when they passed too close, and waving their forepaws to mark the time, while the Mock Turtle sang this, very slowly and sadly:

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail,
"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!"
But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance—
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied.
"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.

The farther off from England the nearer is to France—
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?''

''Thank you, it's a very interesting dance to watch,'' said Alice, feeling very glad that it was over at last: ''and I do so like that curious song about the whiting!''

''Oh, as to the whiting,'' said the Mock Turtle, ''they —you've seen them, of course?''

''Yes,'' said Alice, ''I've often seen them at dinn—'' she checked herself hastily.

''I don't know where Dinn may be,'' said the Mock Turtle; ''but, if you've seen them so often, of course you know what they're like?''

''I believe so,'' Alice replied thoughtfully. ''They have their tails in their mouths—and they're all over crumbs.''

''You're wrong about the crumbs,'' said the Mock Turtle: ''crumbs would all wash off in the sea. But they have their tails in their mouths; and the reason is—'' here the Mock Turtle yawned and shut his eyes. ''Tell her about the reason and all that,'' he said to the Gryphon.

''The reason is,'' said the Gryphon, ''that they would go with the lobsters to the dance. So they got thrown out to sea. So they had to fall a long way. So they got

their tails fast in their mouths. So they couldn't get them out again. That's all.''

''Thank you,'' said Alice, ''it's very interesting. I never knew so much about a whiting before.''

''I can tell you more than that, if you like,'' said the Gryphon. ''Do you know why it's called a whiting?''

''I never thought about it,'' said Alice. ''Why?''

''It does the boots and shoes,'' the Gryphon replied very solemnly.

Alice was thoroughly puzzled. ''Does the boots and shoes!'' she repeated in a wondering tone.

''Why, what are your shoes done with?'' said the Gryphon. ''I mean, what makes them so shiny?''

Alice looked down at them, and considered a little before she gave her answer. ''They're done with blacking, I believe.''

''Boots and shoes under the sea,'' the Gryphon went on in a deep voice, ''are done with whiting. Now you know.''

''And what are they made of?'' Alice asked in a tone of great curiosity.

''Soles and eels, of course,'' the Gryphon replied, rather impatiently; ''any shrimp could have told you that.''

''If I'd been the whiting,'' said Alice, whose thoughts were still running on the song, ''I'd have said to the porpoise: 'Keep back, please! We don't want you with us!'''

''They were obliged to have him with them,'' the Mock Turtle said. ''No wise fish would go anywhere without a porpoise.''

"Wouldn't it, really?" said Alice in a tone of great surprise.

"Of course not," said the Mock Turtle. "Why, if a fish came to me, and told me he was going a journey, I should say: 'With what porpoise?'"

"Don't you mean 'purpose'?" said Alice.

"I mean what I say," the Mock Turtle replied, in an offended tone. And the Gryphon added: "Come, let's hear some of your adventures."

"I could tell you my adventures—beginning from this morning," said Alice a little timidly; "but it's no use going back to yesterday, because I was a different person then."

"Explain all that," said the Mock Turtle.

"No, no! The adventures first," said the Gryphon in an impatient tone; "explanations take such a dreadful time."

So Alice began telling them her adventures from the time when she first saw the White Rabbit. She was a little nervous about it, just at first, the two creatures got so close to her, one on each side, and opened their eyes and mouths so very wide; but she gained courage as she went on. Her listeners were perfectly quiet till she got to the part about her repeating "You are old, Father William," to the Caterpillar, and the words all coming different, and then the Mock Turtle drew a long breath, and said: "That's very curious!"

"It's all about as curious as it can be," said the Gryphon.

"It all came different!" the Mock Turtle repeated thoughtfully. "I should like to hear her try and repeat something now. Tell her to begin." He looked at the Gryphon as if he thought it had some kind of authority over Alice.

"Stand up and repeat 'Tis the voice of the sluggard,'" said the Gryphon.

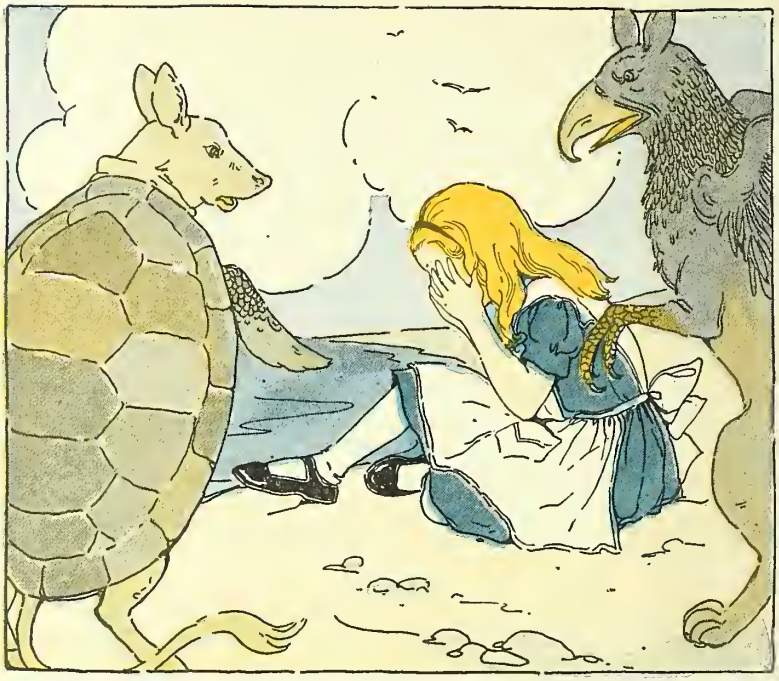
"How the creatures order one about, and make one repeat lessons!" thought Alice. "I might just as well be at school at once." However, she got up and began to repeat it, but her head was so full of the Lobster-Quadrille that she hardly knew what she was saying; and the words came very queer indeed:

" 'Tis the voice of the Lobster: I heard him declare,
'You have baked me too brown, I must sugar my hair.'
As a duck with its eyelids, so he with his nose
Trims his belt and his buttons, and turns out his toes.
When the sands are all dry, he is gay as a lark,
And will talk in contemptuous tones of the Shark:
But, when the tide rises and sharks are around,
His voice has a timid and tremulous sound."

"That's different from what I used to say when I was a child," said the Gryphon.

"Well, I never heard it before," said the Mock Turtle; "but it sounds uncommon nonsense."

Alice said nothing: she had sat down with her face in



her hands, wondering if anything would ever happen in a natural way again.

"I should like to have it explained," said the Mock Turtle.

"She can't explain it," said the Gryphon hastily. "Go on with the next verse."

"But about his toes?" the Mock Turtle persisted. "How could he turn them out with his nose, you know?"

"It's the first position in dancing," Alice said; but she

was dreadfully puzzled by the whole thing, and longed to change the subject.

"Go on with the next verse," the Gryphon repeated: "it begins 'I passed by his garden.' "

Alice did not dare to disobey, though she felt sure it would all come wrong, and she went on in a trembling voice:

"I passed by his garden, and marked, with one eye,
How the Owl and the Panther were sharing a pie:
The Panther took pie-crust, and gravy, and meat,
While the Owl had the dish as its share of the treat.
When the pie was all finished, the Owl, as a boon,
Was kindly permitted to pocket the spoon:
While the Panther received knife and fork with a growl,
And concluded the banquet by——"

"What is the use of repeating all that stuff?" the Mock Turtle interrupted, "if you don't explain it as you go on? It's by far the most confusing thing I ever heard!"

"Yes, I think you'd better leave off," said the Gryphon, and Alice was only too glad to do so.

"Shall we try another figure of the Lobster-Quadrille?" the Gryphon went on. "Or would you like the Mock Turtle to sing you another song?"

"Oh, a song, please, if the Mock Turtle would be so kind," Alice replied, so eagerly that the Gryphon said, in a rather offended tone: "Hm! No accounting for tastes! Sing her 'Turtle Soup,' will you, old fellow?"

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and began, in a voice choked with sobs, to sing this:

"Beautiful Soup, so rich and green,
Waiting in a hot tureen!
Who for such dainties would not stoop?
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,
Beautiful, beautiful Soup!

"Beautiful Soup! Who cares for fish,
Game, or any other dish?
Who would not give all else for two
Pennyworth only of beautiful Soup?
Pennyworth only of beautiful Soup?
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,
Beautiful, beauti—FUL SOUP!"

"Chorus again!" cried the Gryphon, and the Mock Turtle had just begun to repeat it, when a cry of "The trial's beginning!" was heard in the distance.

"Come on!" cried the Gryphon, and, taking Alice by the hand, it hurried off, without waiting for the end of the song.

"What trial is it?" Alice panted as she ran; but the

Gryphon only answered, "Come on!" and ran the faster, while more and more faintly came, carried on the breeze that followed them, the melancholy words:

"Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,
Beautiful, beautiful Soup!"

LEWIS CARROLL.

Father and mother were lunching in Garchester; Miss Goodlake had gone to her room to write letters; Lucy and nurse and Dorcas were shut up in the nursery, and the house was very quiet.

"I'll tell you what," Fiammetta exclaimed suddenly, "we'll go and fish from the loft steps under that porch thing at the top; it's covered, so we shan't get very wet, and if we go quietly no one will see us."

"And we'll take father's rods," said Paul cheerfully; "he wouldn't be half as cross as Harry even if we did get the line a bit mixed."

"One rod will be enough," said Fiammetta, as usual making up everybody's mind; "we can take it in turns."

"We'll bait it with worm because it's so wet," said Paul. "That yard's a perfect swamp; who knows but that a fish might come there somehow?"

Softly, one by one, we crept down the stairs to the gun-room, selected a rather bulky-looking gray canvas case from the rack, and escaped by the ever-open back door without having attracted the notice of any one.

Fiammetta carried the rod, Paul a tin box of bait and a fishing-bag slung gracefully over his shoulders, where, however, it declined to remain, as the strap was so long—he fell over it three times as we went—and I was armed with a large and heavy landing-net. Once outside, we ran,

and as the rain came down as though the heavens purposed a second deluge, we got thoroughly wet before we reached the stack-yard where the cow-sheds were. But that did not matter; as Fiammetta remarked: "We ought really to be up to our waists in water."

The steps up to the loft had a rail on the outside, and at the top a good large covered platform, also railed in. It took a long time to set up the rod, and we should never have managed the reel and line but for Paul, who had profited by his lessons from Harry.

When all was in order, and a disgusting-looking pink worm was writhing on the hook (Fiammetta hid her eyes while it was being impaled, but lent Paul her handkerchief directly after to wipe his fingers), she leaned over the railing and proceeded to cast in a most businesslike manner into the slush beneath. There was quite a big pool in the middle of the yard, and into the midst of this Fiammetta managed to throw her worm, for the rod was father's best slip cane, and very long. We talked in whispers, lest we should disturb the fish. A whole quarter of an hour went by, and nothing happened, when suddenly a white duck came waddling in from the stable-yard. Fiammetta gave the rod a whisk, and the worm lay on the ground, wriggling, not three yards from the duck. The reel went "whir," the duck gave a loud quack, and, half running, half flying, made across that yard in the utmost terror and consternation.

"Hold him up! Let him go! Follow him!" cried

Paul in the greatest excitement, as we all three tumbled down the steps into the yard.

I grasped the landing-net, Fiammetta hung on to the heavy trout-rod, which bent almost to snapping under the strain, while that unhappy duck, with "squawks" that got hoarser and weaker as the moments passed, went flapping and tumbling all over the yard.

"Can't you land him?" gasped Paul. "Wind him in a bit. Give me the landing-net, Janey."

Fiammetta flung the rod from her with a sudden shriek.

"Oh, poor duck!" she sobbed, "how we must be hurting it! Why, the hook is in its throat! What shall we do? Oh, catch the duck, and find somebody to take it out! Oh, poor, poor duck!" And Fiammetta ran distractedly to and fro, wringing her hands and sobbing, while the rain washed the tears from her cheeks.

Away went Paul with the landing-net, making futile plunges at the duck, which doubled back into the stack-yard, winding the line round Paul's feet as it ran. I had just picked up the rod, and was waggling it helplessly, when Paul and the landing-net went charging into father, who suddenly appeared in the archway leading to the stable-yard.

"What on earth—" exclaimed father, and stopped, for the duck came to a flopping standstill just at his feet.

Father made a grab at the duck, opened its beak, did something with a sort of jerk, and threw it from him, when it waddled gayly away, quacking hoarsely.

Then he turned to us. Fiammetta had repossessed herself of the rod, and was winding in the line rather hastily.

"I caught it," she said proudly. "It must have weighed forty pounds, the rod bent so. I should have landed it, too, only I remembered how it must hurt the duck, poor thing! I'm always humane to animals."

"You give me that rod!" cried father, almost snatching it out of her hands. "I wouldn't have that rod hurt for twenty pounds. Ducks, indeed!" And father backed under the archway out of the wet to take the precious rod to pieces there and then. "Go in out of the wet, quick!" and, stepping out of the archway, father drove us before him toward the house.

Fiammetta's blue dress was almost black, it was so wet. We were all covered with mud from head to foot.

In an all-too-short ten minutes the three of us were in bed, while nurse, Miss Goodlake, and Dorcas each stood over one unhappy child with a huge scalding-hot glass of milk.

We were not allowed to get up again that day. Wet feet were bad enough, but to get wet through was absolutely unpardonable.

Father crept up to see us during the evening, stepping with an elaborate softness that made every board creak under his sixteen stone. He was dreadfully afraid of nurse, and looked as though he had stolen the crystallized fruits he brought us for our comfort.

Fiammetta sat up, demanding sternly: "Are we in

bed for the rod, or for getting wet, or for hurting the duck —which is it?''

''Perhaps it's for the lot,'' said father, sitting down on the end of her bed; ''and you know you had no business to take that rod, if it was you that took it.''

''We all took it,'' I interposed.

''Oh, yes, we all took it,'' Fiammetta went on, ''and I'm sorry—very sorry, 'specially about the duck and going to bed; it's so dull. I suppose that poor duck will have

a sore throat for a long time.'' And Fiammetta shook her curly head solemnly; then she brightened. ''But you can't think of all these things at the time, can you? not when you feel the first tug.''

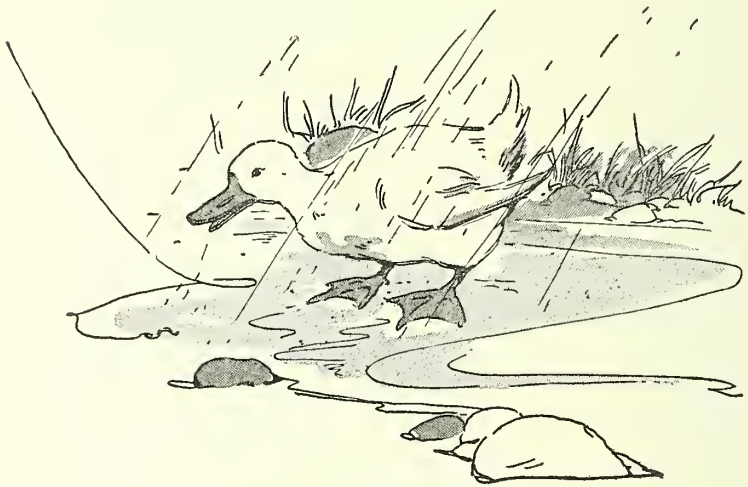
And father, quite forgetting that he had come to moralize, slapped his leg joyously, exclaiming:

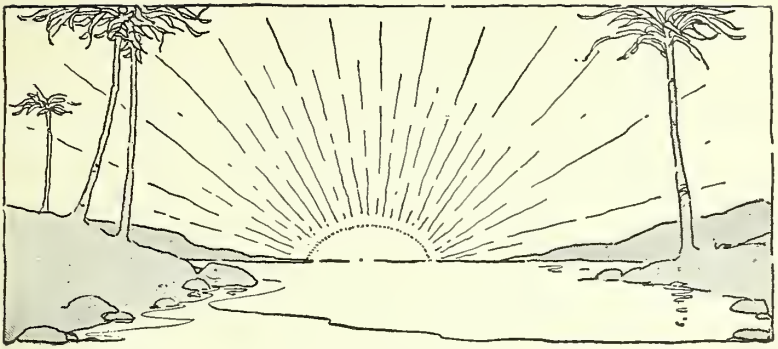
''Bless you! there's nothing like it—nothing like it in the world. But it doesn't do to be too eager; never strike too soon, and''—with a sudden recollection of the muddy rod—''never, never drop your rod for anything.''

Fiammetta stared hard at him for a minute, then she said severely:

''I don't believe you are the least little bit sorry for that duck, really.''

L. Allen Harker.



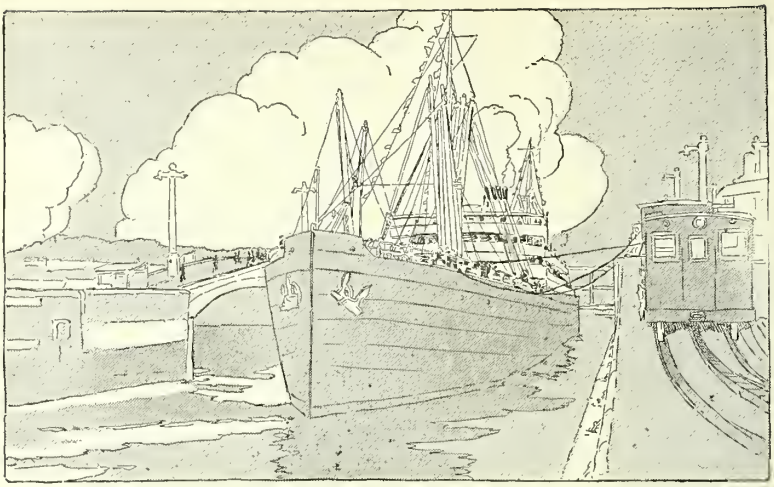


TRAVEL

I should like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow;—
Where below another sky
Parrot islands anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
Lonely Crusoes building boats;—
Where in sunshine reaching out
Eastern cities, miles about,
Are with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set,
And the rich goods from near and far
Hang for sale in the bazaar;—
Where the Great Wall round China goes,
And on one side the desert blows,
And with bell and voice and drum,
Cities on the other hum;—
Where are forests, hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as a spire,

Full of apes and cocoanuts
And the negro hunters' huts;—
Where the knotty crocodile
Lies and blinks in the Nile,
And the red flamingo flies
Hunting fish before his eyes;—
Where in jungles, near and far,
Man-devouring tigers are,
Lying close and giving ear,
Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin;—
Where among the desert sands
Some deserted city stands,
All its children, sweep and prince,
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house,
Not a stir of child or mouse,
And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light.
There I'll come when I'm a man
With a camel caravan;
Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining-room;
See the pictures on the walls,
Heroes, fights and festivals;
And in a corner find the toys,
Of the Old Egyptian boys.

Robert Louis Stevenson.



THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL

Rap-rap-rap! Tommy Preston, his cheeks glowing and his eyes shining with excitement, was knocking sharply on the door of his mother's stateroom.

"What is it?" came a voice from within.

"Oh, mother! Come right up on deck. We're almost at the Isthmus."

The stateroom door opened and a pleasant-faced lady looked out. "All right, Tommy, I will be right up. Don't wait for me, dear."

"Yes, mother, of course I'll wait, only please hurry."

A few minutes later Tommy and his mother came on deck and hurried along to the forward part of the ship. There by the rail they found Uncle Fred, Aunt Eunice, and

Cousin Ella, all gazing with interest at the scene about them.

Straight ahead and less than half a mile away was the entrance to Limon Bay. To the right towered the lighthouse, at the end of the long breakwater that curved out from Toro Point. To the left lay another and a shorter breakwater that helped to protect the waters of the Bay from the storms of the Caribbean Sea. Beyond the Bay you could see the low-lying shore of the Isthmus with its rim of piers, wharfs, and storehouses, and still farther away, filling in the background of the picture, rose the hills of the Isthmus itself, the backbone of the great continental divide that joins North and South America. Over all was a bright blue tropical sky.

"Isn't it beautiful?" murmured Mrs. Preston.

"It's worth a day or two of seasickness, isn't it?" said Uncle Fred, smiling.

"And just think, Columbus sailed along this coast in 1502," said Cousin Ella, who had been reading history.

"He was looking for just what we are looking for, too," said Uncle Fred, "for a passage through into the Pacific Ocean."

"Poor man! And he died without ever really knowing that he had discovered a new continent."

"Yes, he thought that the mainland of North and South America was the eastern coast of Asia."

The good ship Minerva had by this time passed between the great breakwaters that shelter Limon Bay and was

steaming slowly up the narrow channel. A few minutes later she cast anchor off a great pier or mole where she stopped to pay the toll for her passage through the Canal and to leave the ship's wash. There is a laundry here so big that it will do a whole ship's wash and send it across to the Pacific end of the Canal where it will be all ready and waiting for the ship when she comes through. There is also a big bakery here, the largest coaling-station in the world, and great storehouses, where a ship may be fitted out with everything it needs from a paper of pins to an anchor or a new propeller.

"How much do you suppose it will cost us to get through the Canal?" asked Uncle Fred.

"Oh, do we have to pay?" asked Tommy.

"Certainly we do—at least the ship does."

Tommy thought a moment. "A thousand dollars?"

Uncle Fred laughed. "Much more than that."

"The toll is a dollar and twenty cents a ton, and as the Minerva is a ten-thousand-ton ship that would make about twelve thousand dollars for us to pay to get through."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Tommy, "I had no idea it would cost so much. What is the use of the Canal anyway?"

Uncle Fred smiled, "Who can answer that question?"

"I know," said Ella. "It saves a lot of time. If we had to go all the way down around Cape Horn to get to San Francisco it would take us much longer."

"Yes, that is true," said Uncle Fred. "It would take

us fully a month longer. Besides that, it is really cheaper to pay the twelve thousand dollars that it costs to use the Canal. The expenses of a big ship like the Minerva are somewhere about a thousand dollars a day, which would make about thirty thousand dollars for the trip down around the Horn. So you see it would cost about two and a half times as much to go the old way.''

''My! It costs money to run a big ship like this, doesn't it?'' said Ella.

Just at this point the ship's anchor was raised and she began to steam slowly up the narrow channel to the northern end of the Canal. In half an hour she had stopped at the foot of the great Gatun locks. From the deck of the steamer they looked for all the world like an immense giant stairway of three steps. It was up these steps, water-steps, that the ship was to be lifted into Gatun Lake, eighty-five feet above.

''What is that big chain for?'' asked Tommy, pointing to an enormous chain that was stretched across the channel at some distance in front of the lock-gate.

''To stop any ship that is in too much of a hurry,'' said Uncle Fred. ''She will run her nose into that chain, which is so arranged that it gives way slowly by an automatic pay-out arrangement at each end and so gradually brings the ship to a stop. This prevents her from bumping into the lock-gate and injuring it.''

Four queer little towing locomotives now made fast to the Minerva by means of long cables, two on each side, the

great chain barring the ship's way was lowered, the enormous gates were opened, and the ship was slowly pulled into the lock. As soon as she was inside, the gates were shut behind her and the water was turned on in the giant sluices hidden within the concrete walls of the lock. Through these sluices rushed the water from the lake above and, pouring into the bottom of the lock through openings in the floor, began to raise the level of the water.

Tommy sat by the ship's rail and looked over into the green waters. Little eddies and swirls, caused by the swift inflow of the water at the bottom, wrinkled the surface. He could see the level of the water rising inch by inch up the concrete wall as the lock gradually filled. Higher and higher it rose.

"How far are they going to lift us?" asked Tommy.

"Just one-third of eighty-five feet," said Uncle Fred.

"That's twenty-eight and one-third feet," said Ella.

"Right you are," said Uncle Fred. "Ah, we're up to the level of the second lock," he added, "they are going to let us through."

The gates before them were now opened and they were slowly towed into the second lock. The gates were closed behind them and once more the water began to rise and lift them up, up, up.

"Here we go again twenty-eight and one-third feet higher," said Uncle Fred.

Slowly the water rose, inch by inch, till they found themselves at last up to the level of the third lock. Here,

as before, the gates were opened and, after they had been towed into the lock, were closed behind them. For a third time the great ship was lifted, and then the gates were opened, and they found themselves looking out over the smooth waters of Gatun Lake.

"Let us go around to the stern for a minute," said Uncle Fred.

From the stern of the ship the view was splendid but very startling. The ship seemed to be hanging on the edge of an immense dam. Below were the great water-steps of the first two locks which had helped them up, and lower still, the quiet waters of the ship's channel that led out to Limon Bay. Still farther away, beyond the breakwaters, they could see the blue waters of the Caribbean Sea.

Cousin Ella was a little frightened.

"Oh, dear, isn't it frightful!" she said. "If the dam should break we should be washed down into the Bay like a little toy boat."

"Ha! that would be fun," said Tommy.

"There is no danger of that," said Uncle Fred.

"The dam is half a mile thick at the base, four hundred feet thick at water-level, and a hundred feet wide at the top. It is more like a great concrete ridge stretching across the valley than a dam."

The ship now began slowly to move ahead and they all went back to their seats by the rail. The locomotives had cast off their tow-lines and the Minerva began to move out into Gatun Lake under her own steam.

"Isn't it wonderful!" said Mrs. Preston. "And to think that only a few years ago there was no lake at all here."

"No lake at all!" exclaimed Tommy. "Where did all this water come from?"

"From damming the Chagres[1] River which ran through the valley," said Mrs. Preston; "and on the banks of this river was the village of Gatun."

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Ella, "and where is it now?"

"When the dam was built, the village was moved to higher ground."

"The old French Canal ran through this valley, too, and the Panama Railway alongside of it," added Uncle Fred.

"The old French Canal!" exclaimed Tommy. "Was there a canal here before this one?"

"Oh, yes," said Uncle Fred, "or rather there was the beginning of one. Of course you have heard of the Suez Canal?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Tommy. "That connects the Mediterranean with the Red Sea."

"Well, that was built by the great French engineer De Lesseps. He wished to build a canal across the Isthmus of Panama and formed a company to do so. But it proved to be a much more difficult operation than was expected. The company spent about two hundred and sixty million dollars and then became bankrupt. Another company was afterward formed but it had accomplished very little when its rights and its machinery and equipment were

[1] Chä'grĕs.

purchased by the American Government and the present Canal was begun.''

''And we succeeded where the French had failed. Hurrah for America!'' said Tommy.

''Yes, we succeeded where the French failed,'' said Uncle Fred. ''But we don't deserve all the credit. We had the advantage of more modern and improved machinery, and then, too, we learned how to fight the dreadful fever that killed so many of the Canal laborers during the French operations. That is a wonderful story, but too long for me to tell you now.''

The sail across Gatun Lake was a pleasant one and the time passed quickly. On the way they met several steamers which were bound for the Atlantic end of the Canal. One of them was a big passenger-steamer like the Minerva. People crowded to the rails and cheered and waved their handkerchiefs. About two hours after leaving Gatun they reached Gamboa, where the famous Culebra[1] Cut begins. This is the most wonderful part of the Canal. As they neared this deep-water canyon Tommy gazed at it with wonder.

''Why, they have cut right through the mountain! How could they do it?'' he exclaimed.

''It was certainly a tremendous undertaking,'' said Uncle Fred. ''Lots of people said that it couldn't be done. Think of the quantities of soil and rock that have been taken out to make this ditch through the hills! It is nine miles

[1] Kōō lā'brä.

long, three hundred feet wide at the bottom, and in some places the banks are five hundred feet high.''

''It must have taken a lot of men to dig this ditch,'' said Tommy.

''Yes, at times there were as many as thirty-five thousand men at work on the Canal and most of them in the Culebra Cut,'' said Uncle Fred. ''There were seventy-five trains at work all the time hauling away the earth and rock. There were big steam-shovels that could pick up ten tons of rock at one mouthful, and unloaders that could empty a whole train of twenty-one cars in ten minutes.''

''The sides of the cut fall in sometimes, don't they?'' asked Ella.

''Yes, that is one of the things that has caused the most trouble and worry,'' said Uncle Fred. ''Again and again the work was interrupted by great slides of earth and stone, which buried steam-shovels, locomotives, and railroad tracks. But the engineers would begin over again and patiently dig away the material that had fallen in. Even since the Canal has been opened to use there have been several slides that have made it necessary to close the Canal for a time, until the channel could be cleared.''

''What marvels of patience the engineers must have been!'' said Mrs. Preston.

''By the way, Tommy,'' said Uncle Fred. ''Do you know the name of the chief engineer of the Canal?''

Tommy thought a moment but didn't answer.

"I know," said Ella. "It was Colonel Goethals."

"Yes, he was the man who took charge of the work in 1907 and brought it to completion," said Uncle Fred. "The United States Government took over the work of building the Canal in 1904, but not very much had been accomplished in the way of actual work in the big ditch until Colonel Goethals was appointed."

"He was an army officer, wasn't he?" asked Ella.

"Yes, and a most remarkable man, too. His success as the chief engineer of the Panama Canal will give him a great name in history."

"Hurrah for Colonel Goethals and Uncle Sam's army!" shouted Tommy.

The narrow gorges of the Culebra Cut were passed at length and the Minerva arrived at Pedro Meguel.[1] Here the steamer found herself at another great lock like those that had lifted her up into Gatun Lake. Only here she was to take her first step down from the great water-bridge that had carried her across the continental divide, and begin her descent to the Pacific.

"It's just as if we had reached the top of the hill and were about to go down on the other side, isn't it?" said Ella.

"It must have been somewhere in the neighborhood that Balboa first saw the Pacific," said Mrs. Preston.

"The exact place is not known," said Uncle Fred. "Some people say that it was from Gold Hill, a few miles back on the eastern side of the Culebra Cut, but nobody really knows."

[1] Pādro Migēl.

Meanwhile the ship had been towed into the lock and the gates closed behind her. But this time the water was drawn off through the holes in the bottom of the lock. Inch by inch the water fell, bearing with it the big ship, until it had dropped thirty and one-third feet to the level of Miraflores Lake. Then the gates were opened and the Minerva was towed through into the Lake.

"Hurrah! we're on the Pacific side now, aren't we?" said Tommy.

It is only a mile and a half across Lake Miraflores to the locks which let us down to the level of the Pacific. Here there are two locks, each with a fall of twenty-seven and one-third feet. In less than an hour the Minerva had been lowered safely through these great water-steps and was steaming down the broad channel toward the Pacific.

The first two or three miles lay through a marshy plain. Then they passed Ancon Hill, with its handsome new hotel, and government buildings. A little farther on, they passed the immense parade-grounds and the great machine-shops, dry-docks, and freight terminals that have been built to accommodate the ocean traffic that passes through this wonderful waterway. Still farther on, they passed a wide-extending peninsula built up from material dug out of the Culebra Cut. It was now built up with houses for the Canal laborers and barracks for the soldiers. Last of all, they skirted on their left hand a long breakwater extending out through the shallow Bay nearly four miles to a group of islands on which are the big guns that Uncle Sam has placed

there to keep at a distance any one who might try to seize or destroy the Canal in time of war.

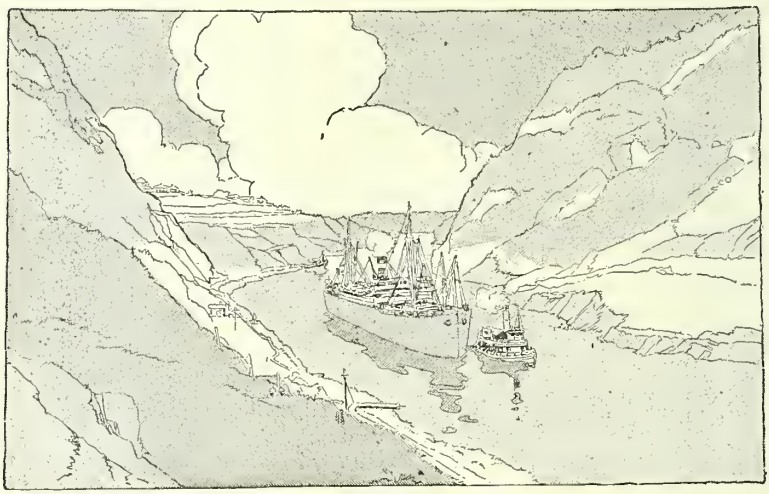
Their journey through the Great Ditch was ended. The heaving waters of the Pacific were before them.

"Well, Tommy," said Mrs. Preston after they had stood by the rail for some minutes in silence, looking out over the tossing waters, "a penny for your thoughts."

"I was thinking," said Tommy earnestly, "what a wonderful great big thing the Panama Canal is, and what a little bit of a fellow I am."

Mrs. Preston smiled. "But don't forget, Tommy," she said, "that this great big Canal was built by little human beings like ourselves. They had intelligence and patience and skill, and they kept at work until they had conquered. This is the lesson for us to take to heart."

"You are always right, mother," said Tommy.



THE FESTIVAL OF ST. NICHOLAS

We all know how, before the Christmas tree began to flourish in the home life of our country, a certain "right jolly old elf," with "eight tiny reindeer," used to drive his sleigh load of toys up to our housetops, and then bound down the chimney to fill the stockings so hopefully hung by the fireplace. His friends called him Santa Claus; and those who were most intimate ventured to say, "Old Nick." It was said that he originally came from Holland. Doubtless he did; but, if so, he certainly, like many other foreigners, changed his ways very much after landing upon our shores. In Holland, St. Nicholas is a veritable saint, and often appears in full costume, with his embroidered robes glittering with gems and gold, his mitre, his crosier, and his jewelled gloves. Here Santa Claus comes rollicking along on the 25th of December, our holy Christmas morn; but in Holland, St. Nicholas visits earth on the 5th, a time especially appropriated to him. Early on the morning of the 6th, which is St. Nicholas Day, he distributes his candies, toys, and treasures, and then vanishes for a year.

Christmas Day is devoted by the Hollanders to church rites and pleasant family visiting. It is on St. Nicholas Eve that their young people become half wild with joy

and expectation. To some of them it is a sorry time; for the saint is very candid, and, if any of them have been bad during the past year, he is quite sure to tell them so. Sometimes he carries a birch rod under his arm, and advises the parents to give them scoldings in place of confections, and floggings instead of toys.

Hilda van Gleck's little brothers and sisters were in a high state of excitement that night. They had been admitted into the grand parlor; they were dressed in their best, and had been given two cakes apiece at supper. Hilda was as joyous as any. Why not? St. Nicholas would never cross a girl of fourteen from his list, just because she was tall and looked almost like a woman. On the contrary, he would probably exert himself to do honor to such an august-looking damsel. Who could tell? So she sported and laughed and danced as gayly as the youngest, and was the soul of all their merry games. Father, mother, and grandmother looked on approvingly, so did grandfather, before he spread his large red handkerchief over his face, leaving only the top of his skull-cap visible. This kerchief was his ensign of sleep.

Earlier in the evening, all had joined in the fun. In the general hilarity, there had seemed to be a difference only in bulk between grandfather and the baby.

Now the spirit of fun reigned supreme. The very flames danced, and capered in the polished grate. A pair of prim candles, that had been staring at the astral lamp, began to wink at other candles far away in the mirrors. There

was a long bell-rope suspended from the ceiling in the corner, made of glass beads, netted over a cord nearly as thick as your wrist. It generally hung in the shadow, and made no sign; but to-night it twinkled from end to end. Its handle of crimson glass sent reckless dashes of red at the papered wall, turning its dainty blue stripes into purple. Passers-by halted to catch the merry laughter floating through curtain and sash into the street. At last matters grew so uproarious that the grandsire's red kerchief came down from his face with a jerk. What decent old gentleman could sleep in such a racket! Mynheer van Gleck regarded his children with astonishment. The baby even showed symptoms of hysterics. It was high time to attend to business. Mevrouw suggested that, if they wished to see the good St. Nicholas, they should sing the same loving invitation that had brought him the year before.

The baby stared, and thrust his fist into his mouth, as mynheer put him down upon the floor. Soon he sat erect and looked with a sweet scowl at the company. With his lace and embroideries, and his crown of blue ribbon and whalebone (for he was not quite past the tumbling age), he looked like the king of the babies.

The other children, each holding a pretty willow basket, formed at once in a ring, and moved slowly around the little fellow, lifting their eyes meanwhile.

Mevrouw commenced playing softly upon the piano; soon the voices rose—gentle, youthful voices, rendered all the sweeter for their tremor—

"Welcome, friend! St. Nicholas, welcome!
Bring no rod for us to-night!
While our voices bid thee welcome,
Every heart with joy is light.

"Tell us every fault and failing;
We will bear thy keenest railing,
So we sing, so we sing:
Thou shalt tell us everything!

"Welcome, friend! St. Nicholas, welcome!
Welcome to this merry band!
Happy children greet thee, welcome!
Thou art gladdening all the land.

"Fill each empty hand and basket!
'Tis thy little ones who ask it.
So we sing, so we sing:
Thou wilt bring us everything!"

During the chorus, sundry glances, half in eagerness, half in dread, had been cast toward the polished folding doors. Now a loud knocking was heard. The circle was broken in an instant. Some of the little ones, with a strange mixture of fear and delight, pressed against their mother's knee. Grandfather bent forward, with his chin resting upon his hand; grandmother lifted her spectacles; Mynheer van Gleck, seated by the fireplace, slowly drew his meerschaum from his mouth; while Hilda and the other children settled themselves beside him in an expectant group.

The knocking was heard again.

"Come in," said the mevrouw softly.

The door slowly opened; and St. Nicholas, in full array, stood before them. You could have heard a pin drop. Soon he spoke. What a mysterious majesty in his voice! What kindliness in his tones!

"Karel van Gleck, I am pleased to greet thee, and thy honored vrouw, Kathrine, and thy son, and his good vrouw, Annie.

"Children, I greet ye all—Hendrick, Hilda, Broom, Katy, Huygens, and Lucretia. And thy cousins—Wolfert, Diedrich, Mayken, Voost, and Katrina. Good children ye have been, in the main, since I last accosted ye. Diedrich was rude at the Haarlem fair last fall; but he has tried to atone for it since. Mayken has failed of late, in her lessons, and too many sweets and trifles have gone to her lips and too few stivers to her charity box. Diedrich, I trust, will be a polite, manly boy for the future; and Mayken will endeavor to shine as a student. Let her remember, too, that economy and thrift are needed in the foundation of a worthy and generous life. Little Katy has been cruel to the cat more than once. St. Nicholas can hear the cat cry when its tail is pulled. I will forgive her, if she will remember from this hour that the smallest dumb creatures have feeling and must not be abused."

As Katy burst into a frightened cry, the saint graciously remained silent until she was soothed.

"Master Broom," he resumed, "I warn thee that boys who are in the habit of putting snuff upon the foot-stove

of the schoolmistress may one day be discovered, and receive a flogging——''

Master Broom colored, and stared in great astonishment.

''But, thou art such an excellent scholar, I shall make thee no further reproof.

''Thou, Hendrick, didst distinguish thyself in the archery match last spring, and hit the doel, though the bird was swung before it to unsteady thine eye. I give thee credit for excelling in manly sport and exercise; though I must not unduly countenance thy boat-racing, since it leaves thee too little time for thy proper studies.

''Lucretia and Hilda shall have a blessed sleep to-

night. The consciousness of kindness to the poor, devotion in their souls, and cheerful, hearty obedience to household rule, will render them happy.

"With one and all I avow myself well content. Goodness, industry, benevolence, and thrift have prevailed in your midst. Therefore, my blessing upon you; and may the New Year find all treading the paths of obedience, wisdom, and love! To-morrow you shall find more substantial proofs that I have been in your home. Farewell!"

With these words came a great shower of sugar-plums upon a linen sheet spread out in front of the doors. A general scramble followed. The children fairly tumbled over each other in their eagerness to fill their baskets. Mevrouw cautiously held the baby down upon the sheet till the chubby little fists were filled. Then the bravest of the youngsters sprang up and threw open the closed doors. In vain they searched the mysterious apartment. St. Nicholas was nowhere to be seen.

Soon they all sped to another room, where stood a table covered with the whitest of linen damask. Each child, in a flutter of pleasure, laid a shoe upon it, and each shoe held a little hay for the good saint's horse. The door was then carefully locked, and its key hidden in the mother's bedroom. Next followed good-night kisses, a grand family procession to the upper floor, merry farewells at bedroom doors, and silence at last reigned in the Van Gleck mansion.

Early in the next morning, the door was solemnly unlocked and opened in the presence of the assembled house-

hold; when, lo! a sight appeared, proving good St. Nicholas to be a saint of his word.

Every shoe was filled to overflowing; and beside each stood a many-colored pile. The table was heavy with its load of presents—candies, toys, trinkets, books, and other articles. Every one had gifts, from grandfather down to the baby.

Little Katy clapped her hands with glee, and vowed inwardly that the cat should never know another moment's grief.

Hendrick capered about the room, flourishing a superb bow and arrows over his head. Hilda laughed with delight as she opened a crimson box, and drew forth its glittering contents. The rest chuckled, and said, "Oh!" and "Ah!" over their treasures, very much as we did here in America on last Christmas Day.

With her glittering necklace in her hands, and a pile of books in her arms, Hilda stole toward her parents, and held up her beaming face for a kiss. There was such an earnest, tender look in her bright eyes that her mother breathed a blessing as she leaned over her.

"I am delighted with this book: thank you, father!" she said, touching the top one with her chin. "I shall read it all day long."

Good St. Nicholas! For the sake of the young Hollanders, I, for one, am willing to acknowledge him and defend his reality against all unbelievers.

Mary Mapes Dodge.

THE BROWN DWARF OF RÜGEN

The pleasant isle of Rügen looks the Baltic water o'er
To the silver-sanded beaches of the Pomeranian shore;

And in the town of Rambin a little boy and maid
Plucked the meadow-flowers together and in the sea-surf played.

Alike were they in beauty if not in their degree:
He was the Amptman's first-born, the miller's child was she.

Now of old the isle of Rügen was full of Dwarfs and Trolls,
The brown-faced little Earth-men, the people without souls;

And for every man and woman in Rügen's island found
Walking in air and sunshine, a Troll was underground.

It chanced the little maiden, one morning, strolled away
Among the haunted Nine Hills, where the elves and goblins play.

That day, in barley fields below, the harvesters had known
Of evil voices in the air, and heard the small horns blown.

She came not back; the search for her in field and wood was vain:
They cried her east, they cried her west, but she came not again.

"She's down among the Brown Dwarfs," said the dream-wives wise and old,
And prayers were made, and masses said, and Rambin's church bell tolled.

Five years her father mourned her; and then John Deitrich said:
"I will find my little playmate, be she alive or dead."

He watched among the Nine Hills, he heard the Brown Dwarfs sing,
And saw them dance by moonlight merrily in a ring.

And when their gay-robed leader tossed up his cap of red,
Young Deitrich caught it as it fell, and thrust it on his head.

The Troll came crouching at his feet and wept for lack of it.
"Oh, give me back my magic cap, for your great head unfit!"

"Nay," Deitrich said; "the Dwarf who throws his charmed cap away,
Must serve its finder at his will, and for his folly pay.

"You stole my pretty Lisbeth, and hid her in the earth;
And you shall ope the door of glass and let me lead her forth."

"She will not come; she's one of us; she's mine!" the Brown Dwarf said;
"The day is set, the cake is baked, to-morrow we shall wed."

"The fell fiend fetch thee!" Deitrich cried, "and keep thy foul tongue still.
Quick! open, to thy evil world, the glass door of the hill!"

The Dwarf obeyed; and youth and Troll down the long stairway passed,
And saw in dim and sunless light a country strange and vast.

Weird, rich, and wonderful, he saw the elfin under-land,—
Its palaces of precious stones, its streets of golden sand.

He came unto a banquet-hall with tables richly spread,
Where a young maiden served to him the red wine and the bread.

How fair she seemed among the Trolls so ugly and so wild!
Yet pale and very sorrowful, like one who never smiled!

Her low, sweet voice, her gold-brown hair, her tender blue eyes seemed
Like something he had seen elsewhere or something he had dreamed.

He looked; he clasped her in his arms; he knew the long-lost one;
"O Lisbeth! See thy playmate—I am the Amptman's son!"

She leaned her fair head on his breast, and through her sobs she spoke:
"Oh, take me from this evil place, and from the elfin folk!

"And let me tread the grass-green fields and smell the flowers again,
And feel the soft wind on my cheek and hear the dropping rain!

"And oh, to hear the singing bird, the rustling of the tree,
The lowing cows, the bleat of sheep, the voices of the sea;

"And oh, upon my father's knee to sit beside the door,
And hear the bell of vespers ring in Rambin church once more!"

He kissed her cheek, he kissed her lips; the Brown Dwarf groaned to see,
And tore his tangled hair and ground his long teeth angrily.

But Deitrich said: "For five long years this tender Christian maid,
Has served you in your evil world, and well must she be paid!

"Haste!—hither bring me precious gems, the richest in your store;
Then when we pass the gate of glass, you'll take your cap once more."

No choice was left the baffled Troll, and, murmuring, he obeyed,
And filled the pockets of the youth and apron of the maid.

They left the dreadful under-land and passed the gate of glass;
They felt the sunshine's warm caress, they trod the soft, green grass.

And when, beneath, they saw the Dwarf stretch up to them his brown
And crooked claw-like fingers, they tossed his red cap down.

Oh, never shone so bright a sun, was never sky so blue,
As hand in hand they homeward walked the pleasant meadows through!

And never sang the birds so sweet in Rambin's woods before,
And never washed the waves so soft along the Baltic shore:

And when beneath his dooryard trees the father met his child,
The bells rung out their merriest peal, the folks with joy ran wild.

And soon from Rambin's holy church the twain came forth as one,
The Amptman kissed a daughter, the miller blest a son.

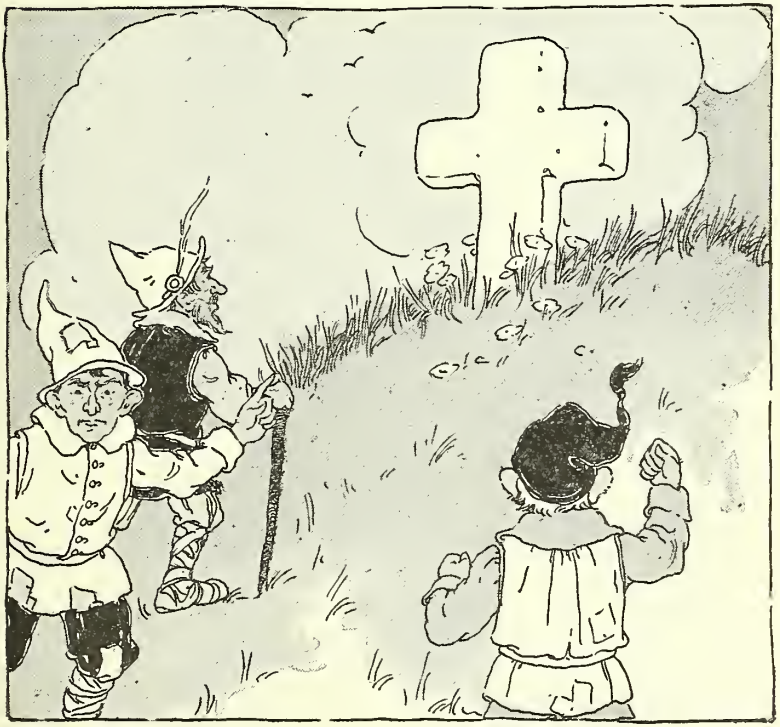
John Deitrich's fame went far and wide, and nurse and maid crooned o'er
Their cradle song: "Sleep on, sleep well, the Trolls shall come no more!"

For in the haunted Nine Hills he set a cross of stone;
And Elf and Brown Dwarf sought in vain a door where door was none.

The tower he built in Rambin, fair Rügen's pride and boast,
Looked o'er the Baltic water to the Pomeranian coast;

And, for his worth ennobled, and rich beyond compare,
Count Deitrich and his lovely bride dwelt long and happy there.

John Greenleaf Whittier.



A HERO OF THE FLEET

On the morning of April 13, 1904, the Missouri steamed out of the white harbor of Pensacola for target practice in the bay. Decks were shining, rails glistening in the clear sunlight, and the squads of white-jacketed sailors moved with all the precision of the guns themselves as the latter were loaded, rammed, tilted, swung, discharged. Everything was orderly when, suddenly, a puff of smoke and a yellow flame burst out of the after-turret, followed closely by a peculiar muffled report.

There was no mistaking that sullen "boom!" It meant an explosion of powder, but vastly more than that, for beneath the turret was the handling-room, where the shells and powder-sacks were passed up, and on either side

From "Deeds of Doing and Daring," by William Allen Johnston. By courtesy of W. A. Wilde Company, publishers.

were the racks where these explosives were stored—the powder-magazine, containing enough to work havoc against the entire fleet, enough to blow to atoms the battleship and the six hundred human souls on board. The powder-magazines—and just over them fire, licking flames and dropping sparks!

There was a death-knell in that "boom!" that struck home to every heart. Each man knew just what it meant.

It is said that the presence of a submarine, that unseen horror, carrying a deadly torpedo in its nose, will disturb the morale of the best crew, men who will face a battleship's broadside fearlessly; but what must be the effect of a sleeping volcano amidships, the crater of which may be opened by a single spark. the blast of which means instant death?

One would imagine a panic—think of the scene in a theatre that follows a cry of "Fire!"—but there was not a sign of it. Indeed, there was no change whatever, save, perhaps, here and there a stiffening of shoulders, a widening of eyes, a sharp tenseness in the orders.

Silently and swiftly the crew took their stations. Fire and collision quarters were sounded. The flood-cocks were opened. The ship was swung right about face and headed for the white beach.

A few seconds of suspense followed. They must have seemed hours. An officer tells me that his ears rang—he thought of it afterward—as he waited fiercely for that crack of doom.

The water—through the wide-open flood-cocks—swiftly filled the lower magazines. That was something gained. For a moment they breathed more easily; then came the quick realization that it could never rise to the twelve-inch starboard magazine—the one just under the turret—not, at least, before the flame came down. The flame would beat it—must beat it. Ah! there it was already. They saw it spurt out from the top. It was a matter of seconds now.

A squad of men charged the magazines with pails of water—never a drop of which filtered through. There was the scuttle. That would admit water. But if they opened it the draft would give the fire the one thing it needed and more power than water-buckets could meet and master. The fire-boat might do, but it would take too long to bring it up.

One man, Chief Gunner's Mate Monssen, was thinking of all this. His photograph shows him with arms folded and cap almost concealing his eyes, which are fearless and thoughtful. His lips are thin and set in a straight, wide line. He is the type of man who sees and knows a great deal more than he talks about, who is vastly different in repose and in action.

In his own mind he knew that there was but one way to save that magazine, and that was for a man to go through the scuttle, close the door after him and fight the fire with his hands. He knew the interior so well that he could work there in the dark. It was a one-man job. He was

chief gunner's mate. He was the man; it was his duty. He decided this very quickly and quietly, and then he ran to the scuttle and pulled himself up.

The scene must have been a remarkable one. Intense, horrible, momentous as the situation was, there was no ado whatever made over it. Discipline was in no wise relaxed. To an observer it would have seemed an ordinary incident of fire-drill.

There was no outburst whatever, for the simple reason that audience and actor were of one and the same caliber. Men simply stopped at their work, officers stood in calm suspense, and a man wiggled his way, head first, through an eighteen-inch scuttle and into the jaws of death.

As he closed the scuttle-door behind him every eye was fixed upon the starboard magazine, every mind was measuring time—in seconds and fractions of seconds. There were but a few left now, and in that steel-bound box of fire a man, single-handed, was all there was between the destiny of a battleship and each of their six hundred lives.

Those nearest the turret saw through the glass of the scuttle a man's head bobbing up and down in the smoke-wreaths. That was all—and they waited.

What they did not see was a man blinded and gasping, slapping the fire off boxes with his naked hands. His face blackened and the flesh blistered and peeled and hung in strips from his fingers. Beneath him the water rose by inches, but the flames from overhead swooped down by feet. He must fight them back—here, there, all about him.

He must hold them with his maimed hands till the water rose and quenched them, lapping them off the powder-boxes.

A minute passed, then another. The scuttle-glass was shrouded gray with smoke, the man's bobbing head was hidden, they could see nothing. And then came a muffled order in Monssen's calm tones: "Open the door!"

"Open the door!" The fight was won. Monssen squeezed his shoulders through—more slowly than he had entered—and very carefully they pulled him out of the narrow scuttle and supported him as he stumbled away to the surgeon's room. No fuss was made. Discipline was unchanged. Fire and collision work were on and speedily the incident was closed. Save for the report of Captain Cowles, the world at large might never have heard the story. A half-hour later the battleship Texas, every man on her knowing well the Missouri's escape from total annihilation, went through target practice and made an excellent record.

Such was the work that Monssen did—and would do again, if the occasion arose, in the same calm, deliberate way, and such was the morale of the crew, standing coolly at attention in the presence of what seemed inevitable death to one and all—and of that other crew who aimed their guns with cool precision while the magazines of a sister ship were still thick with smoke.

William Allen Johnston.

UNDER THE SEA IN A MODERN SUBMARINE

Were you ever in a submarine? Probably not, for though one can visit a battleship without difficulty it is not so easy to get on board a submarine. Uncle Sam is very particular who sees the inside of his under-sea boats, and allows nobody to go on board without special permission.

But just suppose that we have the necessary letter and present ourselves to the proper officer at the Navy Yard. A launch takes us down the bay to the mother ship. This turns out to be an old-fashioned monitor, long since out of date as a fighting ship, and now used as floating headquarters for the officers and men of the submarine flotilla. There are six of these under-sea boats, and as we board the mother ship we find one of them alongside, taking in oil for her fuel-tanks.

Before going aboard let us take a look at her. She is two hundred and fifty feet long, with a straight bow and a narrow, flat deck. Probably she doesn't look at all as you expected she would. You have formed your ideas of submarines from reading "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," and you expected to see a cigar-shaped boat. The first submarines were built that way, but they rolled badly and were not at all comfortable for the crew. The flat superstructure was then added, and the shape of

the hull changed so that it is more like that of a regular ship. This makes the submarine easier to handle on the surface and enables it to make better speed.

But it is time to go aboard. We are going out to sea for a dive. We follow the lieutenant to the conning-tower or turret. The moorings are cast off, the motors started, and the X-6 heads for the open sea. The keen, salt air whips our faces, showers of spray fly over the bridge, the long, narrow deck is awash.

"How long a cruise can she make?" you ask. "Four thousand miles if she has to," answers the lieutenant. "The German submarine Deutschland has made two voyages to this country from Bremen and back," he adds; "about four thousand miles each way. During the present European war submarines have done wonderful things."

"And it was not many years ago that people said the submarine could never be used for anything but coast defense."

"They said the same about torpedo-boats, and they were just as doubtful about aeroplanes. It is always so about things that are new."

But we are anxious to see the inside of this wonderful craft, so after a few minutes in the turret we go down the narrow hatchway into the boat itself. Here we are immediately struck by the amount of machinery everywhere and the neatness and compactness of everything. Every available niche of space seems to have been used. In the living-room the men sleep in canvas bunks that fold up against

the walls when not in use. Here, also, the meals are cooked on a tiny electric stove. Behind the living-room is the engine-room. Here are two heavy oil-engines for driving the boat on the surface, and a powerful motor for use when the boat is submerged. In another compartment there are storage-batteries for supplying the electric current for the motors, lights, and cooking apparatus.

Following the lieutenant into the conning-tower, we find the quartermaster at the wheel.

"We are eighteen feet under water," says the lieutenant, looking at an indicator on the wall.

You stare at the officer in surprise. "I thought we were still on the surface. Everything seems just the same as if we were running along with hatches wide open to the sky."

"You see we go down at a very small angle," explains the lieutenant. "The first submarines would sometimes dive too suddenly, because their ballast-tanks ran the whole length of the boat. Now the tanks are made in a series of compartments, so that as the water is let in it cannot rush to one end of the hull as soon as the bow begins to dip."

"And what makes the boat dip?"

"The big diving rudders or wings at bow and stern. When we are running on the surface they are folded up against the sides of the boat. They can be unfolded quickly, the ballast-tanks opened, and the boat submerged in two minutes."

But the two things that most interest us are the periscope and the torpedoes. These we have heard most about and these we want most to see.

The periscope runs up through the hull and extends about fifteen feet above the deck. The officer looks into an eyepiece in the conning-tower below and, by means of skilfully arranged mirrors within the tube, can see clearly everything that is going on above the water.

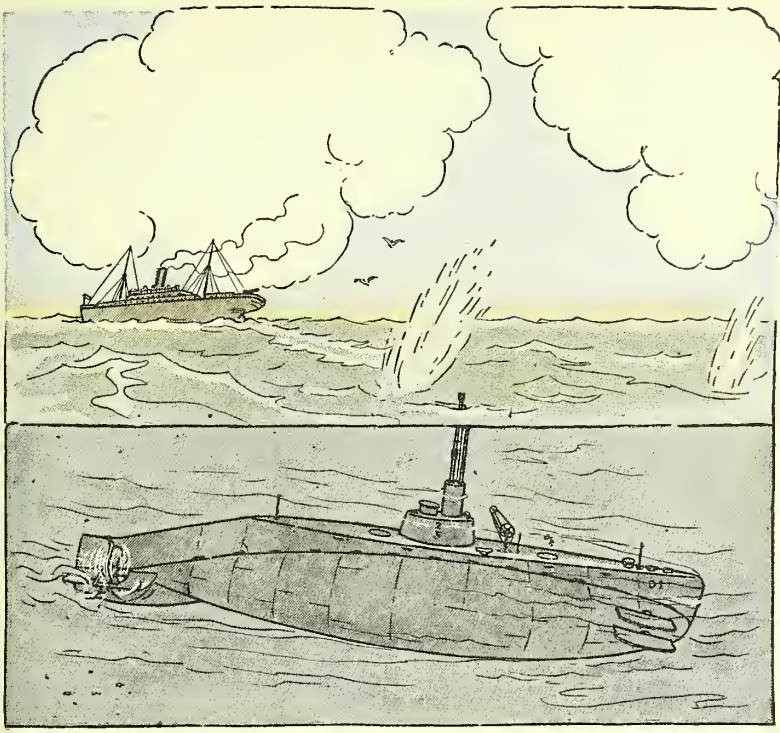
"Would you like to take a look?" asks the lieutenant.

You step forward, put your eye to the opening, and, wonder of wonders! You are looking out over the blue waters of the lower bay. A mile away to the left stretches the sandy Long Island shore. Half a mile off to the right is a rusty tramp steamer lying deep in the water, the white foam curling up under her bow.

"What would happen if your periscope should be shot away?" you ask.

"We should be blind and couldn't see where we were going. If the water were not too deep we could sink to the bottom and lie there until dark. If we came to the surface, of course, we should risk being sunk by shell-fire."

From the conning-tower we go to the torpedo-room. There the torpedoes, twenty feet long and carrying a charge of two hundred pounds of guncotton in their heads, are hoisted into a tube. The officer in the conning-tower points the boat toward the target, presses an electric button, and thud! away speeds the torpedo at the rate of



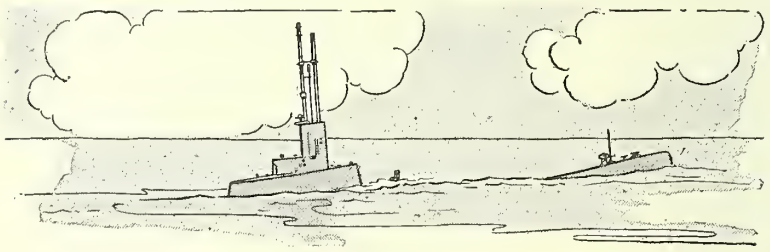
forty-five miles an hour. As soon as the torpedo leaves the tube a cap falls down over it to keep out the water.

From the torpedo-room we go to the diving-lock. This is the newest feature of the submarine. Suppose an accident occurs and the boat cannot rise to the surface. Such accidents have happened many times in the past. The crew can escape one by one by means of the diving-lock. A man enters the lock or chamber with the outer door closed against the water. The inner door is then closed

and sealed, and the air-pressure in the lock is increased until it equals that of the water outside. Then the outer door is opened, and the man steps out into the water. In this way the entire crew may escape to the surface.

Another wonderful feature of the modern submarine is the oscillator, by which messages may be sent under water to distant ships or to stations on the shore. A disk is fastened to the outside of the hull of the boat. This is made to vibrate by an electric battery, and these vibrations are carried through the water to a similar oscillator on another ship. By a prearranged system of signals, messages may then be sent.

After looking into the torpedo-room and watching the men hoist a torpedo into the tube, we come out into the conning-tower again. The lieutenant smiles. "Well, here we are, sir." You look at him questioningly. "I mean our dive is over," he says. Then you feel a rush of fresh air down the passages. The hatchway is open, and through it you can see blue sky again. How good it looks, and how sweet the air is! You climb up the narrow iron ladder at the heels of the lieutenant. You are in God's fair sunshine again.



TOM COMES HOME

Tom was to arrive early in the afternoon, and there was another fluttering heart besides Maggie's when it was late enough for the sound of the gig-wheels to be expected; for if Mrs. Tulliver had a strong feeling, it was fondness for her boy. At last the sound came—that quick, light bowling of the gig-wheels—and in spite of the wind, which was blowing the clouds about and was not likely to respect Mrs. Tulliver's curls and cap-strings, she came outside the door.

"There he is, my sweet lad! But, Lord ha' mercy! He's got never a collar on; it's been lost on the road, I'll be bound, and spoilt the set."

Mrs. Tulliver stood with her arms open; Maggie jumped first on one leg and then on the other; while Tom descended from the gig, and said, with masculine reticence as to the tender emotions, "Hallo! Yap—what! are you there?"

Nevertheless, he submitted to be kissed willingly enough, though Maggie hung on his neck in rather a strangling fashion, while his blue-gray eyes wandered toward the croft and the lambs and the river, where he promised himself that he would begin to fish the first thing to-morrow morning.

He was one of those lads that grow everywhere in England, and at twelve or thirteen years of age look as much

alike as goslings—a lad with light-brown hair, cheeks of cream and roses, full lips, indeterminate nose and eyebrows.

"Maggie," said Tom, confidentially, taking her into a corner, as soon as his mother was gone out to examine his box, and the warm parlor had taken off the chill he had felt from the long drive, "you don't know what I've got in my pockets," nodding his head up and down as a means of rousing her sense of mystery.

"No," said Maggie. "How stodgy they look, Tom! Is it marls (marbles) or cobnuts?" Maggie's heart sank a little, because Tom always said it was "no good" playing with her at those games—she played so badly.

"Marls! no; I've swapped all my marls with the little fellows, and cobnuts are no fun, you silly, only when the nuts are green. But see here!" He drew something half out of his right-hand pocket.

"What is it?" said Maggie, in a whisper. "I can see nothing but a bit of yellow."

"Why, it's . . . a . . . new. . . . Guess, Maggie!"

"Oh, I can't guess, Tom," said Maggie, impatiently.

"Don't be a spitfire, else I won't tell you," said Tom, thrusting his hand back into his pocket, and looking determined.

"No, Tom," said Maggie, imploringly, laying hold of the arm that was held stiffly in the pocket. "I'm not cross, Tom; it was only because I can't bear guessing. Please be good to me."

Tom's arm slowly relaxed, and he said, "Well, then, it's a new fish-line—two new ones—one for you, Maggie, all to yourself. I wouldn't go halves in the toffee and gingerbread on purpose to save the money; and Gibson and Spouncer fought with me because I wouldn't. And here's hooks; see here! . . . I say, won't we go and fish tomorrow down by the Round Pool? And you shall catch your own fish, Maggie, and put the worms on, and everything—won't it be fun?"

Maggie's answer was to throw her arms round Tom's neck and hug him, and hold her cheek against his without speaking, while he slowly unwound some of the line, saying, after a pause,

"Wasn't I a good brother, now, to buy you a line all to yourself? You know, I needn't have bought it, if I hadn't liked."

"Yes, very, very good. . . . I do love you, Tom."

Tom had put the line back in his pocket, and was looking at the hooks one by one, before he spoke again. "And the fellows fought me, because I wouldn't give in about the toffee."

"Oh, dear! I wish they wouldn't fight at your school, Tom. Didn't it hurt you?"

"Hurt me? No," said Tom, putting up the hooks again, taking out a large pocket-knife, and slowly opening the largest blade, which he looked at meditatively as he rubbed his finger along it. Then he added,

"I gave Spouncer a black eye, I know—that's what

he got by wanting to leather me; I wasn't going to go halves because anybody leathered me.''

''Oh, how brave you are, Tom! I think you're like Samson. If there came a lion roaring at me, I think you'd fight him—wouldn't you, Tom?''

''How can a lion come roaring at you, you silly thing? There are no lions, only in the shows.''

''No; but if we were in the lion countries—I mean in Africa, where it's very hot—the lions eat people there. I can show it you in the book where I read it.''

''Well, I should get a gun and shoot him.''

''But if you hadn't got a gun—we might have gone out, you know, not thinking—just as we go fishing; and then a great lion might run toward us roaring, and we couldn't get away from him. What should you do, Tom?''

Tom paused, and at last turned away contemptuously, saying, ''But the lion isn't coming. What's the use of talking?''

''But I like to fancy how it would be,'' said Maggie, following him. ''Just think what you would do, Tom.''

''Oh, don't bother, Maggie! You're such a silly—I shall go and see my rabbits.''

Maggie's heart began to flutter with fear. She dared not tell the sad truth at once, but she walked after Tom in trembling silence as he went out, thinking how she could tell him the news so as to soften at once his sorrow and his anger; for Maggie dreaded Tom's anger of all things—it was quite a different anger from her own.

"Tom," she said, timidly, when they were out-of-doors, "how much money did you give for your rabbits?"

"Two half-crowns and a sixpence," said Tom promptly.

"I think I've got a great deal more than that in my steel purse up-stairs. I'll ask mother to give it to you."

"What for?" said Tom. "I don't want your money, you silly thing. I've got a great deal more money than you, because I'm a boy. I always have half-sovereigns and sovereigns for my Christmas-boxes, because I shall be a man, and you only have five-shilling pieces, because you're only a girl."

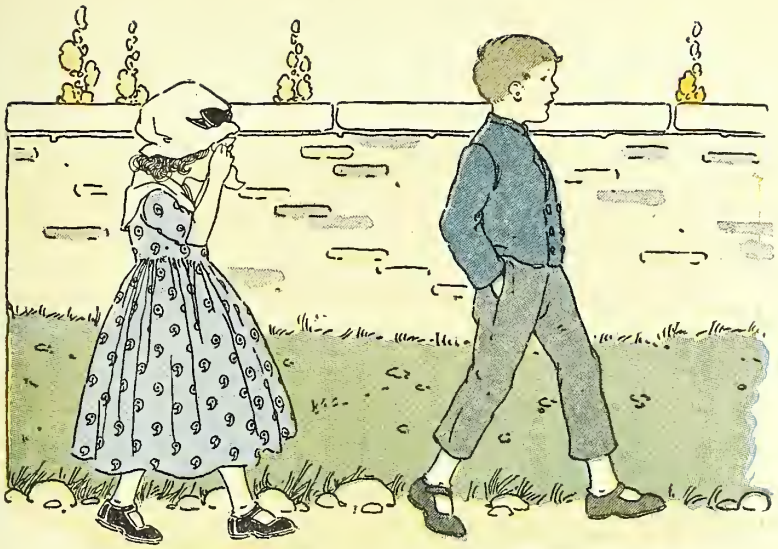
"Well, but, Tom—if mother would let me give you two half-crowns and a sixpence out of my purse to put into your pocket and spend, you know; and buy some more rabbits with it?"

"More rabbits? I don't want any more."

"Oh, but, Tom, they're all dead."

Tom stopped immediately in his walk and turned round toward Maggie. "You forgot to feed them, then, and Harry forgot?" he said, his color heightening for a moment, but soon subsiding. "I'll pitch into Harry—I'll have him turned away. And I don't love you, Maggie. You shan't go fishing with me to-morrow. I told you to go and see the rabbits every day." He walked on again.

"Yes, but I forgot—and I couldn't help it, indeed, Tom. I'm so very sorry," said Maggie, while the tears rushed fast.



"You're a naughty girl," said Tom, severely, "and I'm sorry I bought you the fish-line. I don't love you."

"Oh, Tom, it's very cruel," sobbed Maggie. "I'd forgive you, if you forgot anything—I wouldn't mind what you did—I'd forgive you and love you."

"Yes, you're a silly—but I never do forget things—I don't."

"Oh, please forgive me, Tom; my heart will break," said Maggie, shaking with sobs, clinging to Tom's arm, and laying her wet cheek on his shoulder.

Tom shook her off, and stopped again, saying in a peremptory tone, "Now, Maggie, you just listen. Am I not a good brother to you?"

"Ye-ye-es," sobbed Maggie, her chin rising and falling convulsedly.

"Didn't I think about your fish-line all this quarter and mean to buy it, and saved my money on purpose, and wouldn't go halves in the toffee, and Spouncer fought me because I wouldn't?"

"Ye-ye-es . . . and I . . . lo-lo-love you so, Tom."

"But you're a naughty girl. Last holidays you licked the paint off my lozenge-box, and the holidays before that you let the boat drag my fish-line down when I'd set you to watch it, and you pushed your head through my kite, all for nothing."

"But I didn't mean," said Maggie; "I couldn't help it."

"Yes, you could," said Tom. "If you'd minded what you were doing. And you're a naughty girl, and you shan't go fishing with me to-morrow."

With this terrible conclusion, Tom ran away from Maggie toward the hill, meaning to greet Luke there, and complain to him of Harry.

Maggie stood motionless, except from her sobs, for a minute or two; then she turned round and ran into the house, and up to her attic, where she sat on the floor, and laid her head against the worm-eaten shelf, with a crushing sense of misery. Tom was come home, and she had thought how happy she should be—and now he was cruel to her. What use was anything, if Tom didn't love her? Oh, he was very cruel! Hadn't she wanted to give him the

money, and said how very sorry she was? She knew she was naughty to her mother, but she had never been naughty to Tom—had never meant to be naughty to him.

"Oh, he is cruel!" Maggie sobbed aloud, finding a wretched pleasure in the hollow resonance that came through the long empty space of the attic.

These bitter sorrows of childhood! when sorrow is all new and strange, when hope has not yet got wings to fly beyond the days and weeks, and the space from summer to summer seems measureless.

George Eliot.

TO STAY AT HOME IS BEST

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest,
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HOW ARTHUR BECAME KING

CHARACTERS

Archbishop of Canterbury
Merlin
Sir Ector
Sir Ulfius
Arthur
Sir Kay
King Lot
King Urcien
King Ryence
King Mark
King Pellinore

SCENE I

CANTERBURY—IN THE MEADOW BESIDE THE LISTS

Sir Kay *is striding up and down impatiently.*

Sir Kay: Out upon the boy! Why tarries he so long? But for the breaking of my sword I should by now have won great glory for our house.

Enter Arthur *in great haste.*

Sir Kay: Ah, Arthur, art thou here at last?

Arthur: I crave thy pardon, brother. I came with all the speed I could. Here is a sword for thee. (*Unwraps his cloak and shows sword.*)

Sir Kay: (*Starting back in amazement*) Why! what sword is this?

Arthur: Nay, be not angry with me, Kay. I ran, indeed, to our father's pavilion as thou didst bid me, but found there no sword fit for thy hand. Then I did bethink me of the sword that stood in the anvil on the marble block

before the cathedral. Thither I ran, and, leaping upon the block, drew out the sword. Then sped I hither.

Sir Kay: Indeed, this is a wondrous thing! Say naught of it to any man. But go to our father, Sir Ector, and bid him come to our pavilion, where I have news to tell of great import.

Arthur: Thou art not angry, brother?

Sir Kay: Angry! No, not angry, only amazed almost beyond all speech. But go thou now.

Arthur *goes.*

Sir Kay: (*Looking at the sword*) Yes, there can be no mistake! It is the sword that was sunk in the anvil by the magic of Merlin. "Whoso pulleth out this sword from the anvil, that same is rightwise King-born of England." Thus reads the inscription on the stone. Arthur a King! Nay, he is but a lad. Naught knows he of the meaning of the sword. I am older than he, older and fitter to rule. I have the sword. Why should I not keep it and turn it to my good?

SCENE II

SIR ECTOR'S PAVILION

Sir Kay *stands musing, with the sword wrapped in a cloak in his hand. Enter* Sir Ector *and* Arthur.

Sir Ector: How now, my son, why hast thou left the lists while still the combat rages? 'Tis a day for noble deeds, and on thy arms doth rest the honor of our house.

Sir Kay: Nay, father, something I have to show thee.

Sir Ector: Why, what's the matter, Kay? Thou art pale as any ghost.

Sir Kay: Look upon this and thou wilt understand. (*Unwraps the cloak and shows the sword.*)

Sir Ector: Why! what is this!

Sir Kay: The sword that stood in the anvil before the cathedral.

Sir Ector: How camest thou by it?

Sir Kay: I broke my own in the combat, and did get me this to serve instead.

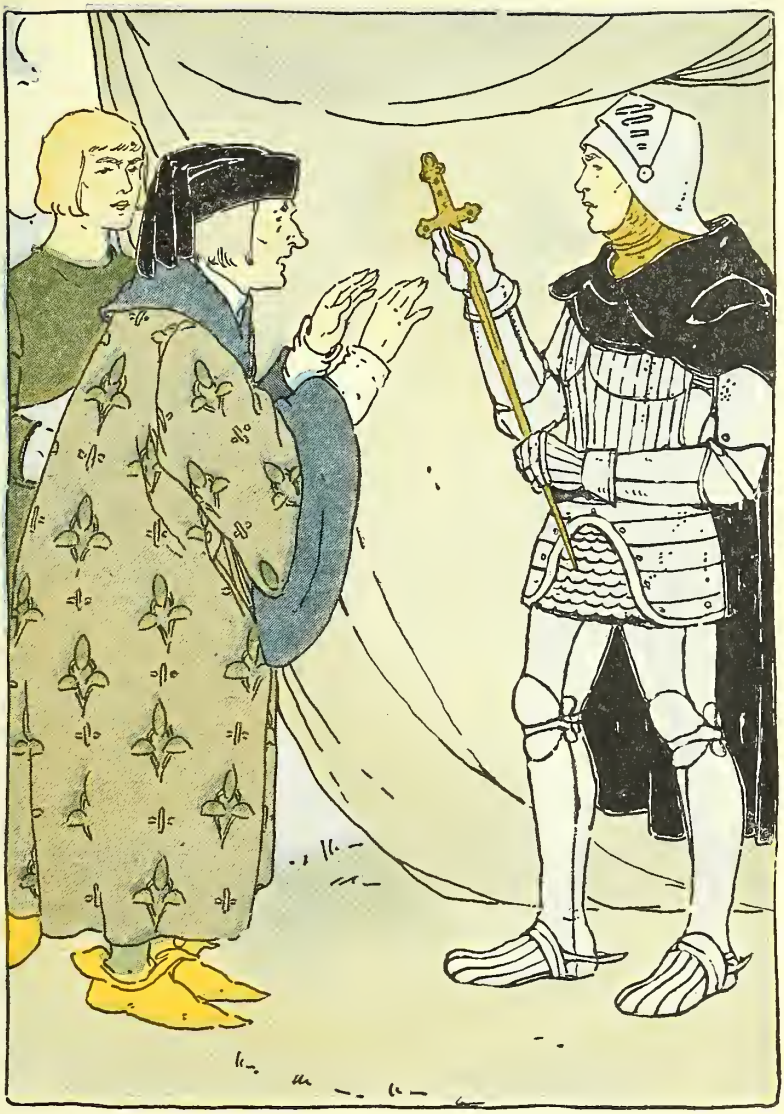
Sir Ector: If thou didst indeed draw out this sword, then thou shalt be King of Britain. But if thou didst draw it out, surely thou canst put it back again.

Sir Kay: Nay, father, no man could thrust a sword-blade into a solid iron anvil. That would be a miracle, indeed.

Sir Ector: Kay, Kay, this is passing strange. Arthur, knowest thou aught of this affair? Tell me truly, boy.

Arthur: Father, it was I who drew the sword from out the anvil. Kay broke his in the combat and sent me hither for another. But I found none here fit for his hand. Then I bethought me of the sword that stood in the anvil on the block of stone before the cathedral. In a moment I ran thither and drew it out. 'Twas an easy thing to do.

Sir Ector: (*Dropping on his knees and clasping his hands*) Arthur, some day thou wilt be King.



Arthur: Father, what is this thou sayest? I shall be King? Nay, nay, I wish it not.

Sir Ector: Ah, Arthur, I must tell thee truly. Thou art not my son.

Arthur: What sayest thou? Not thy son?

Sir Ector: Nay, Arthur. Eighteen years ago the enchanter Merlin placed thee in my arms. Thou wert but a tiny babe. He commanded me to rear thee as mine own, to call thee Arthur, and to tell no one in all the world that thou wert not mine own. I did as he commanded, and to this day no one has known that thou wert not my child. Who thy father was I do not surely know, but I can shrewdly guess. It was none other than the King, Uther-Pendragon himself.

Arthur: Oh, woful day!

Sir Ector: Why art thou sad?

Arthur: I have lost a father. I would rather have a father than be a King.

Sir Ector: Thou art a child no longer. Thou art now a man. Soon thou wilt be a King. Thou wilt then restore peace and happiness to England. Ever since Uther-Pendragon's death the Kingdom has been torn with wars. Thou wilt bring peace.

SCENE III

BEFORE THE CATHEDRAL OF CANTERBURY

Archbishop: Good people all, kings, nobles, knights—and ladies, ye have come hither to Canterbury at my be-

hest. Right well ye know that now for eighteen years this Kingdom has been sore distracted. In all that time red war has held full sway. But now men long for peace; they are weary of war's alarms. 'Tis best we choose a King, one born of royal blood, manly, and brave and just. Such a one shall guide us into paths of peace. To help us in our choice the mighty Merlin, with cunning magic, hath devised a test. Before us stands an iron anvil set upon a four square stone, and deep into the anvil is thrust a sword.

"Whoso pulleth out this sword from the anvil,
That same is rightwise King-born of England."

Thus reads the inscription on the stone. Therefore advance and try your fate, kings, nobles, and knights.

KING LOT: (*Coming forward*) I first will make assay. (*Tries several times to pull out the sword, but fails.*) Nay, this is but a trick. I'll try no more.

KING URCIEN: (*Coming forward*) Let me take my turn. Good fortune smile on me. (*Tries repeatedly to pull out the sword, but fails.*) Out upon it! Have I come here but to be made a mock of!

Other kings try and fail.

KING MARK: Why, how is this? We all have tried, all in this noble company, and one and all have failed. How, then, can any one of lower rank and birth hope to succeed?

KING RYENCE: Nay, we have all been tricked. The cunning Merlin hath brought us here to shame us one and all.

King Pellinore: Yea, truly, for who in all the world can hope to draw a sword from out a bed of solid iron? My lord, better it were by far that you choose from the noble company of kings here present one to be King of England. Him we will obey with right good will.

Archbishop: Nay, Merlin is wise. We will wait awhile.

Enter Merlin, Sir Ulfius, *and* Arthur.

Merlin: My lord Archbishop, here is one who fain would try to draw out yonder sword.

Archbishop: Who is he and by what right cometh he to this assay?

Merlin: His name is Arthur, and for his right it is the best of any man in England, for know ye all he is none other than only son of Uther-Pendragon himself.

Archbishop: Nay, Merlin, is this true? Never knew I that Uther-Pendragon had a son.

Merlin: True indeed it is, as Sir Ulfius here and Sir Ector both can testify. Sir Ulfius was with me when I did give the babe into Sir Ector's care. 'Twas but a short time before Uther-Pendragon's death.

Sir Ulfius: Merlin speaks the truth, till now most closely kept.

Sir Ector: 'Tis true as Merlin says. For eighteen years the child has lived with me. From day to day I have seen him grow, till from a tiny babe he has become a stalwart youth.

Archbishop: 'Tis well. Arthur, try thou the sword.

Arthur *pulls out the sword.*

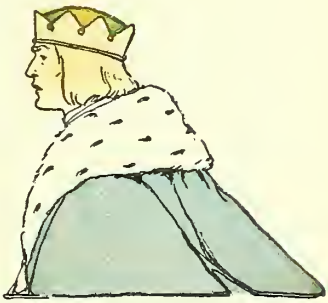
THE CROWD: Hurrah, hurrah!

ARTHUR *puts the sword back, pulls it out again, and holds it uplifted.*

ARCHBISHOP: Now heaven be praised! England shall have a King.

THE CROWD: Long live the King!

R. H. BOWLES.



THE COMING OF ARTHUR

For many a petty king ere Arthur came
Ruled in this isle, and ever waging war
Each upon other, wasted all the land;
And still from time to time the heathen host
Swarm'd overseas, and harried what was left.
And so there grew great tracts of wilderness,
Wherein the beast was ever more and more,
But man was less and less, till Arthur came.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE FLAG WE FOLLOW

We meet to celebrate Flag Day because this flag which we honor, and under which we serve, is the emblem of our unity, our power, our thought and purpose as a nation. It has no other character than that which we give it from generation to generation. The choices are ours. It floats in majestic silence above the hosts that execute those choices, whether in peace or in war. And yet, though silent, it speaks to us—speaks to us of the past, of the men and women who went before us and of the records they wrote upon it. We celebrate the day of its birth, and from its birth until now it has witnessed a great history, has floated on high the symbol of great events, of a great plan of life worked out by a great people. We are about to carry it into battle, to lift it where it will draw the fire of our enemies. We are about to bid thousands, hundreds of thousands, it may be millions, of our men, the young, the strong, the capable men of the nation, to go forth and die beneath it on fields of blood far away—for what? For some unaccustomed thing? For something for which it has never sought before? American armies were never before sent across the seas. Why are they sent now? For some new purpose for which this great flag has never been carried before or for some old, familiar, heroic purpose for which it has seen men, its own men, die on every battle-field upon which Americans have borne arms since the Revolution?

These are questions which must be answered. We are Americans. We in our turn serve America, and can serve her with no private purpose. We must use her flag as she has always used it. We are accountable at the bar of history and must plead in utter frankness what purpose it is we seek to serve.

It is plain enough how we were forced into the war. The extraordinary insults and aggressions of the Imperial German Government left us no self-respecting choice but to take up arms in defense of our rights as a free people and of our honor as a sovereign Government. The military masters of Germany denied us the right to be neutral. They filled our unsuspecting communities with vicious spies and conspirators and sought to corrupt the opinion of our people in their own behalf.

When they found that they could not do that their agents diligently spread sedition among us and sought to draw our own citizens from their allegiance—and some of these agents were men connected with the official embassy of the German Government itself here in our own capital. They sought by violence to destroy our industries and arrest our commerce. They tried to incite Mexico to take up arms against us and to draw Japan into a hostile alliance with her—and that, not by indirection but by direct suggestion from the Foreign Office in Berlin. They impudently denied us the use of the high seas and repeatedly executed their threat that they would send to their death any of our people who ventured to approach the coasts of

Europe. And many of our own people were corrupted. Men began to look upon their own neighbors with suspicion and to wonder in their hot resentment and surprise whether there was any community in which hostile intrigue did not lurk. What great nation in such circumstances would not have taken up arms? Much as we had desired peace it was denied us, and not of our own choice. This flag under which we serve would have been dishonored had we withheld our hand.

But that is only part of the story. We know now as clearly as we knew before we were ourselves engaged that we are not the enemies of the German people and that they are not our enemies. They did not originate or desire this hideous war or wish that we should be drawn into it; and we are vaguely conscious that we are fighting their cause, as they will some day see it, as well as our own. They are themselves in the grip of the same sinister power that has now at last stretched its ugly talons out and drawn blood from us. The whole world is at war because the whole world is in the grip of that power and is trying out the great battle which shall determine whether it is to be brought under its mastery or fling itself free.

The war was begun by the military masters of Germany, who proved to be also the masters of Austria-Hungary. These men have never regarded nations as people, men, women, and children of like blood and frame as themselves, for whom governments existed and in whom governments had their life. They have regarded them merely

as serviceable organizations which they could by force or intrigue bend or corrupt to their own purpose. They have regarded the smaller states in particular and the peoples who could be overwhelmed by force as their natural tools and instruments of domination. Their purpose has long been avowed. The statesmen of other nations, to whom that purpose was incredible, paid little attention; regarded what German professors expounded in their class-rooms, and German writers set forth to the world as the goal of German policy, as rather the dream of minds detached from practical affairs, as preposterous private conceptions of German destiny, than as the actual plans of responsible rulers; but the rulers of Germany themselves knew all the while what concrete plans, what well-advanced intrigues, lay back of what the professors and the writers were saying, and were glad to go forward unmolested, filling the thrones of Balkan states with German princes, putting German officers at the service of Turkey to drill her armies and make interest with her Government, developing plans of sedition and rebellion in India and Egypt, setting their fires in Persia. The demands made by Austria upon Serbia were a mere single step in a plan which compassed Europe and Asia, from Berlin to Bagdad. They hoped those demands might not arouse Europe, but they meant to press them whether they did or not, for they thought themselves ready for the final issue of arms.

Their plan was to throw a broad belt of German military power and political control across the very centre of

Europe and beyond the Mediterranean into the heart of Asia, and Austria-Hungary was to be as much their tool and pawn as Serbia or Bulgaria or Turkey or the ponderous states of the East. Austria-Hungary, indeed, was to become part of the Central German Empire, absorbed and dominated by the same forces and influences that had originally cemented the German states themselves. The dream had its heart at Berlin. It could have had a heart nowhere else. It rejected the idea of solidarity of race entirely. The choice of peoples played no part in it at all. It contemplated binding together racial and political units which could be kept together only by force—Czechs, Magyars, Croats, Serbs, Rumanians, Turks, Armenians—the proud states of Bohemia and Hungary, the stout little commonwealths of the Balkans, the indomitable Turks, the subtle peoples of the East. These peoples did not wish to be united. They ardently desired to direct their own affairs, and would be satisfied only by undisputed independence. They could be kept quiet only by the presence or the constant threat of armed men. They would live under a common power only by sheer compulsion and await the day of revolution. But the German military statesmen had reckoned with all that and were ready to deal with it in their own way.

And they have actually carried the greater part of that amazing plan into execution. Look how things stand. Austria is at their mercy. It has acted, not upon its own initiative or upon the choice of its own people, but at Ber-

lin's dictation ever since the war began. Its people now desire peace, but cannot have it until leave is granted from Berlin. The so-called Central Powers are in fact but a single power. Serbia is at its mercy, should its hands be but for a moment freed. Bulgaria has consented to its will, and Rumania is overrun. The German armies, which Germans trained, are serving Germany, certainly not themselves, and the guns of German warships lying in the harbor at Constantinople remind Turkish statesmen every day that they have no choice but to take their orders from Berlin. From Hamburg to the Persian Gulf the net is spread.

Is it not easy to understand the eagerness for peace that has been manifested from Berlin ever since the snare was set and sprung? Peace, peace, peace has been the talk of her Foreign Office for now a year and more; not peace upon her own initiative but upon the initiative of the nations over which she now deems herself to hold the advantage. A little of the talk has been public, but most of it has been private. Through all sorts of channels it has come to me, and in all sorts of guises, but never with the terms disclosed which the German Government would be willing to accept. That Government has other valuable pawns in its hands besides those I have mentioned. It still holds a valuable part of France, though with slowly relaxing grasp, and practically the whole of Belgium. Its armies press close upon Russia and overrun Poland at their will. It cannot go further; it dare not go back. It wishes

to close its bargain before it is too late and it has little left to offer for the pound of flesh it will demand.

The military masters under whom Germany is bleeding see very clearly to what point fate has brought them. If they fall back or are forced back an inch, their power both abroad and at home will fall to pieces like a house of cards. It is their power at home they are thinking about now more than their power abroad. It is that power which is trembling under their very feet, and deep fear has entered their hearts. They have but one chance to perpetuate their military power or even their controlling political influence. If they can secure peace now with the immense advantages still in their hands which they have up to this point apparently gained, they will have justified themselves before the German people; they will have gained by force what they promised to gain by it, an immense expansion of German power, an immense enlargement of German industrial and commercial opportunities. Their prestige will be secure, and with their prestige their political power. If they fail, their people will thrust them aside; a Government accountable to the people themselves will be set up in Germany as it has been in England, in the United States, in France, and in all the great countries of the modern time except Germany. If they succeed they are safe and Germany and the world are undone; if they fail Germany is saved and the world will be at peace. If they succeed America will fall within the menace. We and all the rest of the world must remain armed as they will remain, and must

make ready for the next step in their aggression; if they fail the world may unite for peace and Germany may be of the union.

Do you not now understand the new intrigue, the intrigue for peace, and why the masters of Germany do not hesitate to use any agency that promises to effect their purpose, the deceit of the nations? Their present particular aim is to deceive all those who throughout the world stand for the rights of peoples and the self-government of nations; for they see what immense strength the forces of justice and of liberalism are gathering out of this war. They are employing liberals in their enterprise. They are using men, in Germany and without, as their spokesmen whom they have hitherto despised and oppressed, using them for their own destruction—Socialists, the leaders of labor, the thinkers they have hitherto sought to silence. Let them once succeed and these men, now their tools, will be ground to powder beneath the weight of the great military empire they will have set up; the revolutionists in Russia will be cut off from all succor or co-operation in western Europe and a counter-revolution fostered and supported; Germany herself will lose her chance of freedom, and all Europe will arm for the next, the final, struggle.

The sinister intrigue is being no less actively conducted in this country than in Russia and in every country in Europe to which the agents and dupes of the Imperial German Government can get access. That Government

has many spokesmen here, in places high and low. They have learned discretion. They keep within the law. It is opinion they utter now, not sedition. They proclaim the liberal purposes of their masters, declare this a foreign war which can touch America with no danger to either her lands or her institutions, set England at the center of the stage and talk of her ambition to assert economic dominion throughout the world, appeal to our ancient tradition of isolation in the politics of the nations and seek to undermine the Government with false professions of loyalty to its principles.

But they will make no headway. The false betray themselves always in every accent. It is only friends and partisans of the German Government whom we have already identified who utter these thinly disguised disloyalties. The facts are patent to all the world, and nowhere are they more plainly seen than in the United States, where we are accustomed to deal with facts and not with sophistries; and the great fact that stands out above all the rest is that this is a people's war, a war for freedom and justice and self-government among all the nations of the world, a war to make the world safe for the peoples who live upon it and have made it their own, the German people themselves included, and that with us rests the choice to break through all these hypocrisies and patent cheats and masks of brute force and help set the world free, or else stand aside and let it be dominated a long age through by sheer weight of arms and the arbitrary choices of self-constituted

masters, by the nation which can maintain the biggest armies and the most irresistible armaments—a power to which the world has afforded no parallel and in the face of which political freedom must wither and perish.

For us there is but one choice. We have made it. Woe be to the man or group of men that seeks to stand in our way in this day of high resolution when every principle we hold dearest is to be vindicated and made secure for the salvation of the nations. We are ready to plead at the bar of history, and our flag shall wear a new lustre. Once more we shall make good with our lives and fortunes the great faith to which we were born, and a new glory shall shine in the face of our people.

WOODROW WILSON.

A TOAST

Here's to the blue of the wind-swept North,
When we meet on the fields of France.
May the spirit of Grant be with you all
As the Sons of the North advance!

And here's to the Gray of the sun-kissed South
When we meet on the fields of France.
May the spirit of Lee be with you all
As the Sons of the South advance!

And here's to the Blue and the Gray as one!
When we meet on the fields of France.
May the spirit of God be with us all
As the Sons of the Flag advance!

GEORGE MORROW MAYO.

BEING A SCOUT

Freddy Fielder was just giving his hair a final brush when some one knocked at his door.

"Come in!" he called.

Freddy's cousin, Bobby Evans, opened the door. "Hello, Freddy," he said, "are you about ready to go down?"

"Yes, sir-ee," said Freddy, throwing down his brush. "I'm awfully hungry, too."

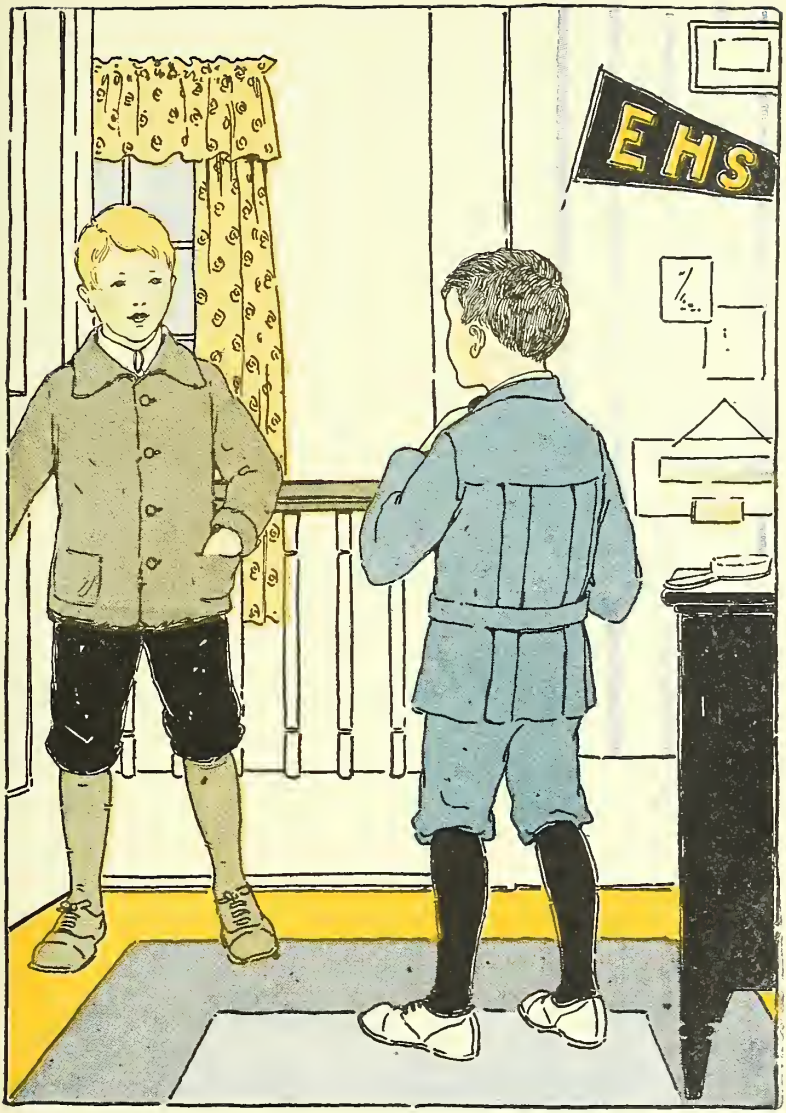
"I guess breakfast is about ready," said Bobby. "The cook was taking the muffins out of the oven when I was in the kitchen a minute ago."

As the boys were going down-stairs the breakfast-gong rang, and a little later they were seated at the table, with Uncle William, Aunt Molly, and Bobby's big brother Jack.

Breakfast was served on the roomy side porch of Uncle William's house, and as Freddy sat at the table he could look out into beautiful woods of oak and chestnut. Birds sang in the trees within a few feet of the house, and big gray squirrels played in the branches in plain sight.

"My, it's nice here!" exclaimed Freddy. "It isn't much like the prairie country where I live."

Freddy's home was in the Middle West, and this was his first visit to the beautiful New York suburb where his uncle lived.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Presently he noticed that both his Uncle William and his big Cousin Jack wore khaki uniforms, and while he was wondering what this meant his uncle explained the matter himself.

"You see we've got on our regimentals, Freddy," he said, at the same time nodding at Jack.

Freddy looked puzzled. "Your what, sir?"

"Our regimentals, our Scout uniforms," said Uncle William, laughing. "I'm a Scout Master and Jack is patrol leader."

"I'm afraid I don't understand yet," said Freddy.

"Haven't you ever heard of the Boy Scouts?" asked Uncle William.

"Oh, yes," said Freddy. "I saw some in the Memorial Day parade last May, but I don't know much about them."

"Well, I'm a Scout Master in charge of a Boy Scout troop, and to-day I am going to take my boys on their regular week-end hike. When I come home I'll tell you about it."

"What is a hike?" asked Freddy.

"Oh, that's a military word for a long tramp or walk," said his uncle. Here he looked at his watch. "We've a long hike before us to-day, and I am due to meet my boys at headquarters in ten minutes."

Uncle William and Cousin Jack both excused themselves and hurried off. As they swung down the front walk together, they looked very trim in their neat uniforms,

their knapsacks on their backs, canteens slung over their shoulders, axes in their belts, and long staffs in their hands.

Freddy spent the day playing with Cousin Bobby and did not see Uncle William and Cousin Jack until dinner-time. There was no time then to ask questions, but after dinner, when they all sat on the front porch, he reminded his uncle of his promise.

"Well, of course you know what a Scout is," said Uncle William.

"Why, yes, he goes out ahead of the army, to get information, doesn't he?" asked Freddy.

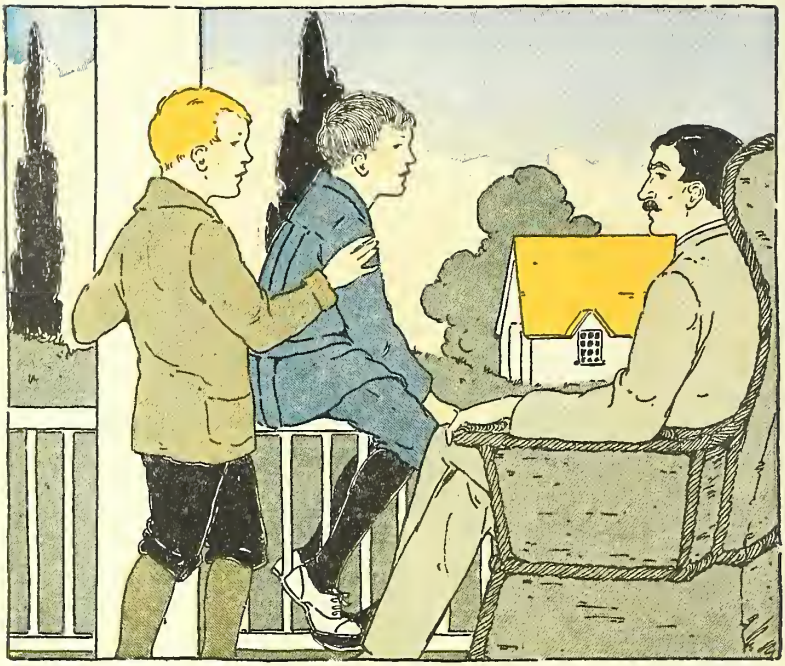
"Yes, that is what a military scout is," said Uncle William. "But we use the word in other senses. We sometimes apply it to men who go ahead and prepare the way for others, to explorers and pioneers who find new countries and open them up to others, and even to students and inventors who discover new ideas or invent new devices of value to the world. You see the word 'scout' comes to mean one who is in the forefront of things, working for the information, protection, or inspiration of others. To say that one is a good scout means that he is a wide-awake, faithful, and reliable fellow."

"We all ought to be scouts in that sense, oughtn't we?" said Freddy.

"We certainly ought," said his uncle.

"But how do you get to be a Boy Scout?" asked Freddy.

"In the first place you have to be twelve years old," said Uncle William.



"It will be almost a year before I can be a Scout, then," said Freddy. "I was eleven years old last month."

"Well, it isn't too soon right now to get ready. The Scout motto is 'Be Prepared,' which means that we must be ready physically and mentally for any emergency. It means that we must keep our bodies well and our minds clear for any task that may come our way."

"But suppose you are the right age to be a Scout, how do you become one?" asked Freddy.

"You must pass certain tests or examinations. Among

other things you must know how to tie nine different kinds of knots. Perhaps you know how to do that now,'' said Uncle William.

Freddy thought a moment. ''No, I don't,'' he said. ''I know how to tie three kinds of knots, that's all—a square knot, a granny, and a bowline.''

''Well, that leaves you six more to learn,'' said Uncle William. ''Besides this, you have to take the Scout oath and know the Scout Law. Then you become a Tenderfoot and are entitled to wear the Tenderfoot badge.''

''A Tenderfoot!'' exclaimed Freddy. ''That means a beginner, I suppose.''

''Exactly,'' said Uncle William. ''A Tenderfoot is a greenhorn, a beginner.''

''After you have been a Tenderfoot for at least a month you can take certain other tests and become a second-class Scout. This entitles you to wear a different sort of badge. Then after you have served as second-class Scout for at least two months you can pass still further tests and become a first-class Scout.''

''I suppose a first-class Scout has to know a lot of things,'' said Freddy.

Uncle William smiled. ''Why, yes, he is pretty well trained. Among other things he has to be able to swim fifty yards, to send and receive a message by semaphore or international Morse alphabet, to make a round trip alone or with another Scout to a point at least seven miles away

and back on foot or by rowboat, and write a satisfactory account of the trip. Your Cousin Jack is a first-class Scout.''

Freddy looked with interest at his big cousin. ''I suppose there isn't any more for you to learn,'' he said.

Cousin Jack laughed. ''Indeed there is,'' he said. ''When you get to be a first-class Scout you can study for merit badges. You win them by passing examinations.''

''Have you any merit badges, Cousin Jack?'' asked Freddy.

''Yes, I have four—in swimming, music, bird-study, and camping. I expect to take my examinations for two more before long.''

''One of the fine things about the Boy Scouts,'' went on Uncle William, ''is that it gives the boy a chance to go right on studying and acquiring useful knowledge. It encourages him to educate himself.''

''I want to be a Scout some day,'' said Freddy.

''Of course you do,'' said Uncle William. ''Every boy ought to be a Scout. Being a Scout means living up to the best that is in you. Every day the Boy Scout must do a good turn. This may be something big, like saving a person from drowning, or something as simple as going on an errand to the grocery-store. The point is that the Scout must let no day pass without doing something to help others. Besides this, every boy who becomes a Scout must take the Scout oath. This means that he must promise on his honor to do three things: first, to do his duty to

God and to his country and to obey the Scout Law; secondly, to help other people at all times; thirdly, to keep himself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight. Then he must promise to obey the Scout Law.''

''What is that?'' asked Freddy.

''Your Cousin Jack will tell you,'' said Uncle William.

Then Cousin Jack slowly repeated the *Scout Law.*

1. A Scout is trustworthy.

A Scout's honor is to be trusted. If he were to violate his honor by telling a lie, or by cheating, or by not doing exactly a given task, when trusted on his honor, he may be directed to hand over his Scout badge.

2. A Scout is loyal.

He is loyal to all to whom loyalty is due: his Scout leader, his home, and parents and country.

3. A Scout is helpful.

He must be prepared at any time to save life, help injured persons, and share the home duties. He must do at least one good turn to somebody every day.

4. A Scout is friendly.

He is a friend to all and a brother to every other Scout.

5. A Scout is courteous.

He is polite to all, especially to women, children, old people, and the weak and helpless. He must not take pay for being helpful or courteous.

6. A Scout is kind.

He is a friend to animals. He will not kill nor hurt any

living creature needlessly, but will strive to save and protect all harmless life.

7. A Scout is obedient.

He obeys his parents, Scout Master, patrol leader, and all other duly constituted authorities.

8. A Scout is cheerful.

He smiles whenever he can. His obedience to orders is prompt and cheery. He never shirks nor grumbles at hardships.

9. A Scout is thrifty.

He does not wantonly destroy property. He works faithfully, wastes nothing, and makes the best use of his opportunities. He saves his money so that he may pay his own way, be generous to those in need, and helpful to worthy objects.

He may work for pay but must not receive tips for courtesies or good turns.

10. A Scout is brave.

He has the courage to face danger in spite of fear, and has to stand up for the right against the coaxings of friends or the jeers or threats of enemies, and defeat does not down him.

11. A Scout is clean.

He keeps clean in body and thought, stands for clean speech, clean sport, clean habits, and travels with a clean crowd.

12. A Scout is reverent.

He is reverent toward God. He is faithful in his re-

ligious duties and respects the convictions of others in matters of custom and religion.

There was silence for a little while after Cousin Jack stopped. Then Freddy said, "I'm going to begin right now to try to be a good Scout."

"That's right, Freddy," said his uncle. "Be Prepared. That's the Boy Scout's motto and it's a fine motto for anybody. We all need to be good Scouts."

FOUR THINGS

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

THE CAMP-FIRE

In the making of fires there is as much difference as in the building of houses. Everything depends upon the purpose that you have in view. There is the camp-fire, and the cooking-fire, and the smudge-fire, and the little friendship-fire—not to speak of other minor varieties. . . .

The object of the camp-fire is to give heat, and incidentally light, to your tent or shanty. You can hardly build this kind of a fire unless you have a good axe and know how to chop. For the first thing that you need is a solid backlog, the thicker the better, to hold the heat and reflect it into the tent. This log must not be too dry, or it will burn out quickly. Neither must it be too damp, else it will smoulder and discourage the fire. The best wood for it is the body of a yellow birch, and, next to that, a green balsam. It should be five or six feet long, and at least two and a half feet in diameter. If you cannot find a tree thick enough, cut two or three lengths of a smaller

one; lay the thickest log on the ground first, about ten or twelve feet in front of the tent; drive two strong stakes behind it, slanting a little backward; and lay the other logs on top of the first, resting against the stakes.

Now you are ready for the hand-chunks, or andirons. These are shorter sticks of wood, eight or ten inches thick, laid at right angles to the backlog, four or five feet apart. Across these you are to build up the fire-wood proper.

Use a dry spruce-tree, not one that has fallen, but one that is dead and still standing, if you want a lively, snapping fire. Use a hard maple or a hickory if you want a fire that will burn steadily and make few sparks. But if you like a fire to blaze up at first with a splendid flame, and then burn on with an enduring heat far into the night, a young white birch with the bark on is the tree to choose. Six or eight round sticks of this laid across the hand-chunks, with perhaps a few quarterings of a larger tree, will make a glorious fire.

But before you put these on, you must be ready to light up. A few splinters of dry spruce or pine or balsam,

stood endwise against the backlog, or, better still, piled up in a pyramid between the hand-chunks; a few strips of birch bark, and one good match—these are all that you want. But be sure that your match is a good one. You would better see to this before you go into the brush. Your comfort, even your life, may depend on it.

In the woods, the old-fashioned brimstone match of our grandfathers—the match with a brown head and a stout stick and a dreadful smell—is the best. But if you have only one, you would better not trust even that to light your fire directly. Use it first to touch off a roll of birch bark which you hold in your hand. Then, when the bark is well alight, crinkling and curling, push it under the heap of kindlings, give the flame time to take a good hold, and lay your wood over it, a stick at a time, until the whole pile is blazing. Now your fire is started. Your friendly little gnome with the red hair is ready to serve you through the night.

He will dry your clothes if you are wet. He will cheer you up if you are despondent. He will diffuse an air of sociability through the camp, and draw the men together in a half-circle for story-telling and jokes and singing. He will hold a flambeau for you while you spread your blankets on the boughs and dress for bed. He will keep you warm while you sleep—at least till about three o'clock in the morning, when you dream that you are out sleighing in your pajamas, and wake up with a shiver.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

OLD PIPES AND THE DRYAD

A mountain brook ran through a little village. Over the brook there was a narrow bridge, and from the bridge a footpath led out from the village and up the hillside to the cottage of Old Pipes and his mother.

For many, many years Old Pipes had been employed by the villagers to pipe the cattle down from the hills. Every afternoon, an hour before sunset, he would sit on a rock in front of his cottage and play on his pipes. Then all the flocks and herds that were grazing on the mountains would hear him, wherever they might happen to be, and would come down to the village—the cows by the easiest

paths, the sheep by those not quite so easy, and the goats by the steep and rocky ways that were hardest of all.

But now, for a year or more, Old Pipes had not piped the cattle home. He had grown old and his breath was feeble. The echoes of his cheerful notes, which used to come from the rocky hill on the other side of the valley, were heard no more, and twenty yards from Old Pipes one could scarcely tell what tune he was playing. He had become somewhat deaf, and did not know that the sound of his pipes was so thin and weak and that the cattle did not hear him. The cows, the sheep, and the goats came down every afternoon as before; but this was because two boys and a girl were sent up after them. The villagers did not wish the good old man to know that his piping was no longer of any use; so they paid him his little salary every month and said nothing about the boys and the girl.

Old Pipes' mother was, of course, a great deal older than he was, and was as deaf as a gate,—posts, latch, hinges, and all—and she never knew that the sound of her son's pipe did not spread over all the mountainside and echo back strong and clear from the opposite hills. She was very fond of Old Pipes, and proud of his piping, and, as he was so much younger than she was, she never thought of him as being very old. She cooked for him, made his bed, and mended his clothes, and they lived very comfortably on his little salary.

One afternoon at the end of the month, when Old Pipes had finished his piping, he took his stout staff and went

down a hill to the village to receive the money for his month's work. The path seemed a great deal steeper and more difficult than it used to be, and Old Pipes thought that it must have been washed by the rains and greatly damaged. He remembered it as a path that was quite easy to traverse either up or down. But Old Pipes had been a very active man, and as his mother was so much older than he was he never thought of himself as aged and infirm.

When the Chief Villager had paid him, and he had talked a little with some of his friends, Old Pipes started to go home. But when he had crossed the bridge over the brook and gone a short distance up the hillside, he became very tired and sat down upon a stone. He had not been sitting there half a minute when along came two boys and a girl.

"Children," said Old Pipes, "I'm very tired to-night, and I don't believe I can climb up this steep path to my home. I think I shall have to ask you to help me."

"We will do that," said the boys and the girl quite cheerfully; and one boy took him by the right hand and the other by the left, while the girl pushed him in the back. In this way he went up the hill quite easily and soon reached his cottage door. Old Pipes gave each of the three children a copper coin, and they sat down for a few minutes' rest before starting back to the village.

"I'm sorry that I tired you so much," said Old Pipes.

"Oh, that would not have tired us," said one of the

boys, "if we had not been so far to-day after the cows, the sheep, and the goats. They rambled high up on the mountain, and we never before had such a time in finding them."

"Had to go after the cows, the sheep, and the goats!" exclaimed Old Pipes. "What do you mean by that?"

The girl, who stood behind the old man, shook her head, put her hand on her mouth, and made all sorts of signs to the boy to stop talking on this subject; but he did not notice her and promptly answered Old Pipes.

"Why, you see, good sir," said he, "that, as the cattle can't hear your pipes now, somebody has to go after them every evening to drive them down from the mountain, and the Chief Villager has hired us three to do it. Generally it is not very hard work, but to-night the cattle had wandered far."

"How long have you been doing this?" asked the old man.

The girl shook her head and clapped her hand on her mouth more vigorously than before, but the boy went on.

"I think it is about a year now," he said, "since the people first felt sure that the cattle could not hear your pipes; and from that time we've been driving them down. But we are rested now and will go home. Good night, sir."

The three children then went down the hill, the girl scolding the boy all the way home. Old Pipes stood silent a few moments, and then he went into his cottage.

"Mother," he shouted, "did you hear what those children said?"

"Children!" exclaimed the old woman; "I did not hear them. I did not know there were any children here."

Then Old Pipes told his mother—shouting very loudly to make her hear—how the two boys and the girl had helped him up the hill and what he had heard about his piping and the cattle.

"They can't hear you?" cried his mother. "Why, what's the matter with the cattle?"

"Ah, me!" said Old Pipes. "I don't believe there's anything the matter with the cattle. It must be with me and my pipes that there is something the matter. But one thing is certain; if I do not earn the wages the Chief Villager pays me, I shall not take them. I shall go straight down to the village and give back the money I received to-day."

"Nonsense!" cried his mother. "I'm sure you've piped as well as you could, and no more can be expected. And what are we to do without the money?"

"I don't know," said Old Pipes, "but I'm going down to the village to pay it back."

The sun had now set, but the moon was shining very brightly on the hillside, and Old Pipes could see his way very well. He did not take the same path by which he had gone before, but followed another, which led among the trees upon the hillside and, though longer, was not so steep.

When he had gone about half-way the old man sat down to rest, leaning his back against a great oak tree. As he did so he heard a sound like knocking inside the tree, and then a voice distinctly said:

"Let me out! Let me out!"

Old Pipes instantly forgot that he was tired and sprang to his feet. "This must be a dryad tree!" he exclaimed. "If it is, I'll let her out."

Old Pipes had never, to his knowledge, seen a dryad tree, but he knew there were such trees on the hillsides and the mountains and that dryads lived in them. He knew, too, that in the summertime, on those days when the moon rose before the sun went down, a dryad could come out of her tree if any one could find the key which locked her in and turn it. Old Pipes closely examined the trunk of the tree, which stood in the full moonlight. "If I see that key," he said, "I shall surely turn it." Before long he perceived a piece of bark standing out from the tree which looked to him very much like the handle of a key. He took hold of it and found he could turn it quite around. As he did so a large part of the side of the tree was pushed open and a beautiful dryad stepped quickly out.

For a moment she stood motionless, gazing on the scene before her—the tranquil valley, the hills, the forest, and the mountainside, all lying in the soft, clear light of the moon. "Oh, lovely! lovely," she exclaimed. "How long it is since I have seen anything like this!" And then, turning to Old Pipes, she said: "How good of you to let

me out! I am so happy and so thankful that I must kiss you, you dear old man!'' And she threw her arms around the neck of Old Pipes and kissed him on both cheeks.

''You don't know,'' she then went on to say, ''how doleful it is to be shut up so long in a tree. I don't mind it in the winter, for then I am glad to be sheltered, but in the summer it is a rueful thing not to be able to see all the beauties of the world. And it's ever so long since I've been let out. People so seldom come this way; and when they do come at the right time, they either don't hear me or they are frightened and run away. But you, you dear old man, you were not frightened, and you looked and looked for the key, and you let me out; and now I shall not have to go back till winter has come and the air grows cold. Oh, it is glorious! What can I do for you to show you how grateful I am?''

''I am very glad,'' said Old Pipes, ''that I let you out, since I see that it makes you so happy. But I must admit that I tried to find the key because I had a great desire to see the Dryad. But if you wish to do something for me, you can, if you happen to be going down toward the village.''

''To the village!'' exclaimed the Dryad. ''I will go anywhere for you, my kind old benefactor.''

''Well, then,'' said Old Pipes, ''I wish you would take this little bag of money to the Chief Villager and tell him that Old Pipes cannot receive pay for the services which he did not perform. It is now more than a year that I

have not been able to make the cattle hear me when I piped to call them home. I did not know this until to-night; but now that I know it I cannot keep the money, and so I send it back.'' And, handing the little bag to the Dryad, he bade her good night and turned toward his cottage.

''Good night!'' said the Dryad. ''And I thank you over and over and over again, you good old man!''

Old Pipes walked toward his home, very glad to be saved the fatigue of going all the way down to the village and back again. ''To be sure,'' he said to himself, ''this path does not seem at all steep, and I can walk along it very easily; but it would have tired me dreadfully to come up all the way from the village, especially as I could not have expected those children to help me again.'' When he reached home his mother was surprised to see him returning so soon.

''What!'' she exclaimed. ''Have you already come back? What did the Chief Villager say? Did he take the money?''

Old Pipes was just about to tell her that he had sent the money to the village by a dryad, when he suddenly reflected that his mother would be sure to disapprove such a proceeding, and so he merely said he had sent it by a person whom he had met.

''And how do you know that the person will ever take it to the Chief Villager?'' cried his mother. ''You will lose it, and the villagers will never get it. Oh, Pipes!

Pipes! When will you be old enough to have ordinary common sense?''

Old Pipes considered that, as he was already seventy years of age, he could scarcely expect to grow any wiser; but he made no remark on this subject, and, saying that he doubted not that the money would go safely to its destination, he sat down to his supper. His mother scolded him roundly, but he did not mind it; and after supper he went out and sat on a rustic chair in front of the cottage to look at the moonlit village and to wonder whether or not the Chief Villager really received the money. While he was doing these two things he went fast asleep.

When Old Pipes left the Dryad she did not go down to the village with the little bag of money. She held it in her hand and thought about what she had heard. ''This is a good and honest old man,'' she said, ''and it is a shame that he should lose his money. He looked as if he needed it, and I don't believe the people in the village will take it from one who has served them so long. Often, when in my tree, have I heard the sweet notes of his pipes. I am going to take the money back to him.'' She did not start immediately because there were so many beautiful things to look at; but after a while she went up to the cottage, and, finding Old Pipes asleep in his chair, she slipped the little bag into his coat pocket and silently sped away.

The next day Old Pipes told his mother that he would go up the mountain and cut some wood. He had a right to get wood from the mountain, but for a long time he had

been content to pick up the dead branches which lay about his cottage. To-day, however, he felt so strong and vigorous that he thought he would go and cut some fuel that would be better than this. He worked all the morning, and when he came back he did not feel at all tired, and he had a very good appetite for his dinner.

Now, Old Pipes knew a good deal about dryads; but there was one thing which, although he had heard, he had forgotten. This was that a kiss from a dryad makes a person ten years younger.

The people of the village knew this, and they were very careful not to let any child of ten years or younger go into the woods where the dryads were supposed to be; for, if they should chance to be kissed by one of these tree-nymphs, they would be set back so far that they would cease to exist.

Now, Old Pipes had been kissed twice by the Dryad, once on each cheek, and he therefore felt as vigorous and active as when he was a hale man of fifty. His mother noticed how much work he was doing, and told him that he need not try in that way to make up for the loss of his piping wages, for he would only tire himself out and get sick. But her son answered that he had not felt so well for years and that he was quite able to work.

In the course of the afternoon Old Pipes, for the first time that day, put his hand in his coat pocket, and there, to his amazement, he found the little bag of money. "Well! Well!" he exclaimed. "I am stupid, indeed. I really

thought that I had seen a dryad; but when I sat down by that big oak tree I must have gone to sleep and dreamed it all; and then I came home thinking I had given the money to a dryad, when it was in my pocket all the time. But the Chief Villager shall have the money. I shall not take it to him to-day, but to-morrow I wish to go to the village to see some of my old friends, and then I shall give up the money.''

Toward the close of the afternoon Old Pipes, as had been his custom for so many years, took his pipes from the shelf on which they lay and went out to the rock in front of the cottage.

''What are you going to do?'' cried his mother. ''If you will not consent to be paid, why do you pipe?''

''I am going to pipe for my own pleasure,'' said her son. ''I am used to it and I do not wish to give it up. It does not matter now whether the cattle hear me or not, and I am sure that my piping will injure no one.''

When the good man began to play upon his favorite instrument he was astonished at the sound that came from it. The beautiful notes of the pipes sounded clear and strong down into the valley and spread over the hills and up the side of the mountain beyond, while after a little interval an echo came back from the rocky hill on the other side of the valley.

''Ha, ha!'' he cried. ''What has happened to my pipes? They must have been stopped up of late, but now they are as clear and good as ever.''

Again the merry notes went sounding far and wide. The cattle on the mountain heard them, and those that were old enough remembered how these notes had called them from their pastures every evening, and so they started down the mountainside, the others following.

The merry notes were heard in the village below, and the people were much astonished thereby. "Why, who can be blowing the pipes of Old Pipes?" they said. But, as they were all very busy, no one went up to see. One thing was plain enough: the cattle were coming down the mountain. And so the two boys and the girl did not have to go after them and had an hour for play for which they were very glad.

The next morning Old Pipes started down to the village with his money, and on the way he met the Dryad. "Oh, ho!" he cried. "Is that you? Why, I thought my letting you out of the tree was nothing but a dream."

"A dream!" cried the Dryad. "If you only knew how happy you have made me you would not think it merely a dream. And has it not benefited you? Do you not feel happier? Yesterday I heard you playing beautifully on your pipes."

"Yes, yes!" cried he. "I did not understand it before, but I see it all now. I have really grown younger. I thank you, I thank you, good Dryad, from the bottom of my heart. It was the finding of the money in my pocket that made me think it was a dream."

"Oh, I put it in when you were asleep," she said, laughing, "because I thought you ought to keep it. Good-by, kind, honest man. May you live long and be as happy as I am now."

Old Pipes was greatly delighted when he understood that he was, indeed, a younger man; but that made no difference about the money, and he kept on his way to the village. As soon as he reached it he was eagerly questioned as to who had been playing the pipes the evening before, and when the people heard that it was himself they were very much surprised. Thereupon Old Pipes told what had happened to him, and then there was greater wonder, with hearty congratulations and hand-shakes, for Old Pipes was liked by every one. The Chief Villager refused to take his money, and, although Old Pipes said he had not earned it, every one present insisted that, as he would now play on his pipes as before, he should lose nothing because, for a time, he was unable to perform his duty.

So Old Pipes was obliged to keep his money, and after an hour or two spent in conversation with his friends he returned to his cottage.

There was one individual, however, who was not at all pleased with what had happened to Old Pipes. This was an Echo-dwarf who lived on the hills on the other side of the valley, and whose duty it was to echo back the notes of the pipes whenever they could be heard.

There were a great many other echo-dwarfs on these hills, some of whom echoed back the songs of maidens, some the shouts of children, and others the music that was often heard in the village. But there was only one who could send back the strong notes of the pipes of Old Pipes, and this had been his sole duty for many years. But when the old man grew feeble and the notes of his pipes could not be heard on the opposite hills, this Echo-dwarf had nothing to do, and he spent his time in delightful idleness; and he slept so much and grew so fat that it made his companions laugh to see him walk.

On the afternoon on which, after so long an interval, the sound of the pipes was heard on the echo hills, this dwarf was fast asleep behind a rock. As soon as the first notes reached them, some of his companions ran to wake him. Rolling to his feet, he echoed back the merry tune of Old Pipes.

Naturally, he was very much annoyed and indignant at being thus obliged to give up his life of comfortable leisure, and he hoped that this pipe-playing would not occur again. But this afternoon he was awake and listening, and, sure

enough, at the usual hour, along came the notes of the pipes, as clear and strong as they ever had been, and he was obliged to work as long as Old Pipes played. The Echo-dwarf was very angry. He had supposed, of course, that the pipe-playing had ceased forever, and he felt that he had a right to be indignant at being thus deceived. He was so much disturbed that he made up his mind to go and try to find out whether this was to be a temporary matter or not. He had plenty of time, as the pipes were played but once a day, and he set off early in the morning for the hill on which Old Pipes lived. It was hard work for the fat little fellow, and when he had crossed the valley and had gone some distance into the woods on the hillside he stopped to rest, and in a few minutes the Dryad came tripping along.

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed the dwarf. "What are you doing here, and how did you get out of your tree?"

"Doing?" cried the Dryad. "I am being happy; that's what I'm doing. And I was let out of the tree by the good old man that plays the pipes to call the cattle down from the mountain, and it makes me happier to think that I have been of service to him. I gave him two kisses of gratitude, and now he is young enough to play the pipes as well as ever."

The Echo-dwarf stepped forward, his face pale with passion. "Am I to believe," he said, "that you are the cause of this great evil that has come upon me? that you are the wicked creature who has again started this old man upon his career of pipe-playing? What have I ever done to you that you should have condemned me for years and years to echo back the notes of those wretched pipes?"

At this the Dryad laughed loudly.

"What a funny little fellow you are!" she said. "Any one would think you had been condemned to toil from morning till night, while what you really have to do is merely to imitate for half an hour every day the merry notes of Old Pipes' piping. Fie upon you, Echo-dwarf! You are lazy and selfish, and that is what is the matter with you. Instead of grumbling at being obliged to do a little wholesome work, which is less, I am sure, than that of any other echo-dwarf upon the rocky hillside, you should rejoice at the good fortune of the old man who has regained so much of his strength and vigor. Go home and learn to

be just and generous, and then, perhaps, you may be happy. Good-by."

"Insolent creature!" shouted the dwarf as he shook his fat little fist at her. "I'll make you suffer for this." And, shaking his head savagely, he turned back to the rocky hillside.

Every afternoon the merry notes of the pipes of Old Pipes sounded down into the valley and over the hills and up the mountainside; and every afternoon, when he had echoed them back, the little dwarf grew more and more angry with the Dryad. Each day, from early morning till it was time for him to go back to his duties upon the rocky hillside, he searched the woods for her.

One day, while thus wandering among the trees, he met Old Pipes. The Echo-dwarf did not generally care to see or speak to ordinary people; but now he was so anxious to find the object of his search that he stopped and asked Old Pipes if he had seen the Dryad. The piper had not noticed the little fellow, and he looked down on him with some surprise.

"No," he said. "I have not seen her, and I have been looking everywhere for her."

"You!" cried the dwarf. "What do you wish with her?"

Old Pipes then sat down on a stone and told what the Dryad had done for him.

"I am looking for the Dryad now," Old Pipes continued, "on account of my aged mother. When I was old myself

I did not notice how very aged my mother was; but now it shocks me to see how feeble and decrepit her years have caused her to become; and I am looking for the Dryad, to ask her to make my mother younger, as she made me.''

The eyes of the Echo-dwarf glistened. Here was a man who might help him in his plans.

''Your idea is a good one,'' he said to Old Pipes, ''and it does you honor. But you should know that a dryad can make no person younger but one who lets her out of her tree. However, you can manage the affair very easily. All you need do is to find the Dryad, tell her what you want, and request her to step into her tree and be shut up for a short time. Then you will go and bring your mother to the tree; she will open it and everything will be as you wish. Is not this a good plan?''

''Excellent,'' cried Old Pipes; ''I will go instantly and search more diligently for the Dryad.''

''Take me with you,'' said the Echo-dwarf. ''You can easily carry me on your strong shoulders, and I shall be glad to help you in any way that I can.''

''Now, then,'' said the little fellow to himself, ''if he persuades the Dryad to get into a tree,—and she is quite foolish enough to do it,—and then goes away to bring his mother, I shall take a stone or a club and I will break off the key of that tree so that nobody can ever turn it again. Then Mistress Dryad will see what she has brought upon herself by her behavior to me.''

Before long they came to the great oak tree in which

the Dryad had lived, and at a distance they saw that beautiful creature herself coming toward them.

"How excellently well everything happens," said the dwarf. "Put me down and I will go. Your business with the Dryad is more important than mine, and you need not say anything about my having suggested your plan to you. I am willing that you should have all the credit of it yourself."

Old Pipes put the Echo-dwarf upon the ground, but the little rogue did not go away. He concealed himself between some low, mossy rocks, and he was so much of their color that you would not have noticed him if you had been looking straight at him.

When the Dryad came up, Old Pipes lost no time in telling her about his mother and what he wished her to do. At first the Dryad answered nothing, but stood looking very sadly at Old Pipes.

"Do you really wish me to go into my tree again?" she said. "I should dreadfully dislike to do it, for I don't know what might happen. It is not at all necessary, for I could make your mother younger at any time if she would give me the opportunity. I cannot imagine what put this idea into your head. Did you think of it yourself?"

"No, I cannot say that I did," answered Old Pipes. "A little dwarf whom I met in the woods proposed it to me."

"Oh," cried the Dryad, "now I see through it all. It is the scheme of that vile Echo-dwarf—your enemy and mine. Where is he? I should like to see him."

"I think he has gone away," said Old Pipes.

"No, he has not," said the Dryad, whose quick eyes perceived the Echo-dwarf among the rocks. "There he is. Seize him and drag him out, I beg of you."

Old Pipes perceived the dwarf as soon as he was pointed out to him, and running to the rocks he caught the little fellow by the arm and pulled him out.

"Now, then," said the Dryad, who had opened the door of the great oak, "just stick him in there and we will shut him up. Then I shall be safe from his mischief for the rest of the time I am free."

Old Pipes thrust the Echo-dwarf into the tree. The Dryad pushed the door shut. There was a clicking sound of bark and wood, and no one would have noticed that the big oak ever had an opening in it.

"There," said the Dryad. "Now we need not be afraid of him. And I assure you, my good piper, that I shall be very glad to make your mother younger as soon as I can. Will you not ask her to come out and meet me?"

"Of course I will," cried Old Pipes, "and I will do it without delay."

Then, the Dryad by his side, he hurried to his cottage. But when he mentioned the matter to his mother, the old woman became very angry indeed. She did not believe in dryads and, if they really did exist, she knew they must be witches and sorceresses and she would have nothing to do with them.

That afternoon Old Pipes, feeling very sad that his plan in regard to his mother had failed, sat down upon the rocks and played upon his pipes. The pleasant sounds went

down the valley and up the hills and mountain, but, to the great surprise of some persons who happened to notice the fact, the notes were not echoed back from the rocky hillside but from the woods on the side of the valley where Old Pipes lived.

The next day many of the villagers stopped in their work to listen to the echo of the pipes coming from the woods. The sound was not as clear and strong as it used to be when it was sent back from the rocky hillside, but it certainly came from among the trees. Such a thing as an echo changing its place in this way had never been heard of before, and nobody was able to explain how it could have happened. Old Pipes, however, knew very well that the sound came from the Echo-dwarf shut up in the great oak tree. The sides of the tree were thin and the sound of the pipes could be heard through them, and the dwarf was obliged by the laws of his being to echo back those sounds whenever they came to him. But Old Pipes thought he might get the Dryad in trouble if he let any one know that the Echo-dwarf was shut up in the tree, and so he wisely said nothing about it.

As the summer days went on Old Pipes' mother grew feebler and feebler. One day when her son was away, for he now frequently went into the woods to hunt or fish, or down into the valley to work, she arose from her knitting to prepare the simple dinner. But she felt so weak and tired that she was not able to do the work to which she had been so long accustomed. "Alas, alas!" she said, "the time has come when I am too old to work. My son will have to hire

some one to come here and cook his meals, make his bed, and mend his clothes. Alas, alas! I had hoped that as long as I lived I should be able to do these things. But it is not so. I have grown utterly worthless, and some one else must prepare the dinner for my son. I wonder where he is.'' And tottering to the door she went outside to look for him. She did not feel able to stand, and reaching the rustic chair she sank into it, quite exhausted, and soon fell asleep.

The Dryad, who had often come to the cottage to see if she could find an opportunity of carrying out Old Pipes'

affectionate design, now happened by, and seeing that the much-desired occasion had come, she stepped up quietly behind the old woman and gently kissed her on each cheek and then as quietly disappeared.

In a few minutes the mother of Old Pipes awoke, and looking up at the sun she exclaimed: "Why, it is almost dinner-time. My son will be here presently and I am not ready for him." And rising to her feet she hurried into the house, made the fire, set the meat and vegetables to cook, laid the cloth, and by the time her son arrived the meal was on the table.

"How a little sleep does refresh one!" she said to herself, as she was hustling about. She was a woman of very vigorous constitution, and at seventy had been a great deal stronger and more active than her son was at that age. The moment Old Pipes saw his mother he knew that the Dryad had been there. But while he felt as happy as a king he was too wise to say anything about her.

"It is astonishing how well I feel to-day," said his mother; "and either my hearing has improved or you speak more plainly than you have done of late."

The summer days went on and passed away, the leaves were falling from the trees, and the air was becoming cold.

"Nature has ceased to be lovely," said the Dryad, "and the night-winds chill me. It is time for me to go back to my comfortable quarters in the great oak. But first I must pay another visit to the cottage of Old Pipes."

She found the piper and his mother sitting on the rock in front of the door. The cattle were not to go to the mountain any more that season and he was piping them down for the last time.

"How happy they look sitting there together!" said the Dryad; "and I don't believe it will do them a bit of harm to be still younger." And moving quietly up behind them, she first kissed Old Pipes on his cheek and then his mother.

Old Pipes, who had stopped playing, knew what it was, but he did not move and said nothing. His mother, thinking that her son had kissed her, turned to him with a smile and kissed him in return. And then she arose and went into the cottage, a vigorous woman of sixty, followed by her son, erect and happy, and twenty years younger than herself.

The Dryad sped away to the woods, shrugging her shoulders as she felt the cold evening wind.

When she reached the great oak, she turned the key and opened the door. "Come out," she said to the Echo-dwarf, who sat blinking within. "Winter is coming on and I want the comfortable shelter of my tree for myself. The cattle have come down from the mountain for the last time this year, the pipes will no longer sound, and you can go to your rocks and have a holiday until next spring."

Upon hearing these words the dwarf skipped quickly out and the Dryad entered the tree and pulled the door shut after her. "Now, then," she said to herself, "he

can break off the key if he likes. It does not matter to me. Another will grow out next spring. And, although the good piper made me no promise, I know that when the warm days arrive next year he will come and let me out again.''

The Echo-dwarf did not stop to break the key of the tree. He was too happy to be released to think of anything else, and he hastened as fast as he could to his home on the rocky hillside.

The Dryad was not mistaken when she trusted in the piper. When the warm days came again he went to the oak tree to let her out. But, to his sorrow and surprise, he found the great tree lying upon the ground. A winter storm had blown it down, and it lay with its trunk shattered and split. And what became of the Dryad no one ever knew.

FRANK STOCKTON (ABRIDGED).

Matcham was well rested and revived; and the two lads, winged by what Dick had seen, hurried through the remainder of the outwood, crossed the road in safety, and began to mount into the high ground of Tunstall Forest. The trees grew more and more in groves, with heathy places in between, sandy, gorsy, and dotted with old yews. The ground became more and more uneven, full of pits and hillocks. And with every step of the ascent the wind still blew the shriller, and the trees bent before the gusts like fishing-rods.

They had just entered one of the clearings when Dick suddenly clapped down upon his face among the brambles, and began to crawl slowly backward toward the shelter of the grove. Matcham, in great bewilderment, for he could see no reason for this flight, still imitated his companion's course; and it was not until they had gained the harbor of a thicket that he turned and begged him to explain.

For all reply, Dick pointed with his finger.

At the far end of the clearing a fir grew high above the neighboring wood and planted its black shock of foliage clear against the sky. For about fifty feet above the

ground the trunk grew straight and solid like a column. At that level it split into two massive boughs; and in the fork, like a mast-headed seaman, there stood a man in a green tabard, spying far and wide. The sun glistened upon his hair; with one hand he shaded his eyes to look abroad, and he kept slowly rolling his head from side to side, with the regularity of a machine.

The lads exchanged glances.

"Let us try to the left," said Dick. "We had near fallen foully, Jack."

Ten minutes afterward they struck into a beaten path.

"Here is a piece of forest that I know not," remarked Dick. "Where goeth me this track?"

"Let us even try," said Matcham.

A few yards farther the path came to the top of a ridge and began to go down abruptly into a cup-shaped hollow. At the foot, out of a thick wood of flowering hawthorn, two or three roofless gables, blackened as if by fire, and a single tall chimney marked the ruins of a house.

"What may this be?" whispered Matcham.

"Nay, I know not," answered Dick. "I am all at sea. Let us go warily."

With beating hearts they descended through the hawthorns. Here and there they passed signs of recent cultivation; fruit-trees and pot-herbs ran wild among the thicket; a sun-dial had fallen in the grass; it seemed they were treading what once had been a garden. Yet a little farther and they came forth before the ruins of the house.

It had been a pleasant mansion and a strong. A dry ditch was dug deep about it; but it was now choked with masonry, and bridged by a fallen rafter. The two farther walls still stood, the sun shining through their empty windows; but the remainder of the building had collapsed, and now lay in a great cairn of ruin, grimed with fire. Already in the interior a few plants were springing green among the chinks.

"Now I bethink me," whispered Dick, "this must be Grimstone. It was a hold of one Simon Malmesbury; Sir Daniel was his bane! 'Twas Bennet Hatch that burned it, now five years agone. In sooth, 'twas pity, for it was a fair house."

Down in the hollow, where no wind blew, it was both warm and still; and Matcham, laying one hand upon Dick's arm, held up a warning finger.

"Hist!" he said.

Then came a strange sound, breaking on the quiet. It was twice repeated ere they recognized its nature. It was the sound of a big man clearing his throat; and just then a hoarse, untuneful voice broke into singing.

"Then up and spake the master, the king of the outlaws,
'What make ye here, my merry men, among the greenwood shaws?'
And Gamelyn made answer—he looked never adown:
'O, they must need to walk in wood that may not walk in town!'"

The singer paused, a faint clink of iron followed, and then silence.

The two lads stood looking at each other. Whoever he might be, their invisible neighbor was just beyond the ruin. And suddenly the color came into Matcham's face, and next moment he had crossed the fallen rafter and was climbing cautiously on the huge pile of lumber that filled the interior of the roofless house. Dick would have withheld him, had he been in time; as it was, he was fain to follow.

Right in the corner of the ruin two rafters had fallen crosswise and protected a clear space no larger than a pew in church. Into this the lads silently lowered themselves. There they were perfectly concealed, and through an arrow-loophole commanded a view upon the farther side.

Peering through this, they were struck stiff with terror at their predicament. To retreat was impossible; they scarce dared to breathe. Upon the very margin of the ditch, not thirty feet from where they crouched, an iron caldron bubbled and steamed above a glowing fire; and close by, in an attitude of listening, as though he had caught some sound of their clambering among the ruins, a tall, red-faced, battered-looking man stood poised, an iron spoon in his right hand, a horn and a formidable dagger at his belt. Plainly this was the singer; plainly he had been stirring the caldron, when some incautious step among the lumber had fallen upon his ear. A little farther off another man lay slumbering, rolled in a brown cloak, with

a butterfly hovering above his face. All this was in a clearing white with daisies; and at the extreme verge a bow, a sheaf of arrows, and part of a deer's carcass hung upon a flowering hawthorn.

Presently the fellow relaxed from his attitude of attention, raised the spoon to his mouth, tasted its contents, nodded, and then fell again to stirring and singing.

"O, they must need to walk in wood that may not walk
in town,"

he croaked, taking up his song where he had left it.

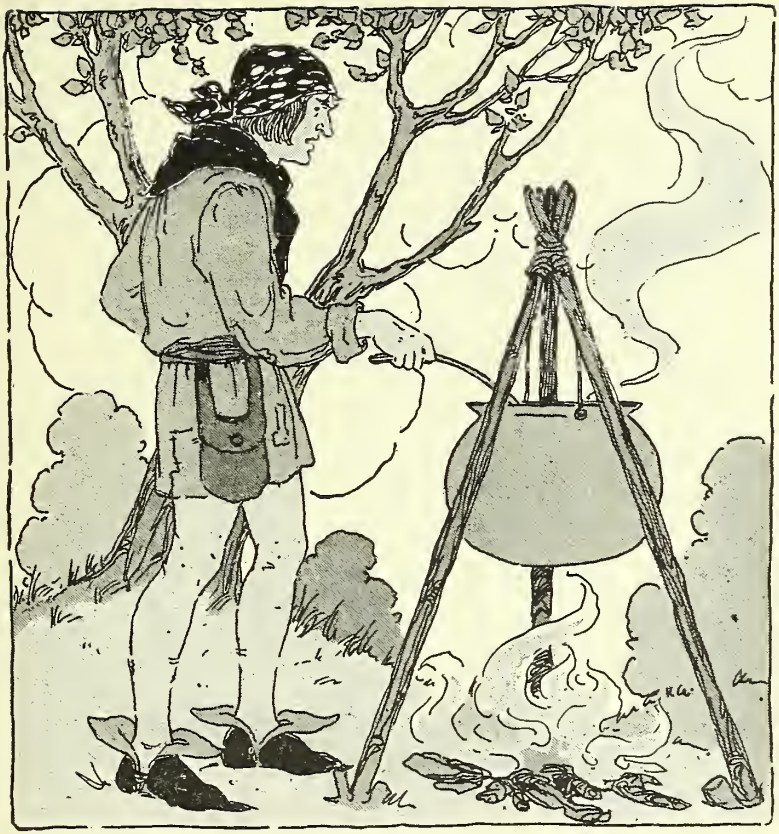
"O, sir, we walk not here at all an evil thing to do.
But if we meet with the good King's deer to shoot a shaft
into."

Still as he sang he took from time to time another spoonful of the broth, blew upon it, and tasted it, with all the airs of an experienced cook. At length, apparently, he judged the mess was ready; for taking the horn from his girdle, he blew three modulated calls.

The other fellow awoke, rolled over, brushed away the butterfly and looked about him.

"How now, brother?" he said. "Dinner?"

"Ay," replied the cook, "dinner it is, and a dry dinner too, with neither ale nor bread. But there is little pleasure in the greenwood now. Time was when a good fellow could live here like a mitred abbot, set aside the rain and



the white frosts. But now are men's spirits dead; and this John Amend-All, save us and guard us! but a stuffed booby to scare crows withal.''

''Nay,'' returned the other, ''y' are too set on meat and drinking, Lawless. Bide ye a bit; the good time cometh.''

"Look ye," returned the cook, "I have even waited for this good time sith that I was so high. I have been a Grey Friar; I have been a king's archer; I have been a shipman and sailed the salt seas; and I have been in greenwood before this, forsooth! and shot the King's deer. What cometh of it? Naught! I were better to have bided in the cloister. John Abbot availeth more than John Amend-All. By'r Lady, here they come!"

One after another tall, likely fellows began to stroll into the lawn. Each as he came produced a knife and a horn cup, helped himself from the caldron, and sat down upon the grass to eat. They were very variously equipped and armed; some in rusty smocks and with nothing but a knife and an old bow; others in the height of forest gallantry, all in Lincoln green, both hood and jerkin, with dainty peacock arrows in their belts, a horn upon a baldrick, and a sword and dagger at their sides. They came in the silence of hunger and scarce growled a salutation, but fell instantly to meat.

There were, perhaps, a score of them already gathered, when a sound of suppressed cheering arose close by among the hawthorns, and immediately after five or six woodmen carrying a stretcher debouched upon the lawn. A tall, lusty fellow, somewhat grizzled, and as brown as a smoked ham, walked before them with an air of some authority, his bow at his back, a bright boar-spear in his hand.

"Lads!" he cried, "good fellows all, and my right merry friends, y' have sung this while on a dry whistle and

lived at little ease. But what said I ever? Abide Fortune constantly; she turneth, turneth swift. And lo! here is her little firstling—even that good creature, ale!''

There was a murmur of applause as the bearers set down the stretcher and displayed a goodly cask.

''And now haste ye, boys,'' the man continued. ''There is work toward. A handful of archers are but now come to the ferry; murrey and blue is their wear; they are our butts—they shall all taste arrows; no man of them shall struggle through this wood. For, lads, we are here some fifty strong, each man of us most foully wronged; for some they have lost lands, and some friends; and some they have been outlawed—all oppressed! Who, then, hath done this evil? Sir Daniel, by the rood! Shall he then profit? Shall he sit snug in our houses? Shall he till our fields? Shall he suck the bone he robbed us of? I trow not. He getteth him strength at law; he gaineth cases; nay, there is one case he shall not gain. I have a writ here at my belt that, please the saints, shall conquer him.''

Lawless, the cook, was by this time already at his second horn of ale. He raised it, as if to pledge the speaker.

''Master Ellis,'' he said, ''y' are for vengeance—well it becometh you!—but your poor brother o' the greenwood, that had never lands to lose nor friends to think upon, looketh rather, for his poor part, to the profit of the thing.''

''Lawless,'' replied the other, ''to reach the Moat House, Sir Daniel must pass the forest. We shall make

that passage dearer, pardy, than any battle. Then, when he hath got to earth with such ragged handful as escapeth us—all his great friends fallen and fled away, and none to give him aid—we shall beleaguer that old fox about, and great shall be the fall of him. 'Tis a fat buck; he will make a dinner for us all.''

''Ay,'' returned Lawless, ''I have eaten many of these dinners beforehand; but the cooking of them is hot work, good Master Ellis. And meanwhile what do we? We make black arrows, we write rhymes, and we drink fair cold water.''

''Y' are untrue, Will Lawless. Ye still smell of the Grey Friars' buttery; greed is your undoing,'' answered Ellis. ''We took twenty pounds from Appleyard. We took seven marks from the messenger last night. A day ago we had fifty from the merchant.''

''And to-day,'' said one of the men, ''I stopped a fat pardoner riding apace for Holywood. Here is his purse.''

Ellis counted the contents.

''Five-score shillings!'' he grumbled. ''Fool, he had more in his sandal, or stitched into his tippet. Y'are but a child, Tom Cuckow; ye have lost the fish.''

But for all that Ellis pocketed the purse with nonchalance. He stood leaning on his boar-spear, and looked round upon the rest. They, in various attitudes, took greedily of the venison pottage, and good day; they were in luck; but business pressed, and they were speedy in their eating. The first comers had by this time even de-

spatched their dinner. Some lay down upon the grass and fell instantly asleep, like boa-constrictors; others talked together, or overhauled their weapons; and one, whose humor was particularly gay, began to sing:

"Here is no law in good green shaw,
Here is no lack of meat;
'Tis merry and quiet, with deer for our diet,
In summer, when all is sweet.

Come winter again, with wind and rain—
Come, winter, with snow and sleet,
Get home to your places, with hoods on your faces,
And sit by the fire and eat."

All this while the two lads had listened and lain close; only Richard had unslung his crossbow, and held ready in one hand the windac, or grappling-iron, that he used to bend it. Otherwise they had not dared to stir; and this scene of forest life had gone on before their eyes like a scene upon a theatre. But now there came a strange interruption. The tall chimney which overtopped the remainder of the ruins rose right above their hiding-place. There came a whistle in the air, and then a sounding smack, and the fragments of a broken arrow fell about their ears. Some one from the upper quarters of the wood, perhaps the very sentinel they saw posted in the fir, had shot an arrow at the chimney-top.

Matcham could not restrain a little cry, which he instantly stifled, and even Dick started with surprise and

dropped the windac from his fingers. But to the fellows on the lawn this shaft was an expected signal. They were all afoot together, tightening their belts, testing their bowstrings, loosening sword and dagger in the sheath. Ellis held up his hand; his face had suddenly assumed a look of savage energy; the white of his eyes shone in his sunbrown face.

"Lads," he said, "ye know your places. Let not one man's soul escape you. Appleyard was a whet before a meal; but now we go to table. I have three men whom I will bitterly avenge—Harry Shelton, Simon Malmesbury, and"—striking his broad bosom—"and Ellis Duckworth."

Another man came, red with hurry, through the thorns.

" 'Tis not Sir Daniel!" he panted. "They are but seven. Is the arrow gone?"

"It struck but now," replied Ellis.

"A murrain!" cried the messenger. "Methought I heard it whistle. And I go dinnerless!"

In the space of a minute, some running, some walking sharply, according as their stations were nearer or farther away, the men of the Black Arrow had all disappeared from the neighborhood of the ruined house; and the caldron, and the fire, which was now burning low, and the dead deer's carcass on the hawthorn, remained alone to testify they had been there.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE GREENWOOD TREE

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie in the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE CRUISE OF THE CORACLE

It was broad day when I awoke, and found myself tossing at the southwest end of Treasure Island. The sun was up, but was still hid from me behind the great bulk of the Spy-glass, which on this side descended almost to the sea in formidable cliffs.

Haulbowline Head and Mizzen-mast Hill were at my elbow; the hill bare and dark, the head bound with cliffs forty or fifty feet high, and fringed with great masses of fallen rock. I was scarce a quarter of a mile to seaward, and it was my first thought to paddle in and land.

That notion was soon given over. Among the fallen rocks the breakers spouted and bellowed; loud reverberations, heavy sprays flying and falling, succeeded one another from second to second; and I saw myself, if I ventured nearer, dashed to death upon the rough shore, or spending my strength in vain to scale the beetling crags.

Nor was that all; for crawling together on flat tables of rock, or letting themselves drop into the sea with loud reports, I beheld huge, slimy monsters—soft snails, as it were, of incredible bigness—two or three score of them together, making the rocks to echo with their barkings.

I have understood since that they were sea-lions, and entirely harmless. But the look of them, added to the

difficulty of the shore and the high running of the surf, was more than enough to disgust me of that landing-place.

I felt willing rather to starve at sea than to confront such perils.

In the meantime I had a better chance, as I supposed, before me. North of Haulbowline Head the land runs in a long way, leaving, at low tide, a long stretch of yellow sand. To the north of that, again, there comes another cape—Cape of the Woods, as it was marked upon the chart—buried in tall green pines, which descended to the margin of the sea.

I remembered what Silver had said about the current that sets northward along the whole west coast of Treasure Island; and seeing from my position that I was already under its influence, I preferred to leave Haulbowline Head behind me, and reserve my strength for an attempt to land upon the kindlier-looking Cape of the Woods.

There was a great, smooth swell upon the sea. The wind blowing steady and gentle from the south, there was no contrariety between that and the current, and the billows rose and fell unbroken.

Had it been otherwise, I must long ago have perished; but, as it was, it is surprising how easily and securely my little and light boat could ride. Often, as I still lay at the bottom and kept no more than an eye above the gunwale, I would see a big blue summit heaving close above me; yet the coracle would but bounce a little, dance as if on springs, and subside on the other side into the trough, as lightly as a bird.

I began after a little to grow very bold, and sat up to

try my skill at paddling. But even a small change in the disposition of the weight will produce violent changes in the behavior of a coracle. And I had hardly moved, before the boat, giving up at once her gently dancing movement, ran straight down a stope of water so steep that it made me giddy, and struck her nose, with a sprout of spray, deep into the side of the next wave.

I was drenched and terrified, and fell instantly back into my old position, whereupon the coracle seemed to find her head again, and led me as softly as before among the billows. It was plain she was not to be interfered with, and at that rate, since I could in no way influence her course, what hope had I left of reaching land?

I began to be horribly frightened, but I kept my head, for all that. First, moving with all care, I gradually baled out the coracle with my sea-cap; then, getting my eye once more above the gunwale, I set myself to study how it was she managed to slip so quietly through the rollers.

I found each wave, instead of the big, smooth, glossy mountain it looks from shore, or from a vessel's deck, was for all the world like any range of hills on the dry land, full of peaks and smooth places and valleys. The coracle, left to herself, turning from side to side, threaded, so to speak, her way through these lower parts, and avoided the steep slopes and higher, toppling summits of the wave.

"Well, now," thought I to myself, "it is plain, also, that I can put the paddle over the side, and from time to time, in smooth places, give her a shove or two toward

land.'' No sooner thought upon than done. There I lay on my elbows, in the most trying attitude, and every now and again gave a weak stroke or two to turn her head to shore.

It was very tiring, and slow work, yet I did visibly gain ground; and, as we drew near the Cape of the Woods, though I saw I must infallibly miss that point, I had still made some hundred yards of easting. I was, indeed, close in. I could see the cool, green tree-tops swaying together in the breeze, and I felt sure I should make the next promontory without fail.

It was high time, for I now began to be tortured with thirst. The glow of the sun from above, its thousandfold reflection from the waves, the sea-water that fell and dried upon me, caking my very lips with salt, combined to make my throat burn and my brain ache. The sight of the trees so near at hand had almost made me sick with longing; but the current had soon carried me past the point; and, as the next reach of sea opened out, I beheld a sight that changed the nature of my thoughts.

Right in front of me, not half a mile away, I beheld the *Hispaniola*, under sail. I made sure, of course, that I should be taken; but I was so distressed for want of water, that I scarce knew whether to be glad or sorry at the thought. Long before I had come to a conclusion surprise had taken entire possession of my mind, and I could do nothing but stare and wonder.

The *Hispaniola* was under her mainsail and two jibs, and the beautiful white canvas shone in the sun like snow

or silver. When I first sighted her, all her sails were drawing. She was lying a course about northwest, and I presumed the men on board were going round the island on their way back to the anchorage. Presently she began to fetch more and more to the westward, so that I thought they had sighted me and were going about in chase. At last, however, she fell right into the wind's eye, was taken dead aback, and stood there awhile helpless, with her sails shivering.

"Clumsy fellows," said I. And I thought how Captain Smollett would have set them skipping.

Meanwhile the schooner gradually fell off and filled again upon another tack, sailed swiftly for a minute or so, and brought up once more dead in the wind's eye. Again and again was this repeated. To and fro, up and down, north, south, east, and west, the *Hispaniola* sailed by swoops and dashes, and at each repetition ended as she had begun, with idly flapping canvas. It became plain to me that nobody was steering. And, if so, where were the men? Perhaps they had deserted her, I thought, and, if I could get on board, I might return the vessel to her captain.

The current was bearing coracle and schooner southward at an equal rate. As for the latter's sailing, it was so wild and intermittent, and she hung each time so long in irons that she certainly gained nothing, if she did not even lose. If only I dared to sit up and paddle I made sure that I could overhaul her. The scheme had an air of adventure that inspired me, and the thought of the water

breaker beside the fore companion doubled my growing courage.

Up I got, and was welcomed almost instantly by another cloud of spray. This time I stuck to my purpose, and set myself with all my strength and caution to paddle after the unsteered *Hispaniola*. Once I shipped a sea so heavy that I had to stop and bale, with my heart fluttering like a bird. But gradually I got into the way of the thing, and guided my coracle among the waves, with only now and then a blow upon her bows and a dash of foam in my face.

I was now gaining rapidly on the schooner. I could see the brass glisten on the tiller as it banged about; and still no soul appeared upon decks. I could not choose but suppose she was deserted.

For some time she had been doing the worst thing possible for me—standing still. She headed nearly due south, yawing, of course, all the time. Each time she fell off her sails partly filled, and these brought her, in a moment, right to the wind again. I have said this was the worst thing possible for me; for, helpless as she looked in this situation, with the canvas cracking like cannon, and the blocks trundling and banging on the deck, she still continued to run away from me, not only with the speed of the current, but by the whole amount of her leeway, which was naturally great.

But now, at last, I had my chance. The breeze fell, for some seconds, very low, and, the current gradually turn-

ing her, the *Hispaniola* revolved slowly round her centre, and at last presented me her stern, with the cabin window still gaping open, and the lamp over the table still burning on into the day. The mainsail hung drooped like a banner. She was stock-still but for the current.

For the last little while I had even lost; but, now redoubling my efforts, I began once more to overhaul the chase.

I was not a hundred yards from her when the wind came again in a clap; she filled on the port tack and was off again, stooping and skimming like a swallow.

My first impulse was one of despair, but my second was toward joy. Round she came, till she was broadside on to me—round still till she had covered a half and then two-thirds and then three-quarters of the distance that separated us. I could see the waves boiling white under her forefoot. Immensely tall she looked to me from my low station in the coracle.

And then, of a sudden, I began to comprehend. I had scarce time to think—scarce time to act and save myself. I was on the summit of one swell when the schooner came stooping over the next. The bowsprit was over my head. I sprang to my feet and leaped, stamping the coracle under water. With one hand I caught the jib-boom, while my foot was lodged between the stay and the brace; and as I still clung there panting, a dull blow told me that the schooner had charged down upon and struck the coracle, and that I was left without retreat on the *Hispaniola*.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A SONG OF THE SEA

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I should ride and sleep.

I love (oh! how I love) to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the southwest blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he come to me,
Shall come on the wide, unbounded sea!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (BARRY CORNWALL).

THE WANDERER

Upon a mountain height, far from the sea,
  I found a shell,
And to my listening ear the lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing,
  Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

How came the shell upon that mountain height?
  Ah, who can say
Whether there dropped by some too careless hand,
Or whether there cast when Ocean swept the Land,
  Ere the Eternal had ordained the Day?

Strange, was it not? Far from its native deep,
One song it sang—
Sang of the awful mysteries of the tide,
Sang of the misty sea, profound and wide—
Ever with echoes of the ocean rang.

And as the shell upon the mountain height
Sings of the sea,
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away,—
So do I ever, wandering where I may,—
Sing, O my home! Sing, O my home! of thee.

EUGENE FIELD.

WORD LIST

THE following word list does not include all the words that appear for the first time in the NATURAL METHOD FOURTH READER, but only those that the authors believe should be included either because they are difficult to spell or because they need to have their proper syllabication, accent, pronunciation, or meaning indicated. No attempt has been made to give all the meanings of the words defined, but only those that will make clear the meaning of the text. The diacritical markings used are those given in the latest edition of WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY.

A KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ā, as in fāte	ē, as in ē vent′	ô, as in ôrb	ú, as in ú nite
á, " " sen′áte	ĕ, " " ĕnd	ŏ, " " ŏdd	û, " " ûrn
â, " " câre	ē, " " ev′ēr	ō, " " sŏft	ŭ, " " ŭp
ă, " " făt	ĕ, " " re′cĕnt	ŏ, " " cŏn nect′	ŭ, " " cir′cŭs
ä, " " ärm	ī, " " īce	o͞o, " " fo͞od	ü, " " me nü′
å, " " åsk	ĭ, " " ĭll	o͝o, " " fo͝ot	th, " " thin
ă, " " fi′năl	ɴ, " " bon	ou, " " out	t͟h, " " t͟hen
ȧ, " " sófȧ	ō, " " ōld	ū, " " ūse	t͡ū, " " cul′t͡ūre
ē, " " ēve	ō, " " ō bey′		zh for z, as in az′ure

ŋ (like ng), for n before the sound of k or "hard" g, as in bank.

a back′, with the wind directly ahead and stopping the forward movement of the vessel.
a bide′, to remain, stay; to wait for.
ab′sent-mind′ed ness, forgetfulness of what one is doing.
ab so lute′ly, entirely.
ab sorbed′, completely occupied.
a buse′, to ill-treat.
ac cept′, to take.
ac com′mo date, to fit, assist.
ac com′pan y, to go with.
ac cost′, to speak to, address.
ac count′, to explain.
ac count′a ble, subject to the wishes or orders of.
ac cus′tom, to get used to.
ac knowl′edge, to admit the existence of.
ac quire′, to learn, get.
act′u al ly, really, truly.
ad dress′es, attentions.
ad′mi ral, commander of a fleet of warships

a do′, trouble, fuss.
Ae cha′li a (ē kā′lĭ *a*).
af fec′tion ate, tender, loving.
af firm′, to declare.
a ghast′, filled with horror.
ag′o ny, extreme pain.
ag′ri cul′ture, farming.
a jar′, a little open.
al ter′nate (ăl tēr′nāt), occurring by turns; first one and then another.
a lu′mi num, a kind of metal, very light of weight and looking much like silver.
am bi′tion, eager desire.
ampt′man, (amt′mạn) magistrate, judge, steward.
An con (ăn kon′).
and′i ron, irons on which are placed the sticks of wood in a fireplace.
an ni′hi la′tion, destruction.
ant′lers, horns.
a pace′, at a fast pace.
A pol′lo, a Greek god, brother of Diana, and especially interested in music and the arts.
ap pa ra′tus, machinery, arrangement.
ap proach′, to come near.
ap pro ba′tion, approval, favor.
ap pro′pri at′ed, set aside.
ap prove′, to favor.
ap prov′ing ly, with approval or favor.
Ar′te mis (är′tē mĭs), Greek goddess of hunting, sister of Apollo.
ar til′ler y, heavy guns or cannon.
a skance′, sideways, showing doubt or suspicion.
as pire′, to have ambition.
as say′, trial, attempt.
as sent′, agreement, willingness.
as signed′, given, set aside for.
as′tral lamp, a peculiar kind of oil-burning lamp.
a sun′der, apart.
a thwart′, across.
a tone′, to make up for.
at′ti tude, manner, behavior.
au′di ence, those who hear.
aught (ôt), anything.
au gust′, dignified, stately.
au thor′i ty, power, weight.
au′to mat′ic, something that goes by itself.
au′tumn (ô′tŭm), the fall of the year.
a vail′, to use; to be worth.
a vail′a ble, usable.
a venge′, to do justice to one by punishing the person who has wronged him.
a′zure, blue.

baf′fle, to defeat, foil.
Bal bo′a, (bäl bō′ä), Spanish explorer who discovered the Pacific Ocean in 1513.
bal′dric (bôl′drĭe), a belt worn over the shoulder and across the breast.
bal′last, weights used to steady a boat or a balloon.
bal′sam (bôl′s′m), sap or pitch; a kind of evergreen tree much like a spruce.
Bal′tic (bôl′tĭe).
bane, cause of ruin.
bank′rupt, unable to pay one's debts.
Barn′um, the great circus man.
bar′racks, buildings in which soldiers are lodged.
base′ment, the lowest story of a building, usually below the street level.
bawl, to cry loudly.
ba zaar′ (bȧ zär′), a market-place, generally covered, found in Eastern countries.
be drag′gled, stained, disordered, upset.
Bee tho′ven (bā tō′vĕn), great German composer, 1770–1827.
beet′ling, overhanging.
be lea′guer (bē lē′gēr), to surround, hem in.
bel′low, to shout or yell.
be nev′o lence, kindness, good will.
bent, strongly inclined toward something.
be sieged′ (bē sējd), surrounded by armed forces.
be sought′ (bē sôt), begged.
be tok′en, to give sign of.
be tray′, to be false to a trust; to tell a secret.
be wil′der ment, confusion.
bick′er, to quarrel, run noisily.
bide, to wait.
bi jou′ (bē′zhōō′), fine, elegant—French *bijou*, jewel.
bil′lows, waves.

blink, to close the eyes slowly.
bliss'ful ly, happily.
block, a grooved pulley, used in hoisting sails aboard ship, lifting weights, etc.
blood'curd ling, causing fear.
bolt, to rush away, run suddenly.
boon, favor.
bound'en, old form of bound.
bowled, knocked, struck.
bow'line (bō'lĭn), a kind of knot.
bowl'ing, rolling.
bow'sprit (bou'sprĭt), the spar or timber that projects ahead from the bow of a vessel.
brace, a piece of timber projecting downward from the bowsprit and held in place by stays or ropes to the ship's hull.
brag'gart, one who brags or boasts.
bran'dish, to raise or shake in the air.
break'ers, waves that break into foam against the shore or rocks.
bred, brought up.
Brem'en,
bribe, payment for wrongdoing.
broad'ax, a wide-bladed ax used by carpenters.
bunks, sleeping-places.
Bur'gun dy, an old province of France in the eastern central part.
butt, target.
but'ter y, pantry.

ca'ble, chain by which the anchor is attached to a ship.
cairn, heap, mound.
ca lam'i ty, misfortune, sad occurrence.
cal'dron (kôl drŭn), big kettle.
cal'i ber, the size of the bore of a gun or cannon.
Cal'y don (kăl'ĭ dŏn).
can'did, frank, fond of telling the exact truth.
can teen', a metal case in which to carry water.
Can'ter bur y,
can'yon, a deep river gorge.
ca'pa ble, being able to do things.
car'a van, a camel train.
ca reer', course of action, life.
ca ress', to touch gently or lovingly.
Car'ib be'an,
car'ol, song, singing.
cast, to throw the line out to a distance in fishing.
ca the'dral, a large important church.
cau'tious ly, carefully.
ceil'ing (sēl'ĭng), the overhead inside lining of a room.
ce les'tial, heavenly.
cel'lar age, underground place.
cer'e mo'ni al, belonging to or relating to a ceremony.
Cha'gres (chă'grĕs).
chaff, to joke, make fun of.
chart, a sailor's map of the shore and the depth of water offshore.
chat'ter, to talk in a noisy, meaningless way.
chee maun', Indian word for boat or canoe.
Chi non' (shē nôN'), a town in central France.
chir'rup, to make a sharp noise with the lips; to chirp.
chub'by, fat, plump.
cit'i zen, a town dweller.
clam'ber, to climb.
clap'boards (klap'bōrds), thin strips of wood put on over the heavy boards which form the main walls of a building.
clog, to fill up.
cob'nut, hazelnut.
cock'a too', a kind of parrot.
Col'chis (kŏl'kĭs).
col lapse', to fall in, give way.
col li'sion, a running into each other of two bodies.
col'o ny, a group or collection of families.
com'bat, fight.
come'ly (kŭm'lĭ), good-looking.
com'ment, talk, debate.
com mo'tion, disturbance, disorder.
com pact'ness, fitting into small space.
com pan'ion, one who goes with another; on shipboard the stairway leading down between decks.
com part'ment, place or division.
com'pass es (kŭm'păs es), an instrument used by engineers, carpenters, etc., for drawing circles.

com pos'ed ly, ealmly.
com pre hend', to understand.
con ceal', to hide.
con'crete, a mixture of erushed stone and eement that hardens and beeomes like stone.
con demn', to give over to punishment, deelare one to be wrong or guilty.
con demned', senteneed to punishment.
con duct', to bring.
con fec'tions, eandy, preserves.
con fess', to admit or aeknowledge, usually something wrong.
con front', to faee.
con fus'ing, hard to understand.
con grat u la'tions, good wishes.
con'science (eŏn shĕns), sense of one's good intentions.
con'scious, aware of, knowing.
con'scious ness (kŏn'shŭs nĕs), knowledge of.
con sent', to be willing.
con sid'er ate, kind.
con'ster na'tion, fright, fear.
con'sti tut ed, set up, established.
con struct', to make, build.
con tain', to hold.
con temp'tu ous (kŏn tĕmp'tū ŭs), full of eontempt or seorn.
con temp'tu ous ly, seornfully.
con tend', to strive, eontest.
con tent'ment, satisfaetion, state of being eontented.
con'ti nen'tal, belonging to the eontinent.
con tin'u al ly, all the time.
con'tra ri'e ty, opposition.
con ver sa'tion, talk.
con vert', to ehange to one's way of thinking.
con vic'tions, beliefs.
con vuls'ed ly, shaken with grief.
coot, a kind of duek.
copse, wood, thieket.
cor'a cle, a rough boat made of skins.
cos'tume, suit, dress.
coun'cil, meeting.
coun'sel, an exehange of views.
coun'te nance, faee; to approve of, favor.
cour'age (kŭr'âj), bravery.
cour'te ous (kûr'tē ŭs), polite.
cour'te sy (kûr'tē sĭ), to bow low.
cramped, erowded.
crave, to beg, ask.
cre ate', to make.
cress, a low-growing water-plant.
crev'ice, eraek.
croft, a small enelosed field.
crone, an old, useless person.
cro'sier (krō'zhēr), a bishop's erook or staff.
Cru'soe, Robinson Crusoe, the hero of a famous story of Daniel Defoe.
crys'tal, elear; a kind of stone that ean be seen through like glass.
crys'tal lize, to form into erystals.
Cu le'bra (Kōō lā'brä).
cul'tured, showing eulture or training of the mind; refined.
cu'po la, a small tower on the top of a building.
cu ri os'i ty, desire to know.
cur'lew, a long-legged water-bird about the size of a plover.
cus'tom house, the building eontaining the offices of the eollectors of taxes on imported goods at seaport towns.
cy'clone (sī'klōn), a violent storm with high winds.

dab'chick, the grebe, a kind of waterbird.
Daed'a lus (dē'dȧ lŭs or dĕd'ȧ lŭs).
dam'ask, eloth having figures woven in it.
Dau'phin (dô'fĭn), the title of the eldest son of the king of Franee, and applied to the king until he had been formally erowned.
death-knell, death signal.
de bouch' (dē bōōsh'), to mareh out into open ground.
de'cent, proper, well-behaved.
de clare', to say, announee.
de cline', to refuse.
de flat'ed, unfilled, emptied.
deg ra da'tion, dishonor, shame.
Deit'rich (dī'trĭek).
de ject'ed, sad.
De Les'seps,
de lib'er ate, slow, not hasty.

del'uge, flood.
de mand', to ask firmly or earnestly.
de mol'ish, to destroy.
dem'on strate, to prove.
de scend', to come down.
de spair' (dē spâr'), loss of hope.
des patch', to send.
de spond'ent, sad, depressed.
des ti na'tion, end of a journey.
des'ti ny, fate.
de tach'ment, force, company belonging to a larger body.
Deutsch'land (doich'länd).
de vice', contrivance, an invention.
de vise', to plan, arrange.
de vot'ed, pledged to; faithful.
de vo'tion, strong faith or zeal, love.
de vout', having strong religious feeling, pious.
dex ter'i ty, skill.
Die'drich (dē'drick).
dif fuse', to spread.
dig'ni ty, nobleness.
di lem'ma, difficult position, predicament.
dil'i gent, attentive to one's work.
dil'i gent ly, actively, steadily.
dis'ap prove', to regard as wrong.
dis cern' (dĭ zûrn'), to see, distinguish.
dis'ci pline (dĭs'ĭ plĭn), order, control, habit of obedience.
dis grace', to shame, ruin.
dis guise', a dress put on to cover up or conceal one's real self.
disk, a round flat piece of metal or paper.
dis loy'al, unfaithful.
dis'mal, gloomy.
dis may', fright, alarm, discouragement.
dis mayed', disturbed, distressed.
dis pose', to get rid of, to put out of the way.
dis po si'tion, make-up, temper of mind; arrangement.
dis tinct'ly, clearly.
dis tin'guish, to attract notice.
dis tract', to upset, disturb.
dis tract'ed ly, wild with grief or fear.
dis tress', pain, sorrow, trouble.
dis tressed', in pain.
dis trib'ute, to pass about.
di vide', dividing ridge or watershed between two regions.
doel (dōl), bullseye.
dole'ful, sad.
dol'phin (dŏl'fĭn), a large sea-fish.
do main', region, extent of country.
down'cast, sad.
draft, current of air.
drudge, to perform mean or unpleasant work.
dry'ad, an imaginary goddess or sprite that lives in a tree.
du'ly, regularly.

e con'o my, saving, management without loss or waste.
ec'sta sy, wild joy, rapture.
ec stat'ic, moved by ec'sta sy or strong feeling.
ed'dy ing, flowing in little eddies or whirlpools.
ed'i fice (ĕd'ĭ fĭs), a large or elegant building.
Eif'fel' (ĕ'fĭl' or ĕf'ĕl').
e jac'u late, to speak in a sudden or abrupt way.
e lapse', to pass by.
e lope', to run away to get married.
em broid'ered, trimmed or ornamented with fancy stitching.
e mer'gen cy, an unexpected occurrence that calls for immediate action.
e mo'tion, strong feeling.
em ploy'er, one who employs or hires others to work.
en a'ble, to make able or possible.
en chant'er, one who enchants or does things by magic.
en coun'ter, meeting, quarrel, fight.
en deav'or (ĕn dĕv'ĕr), to try.
en dur'ing, lasting.
en list', to enter military or naval service.
en'sign (ĕn'sīn), flag, signal.
en ti'tle, to give a right to.
en tranced', filled with delight.
en treat', to beg or ask earnestly.
ep'au let (ĕp'ô lĕt), a shoulder ornament now worn chiefly by officers in full dress.
e ques'tri an (ē kwĕs'trĭ ăn), horseman, rider.

e quip'ment, maehinery, tools, ete.
e rect', to put up, build.
es cort', to attend, assist, go with.
es tate', property, lands, house, ete.
e ter'nal, everlasting.
et'i quette (ĕt'ĭ kĕt), eustom.
Eu'ry tus (ū'rĭ tŭs).
ex ceed'ing ly, extremely, very.
ex cel', to do better than, exeeed; to lead.
ex cite'ment, eonfusion, stir.
ex cru'ci at ing ly, very severely.
ex cur'sion, trip, journey.
ex'e cute, to earry out.
ex haust' (ĕg zôst'), to use up, wear out.
ex hort', to urge.
ex pec ta'tion, the state of expeeting.
ex pe'ri ence, wide aequaintanee.
ex ul ta'tion, great joy or pride.

fain, gladly, willingly.
fal'low, ploughed land.
fan'cy, to imagine.
fare, to get along, be provided for.
fas'ci nat ed, extremely pleased with.
fate'ful, important to one's fate or future life.
fa tigue' (fȧ tēg'), weariness.
fea'tures (fē'tûrz), faee.
fell, fieree, evil.
fes toons', garlands or wreaths.
fetch, to bring.
Fi a met'ta (fē ä mĕt'tä).
fi'brous, having fibres or long root extensions.
fi del'i ty, faithfulness, trust, devotion.
fil'ter, to get through slowly, sift.
fis'sure, opening.
fiend, devil, evil spirit.
film'y, thin, misty.
fit'ful, eoming and going by fits and starts.
flam'beau (flăm'bō), toreh.
fla min'go, a big, long-legged, heavy-billed bird, of a red eolor.
flat'ter, to please with undeserved praise.
flaw, wind, breeze.
flecked, spotted.
flood'-cock, an opening by whieh water may be let in.
flo til'la, fleet.
flour'ish (flŭr'ĭsh), to make bold or sweeping movements; showy ornamentation.
flour'ish, to get on, sueeeed, thrive.
flue (flōō), a passage running up through a ehimney.
for bear', to keep from.
for bear'ance, kindness, pity.
fore'foot, bow of the ship where it euts through the water.
for'eign er (fôr'ĭn ẽr), one who lives in or eame from another eountry.
for'feit (fôr'fĭt), to lose, owing to failure to keep an agreement.
for'mi da ble, large, powerful; dreadful.
for sooth', in truth.
forth with', at once.
foun da'tion, that upon whieh anything stands or is built.
frag'ile (frăj'ĭl), easily broken.
fur'rowed, wrinkled.
fu'tile (fū'tĭl), useless.

Gal'i lee, provinee of aneient Palestine.
gal lant', gay young fellow.
gam'bling, playing for money.
Gam bo'a,
Gam'e lyn (găm'ẽ lĭn).
Ga tun' (gȧ tōōn').
gaud'y, bright-eolored.
gen'ius (jēn'yŭs), unusual ability.
ges tic'u late, to move the hands as one talks.
Ghee'zis (gē'zĭs).
gig, a kind of two-wheeled earriage.
gin'ger ly (jĭn'jer lĭ), earefully.
gir'dle, to eut the bark of a tree all the way round and so kill it; a belt.
glis'ten (glĭs"n), to shine.
gnome (nōm), elf, dwarf.
Goe'thals (gō'thôlz).
gors'y, overgrown with evergreen shrubs.
gra'cious, kindly, mereiful.
gra'cious ly, kindly.
grad'u al ly, little by little.
grand'sire, grandfather.
grat'i tude, warm and friendly feeling toward some one for a favor done.

grave, sober, serious.
gray'ling, a small game-fish.
graze, to feed, eat grass.
greet, to address, speak to.
groan (grōn), to moan.
groat, a small silver coin formerly used in England.
gryph'on (grĭf'ŭn), an imaginary animal, half lion half eagle.
guard'house, a place where soldiers are placed for misbehaving, a lock-up or prison.
gun'wale (gŭn'ĕl), the upper edge of a boat's side.

Haar'lem (här'lĕm).
hand'y, skilful, ready.
har'bor, shelter.
har'ry, to lay waste, destroy.
hatch, the covering over an opening into the hull of a ship.
haugh'ti ly (hô'tĭ lĭ), proudly.
hav'oc, damage.
heark'en (här'k'n), to listen, hear.
heave (hēv), to draw in the breath when sighing.
heed, care.
heed'less, careless.
Hel'las, Greece.
hence forth', from now on.
Her'a cles (hĕr'*á* klēz), Greek hero and demigod famous for his strength.
hern, **heron**, a long-legged, long-billed water-bird.
hes'i tate, to stop, wait, delay.
hex ag'o nal, six-sided.
hi lar'i ty, fun.
His'pan i o'la (hĭs'păn yō'l*á*).
hoarse'ly (hōrs lĭ), in a harsh voice.
hob'ble, to go lamely, limp.
ho ri'zon, the line where the earth and sky seem to meet.
hu mane', kind.
hur'ri cane, a great wind storm.
Huy'gens (hī'gĕnz).
hy'dro gen (hī'drō jĕn), a kind of gas.
hys ter'ics, a kind of nervous attack.

Ic'a rus (ĭk'á rŭs).
im'age, exact copy of.
im mense', very large.
im pale', to pierce with anything sharp.
im pa'tient, unwilling to wait.
im pe'ri ous ly, urgently.
im plore', to ask earnestly.
im plor'ing ly, begging earnestly.
im'port, meaning, importance.
im promp'tu, hastily arranged.
im'pu dence, rudeness.
in'ci dent, occurrence.
in'ci den'tal ly, indirectly, by the way.
in'ci vil'i ty, rudeness.
in cred'i ble, unbelievable.
in'de ter'mi nate, undecided, unformed.
in'di cate, to show.
in'di ca tor, a device to show or indicate something.
in dulge', to allow one to do as one likes.
in dul'gent, yielding to the wishes of others.
in dus'tri ous, inclined to work, busy.
in ev'i ta ble, certain.
in fal'li bly, surely.
in firm', feeble.
in flate', to fill.
in flat'ed, filled with gas.
in gen'u ous, frank, honest.
in i'rons, to lie head to the wind before filling away on a sailing-course.
in i'ti at'ed (ĭn ĭsh' ĭ āt ĕd), properly admitted or introduced into a club, society, or office.
in nu'mer a ble, without number.
in quire', to ask.
in scrip'tion, that which is written.
in sep'a ra ble, impossible to separate.
in sist', to say or declare firmly; to be firm.
in'so lent, impudent, saucy.
in spec'tor, one who inspects or oversees.
in spi ra'tion, cause moving one to action.
in spired', filled with zeal or spirit.
in stinc'tive ly, naturally.
in tel'li gence, power to understand, knowledge.
in tense', strained
in'ter fere', to step between, stop or prevent action.

in te'ri or, inside.
in'ter mit'tent, interrupted.
in'ter na'tion al, belonging or relating to different nations, between nations.
in'ter pose', to interfere.
in ter'pret, to explain the meaning.
in'ter val, pause, space of time.
in'ter ven'ing, that which is between.
in'ti mate, well acquainted with.
in tox'i cat ed, filled with delight.
in tro duce', to make one acquainted with.
in va'ri a bly, always.
in vi ta'tion, the asking of one to come or to do something.
I'o le (ī'ō lē).
Iph'i tus (If'ĭ tŭs).
isth'mus (Is'mŭs).
Ith'a ca (Ith'ȧ kȧ).

jeer'ing ly, mockingly.
jer'kin, jacket.
jib boom', a spar or timber that forms an extension of the bowsprit.
Joan of Arc, French heroine born in Domremy, 1412, died in Rouen, 1431.
joc'und, jovial, jolly.
jour'ney, (jûr'nĭ), trip.
jun'gle, tropical forest.
jus'tice of the peace, a kind of judge or magistrate.

Kagh (kȧg).
kha'ki (kä'kē), a kind of cotton cloth of a brown or olive-green color, much used for uniforms.
knave (nāv), rascal.
knead (nēd), to mix with the hands.

la bo'ri ous, requiring much labor.
La ce dae'mon (lăs ē dē'mŏn).
La er'tes (lā ĭr'tēz), (lā ûr'tēz).
lav'en der, a sweet-smelling plant, used when dried to give clothes a pleasant smell.
leath'er, to strap, whip.
lee'way, the drifting away of a ship from its sailing-course.
lei'sure (lē'zhûr), spare time.
lists, the enclosed space within which contests at arms were held.
lit'er a ry, relating to literature, books, etc.
loath (lōth), unwilling.
lock'keep er, one who looks after a lock, the chamber by means of which boats are lifted to a higher level in a canal.
lodge, tent.
loi'ter, to linger.
loy'al, faithful.
lust'y, strong, well.

ma gi'cian (mȧ jĭsh'ăn), one who understands or practises magic.
ma hog'a ny, a very hard, reddish-brown wood much used for furniture.
maimed, injured.
maj'es ty, dignity.
mal'low, a wild flowering plant.
man'date, command, order.
man'sion, large or splendid house.
mar'gin, edge.
mark, a weight formerly used for gold and silver and of the value of two-thirds of a pound, or about $3.25.
mar'ry, indeed, in truth.
mar'vel, a wonderful thing.
mas'sive, large, heavy.
match'less, without an equal.
May'ken (mī'kĕn).
mead (mēd), meadow.
me an'der, to walk in an aimless way.
meer'schaum (mēr'shôm), a fine, white, clay-like material of which pipes are often made; a pipe made of meerschaum.
mel'an chol'y (mĕl'ăn kŏl ĭ), sad.
Me vrouw' (mē frow'), Mrs. or Madame.
mick'le, much.
min'a ret, a tall, slender tower on a mosque from which the priest calls to prayers.
Mi ner'va (mĭ nûr'vȧ).
Mi'ra flo'res (mē'rä flō'rēz).
mis'er y (mĭz'ēr ĭ), unhappiness, distress.
mis'sion, errand, business.
mi'tre (mī'tēr), the tall pointed cap worn by a bishop.

mock tur'tle, calf's head made to look like turtle.
mod'er ate, neither fast nor slow, medium.
mod'ern, new, recent.
mod'u lat'ed, changing in pitch.
mo lest', to injure, harm, disturb.
mo men'tous, of great importance.
mon'i tor, a peculiar kind of warship, lying very low in the water, and having a single turret in the middle of the deck, in which the guns are placed.
moor'ings, the cables that hold a ship to the dock.
mo rale' (mō răl'), spirit, mental state.
Mor'gan, the name of a particular breed of horses.
mosque (mŏsk), the Turkish house of worship.
mot'tled, spotted.
mound, a heap of earth.
Mount Hol'yoke (hol'yōk), a mountain in northwestern Massachusetts.
muck'le, much.
mul'ti tude, a great number.
mur'mur, to speak against.
mur'rain (mŭr'ĭn), plague.
mur'rey, dark red.
muse, to think.
mus'ket, a gun used by a soldier.
muz'zle, the end of the gun-barrel out of which the bullet comes; the nose of an animal.
myn heer' (mīn hār'), Mr. or Sir.
mys'tic, full of mystery.
mys'ti cal, hard to understand, mysterious.

nar'ra tive, story.
naught (nôt), nothing.
neigh'bor ing, near-by.
niche (nĭch), corner.
non'cha lance (nŏn'shȧ lȧns), carelessness.
nurs' er y, the part of the house reserved especially for the use of the children.

o be'di ent, having the habit of obeying.
ob ser va'tion, remark.
ob serve', to see.
ob serv'er, one who looks on.
oc ca'sion, need.
oc cur', to happen.
O dys'seus (ō dĭs'ūs).
om'i nous, indicating coming danger or violence.
O pee'che, the Chippewa Indian name for robin.
op por tu'ni ty, chance.
op press', to treat harshly or unjustly.
or dain', to formally establish, place in office.
or'di na ry, common, usual.
o rig'i nal ly, in the first place, at first.
Or lé ans (ôr'lā'ăN'), a city in southern France on the Loire River.
Or sil'o chus (ôr sĭl'ō kŭs).
os'cil la tor, a device that records vibrations or oscillations.
o'ver-haul', to overtake.
o'ver-ween'ing, very proud.
o'ver-whelm'ing, overpowering.

pace, rate of movement.
paint'er, the rope used to fasten a boat to the shore.
pa ja'mas, night-clothes.
pal'an quin' (păl'ăn kēn'), a kind of box, with wooden shutters, in which a traveller sat or lay down, borne on the shoulders by means of poles. Used in India and some other countries.
Pal'es tine (păl'ĕs tīn).
pan'ic, sudden terror.
par'don er, an officer of the church in the Middle Ages who gave pardons for sins.
par dy', surely.
pas'sion, strong feeling.
pa'tri ot ism, love of country.
pa trol' (pȧ trōl'), a group of soldiers or scouts.
pave'ment, a hard covering for the street, usually of stone.
pa vil'ion, tent, canopy.
pawn, to give as security for payment of a debt. **In pawn** = to be held as security for debt.
Pe'dro Mi guel' (pē'drō mē gēl').
peer, equal.
pen in'su la (pĕn ĭn'sū lȧ).

Pen'sa co'la,
pen'sive, thoughtful.
per ceive', to see.
per chance', perhaps.
per'emp to ry, abrupt, sudden, final.
per form'ance, show, act.
per'i scope,
per'ish, to die.
per mit', to allow.
per sist', to keep at, continue.
pet'tish ly, crossly.
pet'ty, of little importance, trifling.
Pher'æ (fĕr'ē).
pick'et er, men on the advanced line of an army.
pi o neer', one who goes ahead into a new country and opens it to settlement.
pit'e ous, causing pity.
pledge, a solemn promise.
pli'ant, easily bent.
pol'len, the powder or dust found in flowers.
por'ce lain, fine earthenware, china.
por'poise (pôr'pŭs), a large sea-fish.
port, the left-hand side looking forward.
pot'pour ri (pō'pōō rē'), a jar of flower petals mixed with spices, etc., used to scent a room.
pot'tage, stew, soup.
pot'ter, to work in a trifling way.
pound, the money unit of Great Britain, equal to about $4.87.
pre'ar ranged', arranged beforehand.
pre cise'ly, exactly.
pre ci'sion, exactness.
pre dic'a ment, unfortunate or disagreeable situation.
pre'mi um, prize.
pres'ence, in the presence of, near to.
pre sen'ti ment, a feeling that something evil is about to occur.
pre sume', to take the liberty of doing something, venture.
pre tend', to make believe.
pre ten'sions, claims to special favor.
pre vail', to prove stronger, last, endure.
prim, stiff.
pri'o ry, a religious house where a group of monks live.
pri va'tion, want.
priv'i lege (prĭv'ĭ lĕj), right.
pro duce', to cause, make.
pro fes'sion, occupation, calling, what one does for a living.
prof'it, to take advantage of.
pro found', deep.
prog'ress (prŏg'rĕs), forward movement; improvement.
pro gres'sive, growing, advancing.
prom'on to'ry, a high point.
prompt'ly, quickly, without delay.
pro pel', to move, pull, push.
pro pel'ler, the screw at the stern which drives a steamship ahead.
pro pos'al, a plan offered or suggested.
pros'trate, lying full length.
prov'en der, food.
pro vok'ing, amazing.
pru'dent, careful.
pulp'y, soft like the inside of an orange.
punt'ing, boating in a punt, a long, narrow boat pushed along by a pole.
pup'pet show, a show in which dolls are made to move by a showman, sometimes by his hands and sometimes by wires.
pur'chase, to buy.
pur'pose, to resolve, intend.
pur sue', to follow, go.
pyr'a mid (pĭr'ă mĭd).

qua drille', a kind of dance in which four couples dance together.
quar'ters, positions.
qua'vered, trembled.
quench, to put out.
quiv'er, case for arrows.

ra'di ant, beaming with brightness.
raft'er (răf'tẽr), one of the sloping timbers used to hold up the roof.
rail'ing, joking.
ram'ble, to walk aimlessly.
ran'som, money paid for giving up a prisoner.
rap'ture, delight.
rar'e fied, thin.
re'al i za'tion, understanding, knowledge.
re'al ize, to come to understand.

re bel'lion, a rising against government or organized authority.
re cess', a hollow place, hole.
reck'on ing, expense, cost.
re cline', to lie down.
rec'ol lect', to remember.
re cov'er, to get again, find.
re doub'le (ré dŭb"l), to increase, double again.
re flect', to remember, think; to bend or throw back.
re flec'tive ly, thoughtfully.
re fute', to prove to be false.
re gard', to look at.
reg'nant, reigning, actually on the throne.
reign (rān), to rule.
re joice', to be glad.
re lax', to grow limp; to let go.
re lease', to let go.
re li'a ble, to be depended on.
rel'ic, reminder.
re mote', far away from others.
re pose', to rest; quiet, calm.
re proof', rebuke.
re sem'blance, likeness.
re sem'ble, to be like.
re serve', to save.
res'i dence, house, dwelling-place.
res'in, pitch.
re sist'ance, opposition.
re solve', to decide.
res'o nance, re-echoing.
re splend'ent, splendid, shining.
re spond', to reply, answer.
re store', to make good again, bring back.
re sume' (ré zūm'), to continue after a stop or interruption, take up again.
ret'i cence, reserve, unwillingness to talk.
re veal', to show.
rev'els, merrymaking.
re ver'ber a'tions, echoes.
rev'er enced, regarded with reverence or honor.
rev'er ent, having great respect for.
re vive', to regain one's strength or spirits.
re volve', to turn over and over.
Rheims (rēmz), a large city on the Marne River, France.
riv'et, to fasten with a metal pin.
ro mance', exciting or unusual adventure.
Rou en' (rōō än'), city of central France on the Seine River.
round'ly, thoroughly.
rue, to be sorry.
rue'ful, pitiable.
Rü'gen (rü'gĕn).
rum'pus, trouble, fuss.
rus'tic, rough, simple, rural.

sac'ri fice, a giving up of something valued for some higher cause.
sal'a ry, pay for services.
sal'ly, a sudden attack or rush.
San'tos Du mont' (san'tōs' dü'môN' or sän'tōs dü môN').
sar cas'ti cal ly, in a sneering way.
sat'is fac'to ry, pleasing, satisfying.
scale, to climb.
scam'per, to run quickly or lightly.
scent, smell.
sci'en tif'ic, belonging or relating to science.
scull, to row; an oar.
scut'tle, a small opening in a roof.
se clu'sion, loneliness, solitude.
se date', sober, quiet.
se lect', to choose, pick out.
sem'a phore (sĕm'*a* fōr), a device used by railroads for giving signals.
sem'i rig'id, partly unyielding.
sen'si ble, wise, level-headed.
sen'su ous, addressed to or aimed at pleasing the senses.
sen'ti nel, a soldier who stands guard.
sep'ul chre (sĕp'ŭl kĕr), grave, tomb. Holy Sepulchre = the tomb of Christ.
sharp, a musical term meaning a sound a half-tone above another.
shaw, a wood, a grove.
She'ba, Saba, an ancient kingdom of southern Arabia.
sheer, mere, complete, entirely.
shin'gle, gravelly beach.
shing'ly, gravelly.
shirk, to avoid duty.
shock, a thick, bushy mass.
shove, to push.
shrewd'ly, wisely, keenly.
shrill, sharp-toned.

shrimp, a small shell-fish.
shroud'ed, veiled, clouded.
shrouds, the ropes that run from the top of the mast to the side of the ship to steady the mast.
shud'der, a trembling.
sig nif'i cant ly, meaningly.
sin'gu lar, remarkable, peculiar.
sith, since.
sit'u a'tion, position, place.
skir'mish, a small battle.
skirt, to pass along the edge of.
sledge, a large heavy hammer to be used with both hands; commonly called a sledge-hammer.
slug'gard, a slow or lazy person.
sluice (slōōs), a passageway for water.
smart'ly, quickly, promptly.
smear, to cover, rub on, daub.
smock, shirt.
smote, struck.
smoul'der, to burn very slowly and without flame.
snig'ger, to jeer, giggle, laugh.
snout, nose.
so'cia bil'i ty, friendliness.
so'cia bly, in a friendly way.
sole, only; a flat sea-fish.
sol'emn (sŏl'ĕm), sober, serious.
sol'i ta ry, lonely, alone.
sol'i tude, loneliness, seclusion.
solve, to get the answer to.
som'bre, gloomy.
som'er sault (sŭm'ēr sâlt), a leap in which a complete turn is made in the air.
Song of Songs, the song of Solomon, a group of poems in the Old Testament.
sooth, truth.
soothe, to calm, quiet.
sor'cer ess, a witch, one who practises magic.
sore'ly, badly.
sor'ry, sad, unpleasant.
sov'er eign (sŏv'ēr ĭn), an English gold coin worth about $4.87.
Spanish Main, the mainland of South America; sometimes applied to the Caribbean Sea.
spec'ta cle, sight.
spire, church steeple.
squad, a group.
squall'er (skwôl'ēr), one who cries or squalls.
stag'ger, to walk as if about to fall.
stalk, to walk proudly or stiffly.
stal'wart (stôl'wērt), strong, stout, brave.
stanch (stänch), firm.
star'board, the right side of a ship looking forward.
stark, stiff, rigid.
state'ly, having dignity.
stay, a heavy rope used to support the masts or bowsprit.
stealth (stĕlth), secrecy.
stint, to keep short, limit.
sti'ver (stī'vēr), a Dutch coin worth about two cents.
stoat (stōt), a small animal similar to a weasel, an ermine.
stodg'y, stuffed, crammed.
stone, an English unit of weight equal to 14 pounds.
strand, shore.
sub merged', under water.
sub mit', to bear, stand, yield.
sub scribe', to give a written promise to pay.
sub side', to fall, disappear.
suc'cor, help.
sug gest', to hint, advise.
sulk'y, a light two-wheeled carriage for the driver of a trotting race-horse.
sun'dry, different, various.
su perb', fine, splendid.
su'per in tend'ent, one who supervises or oversees.
su'per struc'ture, the part of a boat or building that is built above the main structure or body.
sup'ple, easily bent.
sup port', to take care of.
sup press', to still, keep quiet.
su preme', highest, uppermost.
surf, waves breaking on the rocks.
sur mised', thought, guessed.
sur vey', to look at, inspect.
sus pend', to hang.
sus pense', waiting, uncertainty.
sweat (swĕt).
swerve, to turn quickly to one side.
swirl, eddy.

sym'bol, sign.
symp'tom, sign, indication.

tab'ard, jacket.
tack, course.
tal'ons, claws.
ta'per, to grow less toward a point.
Taq'ua me'naw,
tar'ry, to wait, linger.
task mast'er, one who urges others on to work, an overseer.
tem'po ra ry, lasting for a time only, not permanent.
tense'ness, a sense of strain.
ten'sion, degree of strain.
ter'mi nal, the place where a railroad or steamship line ends.
tes'ti fy, to speak as witness.
theme, subject or main story.
thor'ough ly, entirely.
thorp, village.
threat (thrĕt), a promise to harm.
thrift, the habit of saving.
thrive, to get on, prosper.
thwart, to prevent.
til'ler, the handle fastened to the top of the rudder by which a vessel is steered.
tilt, to turn.
tim'id ly, shyly, in a way to show fear.
tip'pet, hood.
tof'fee, a kind of candy.
tor'pid, heavy or slow.
tor'ture, to inflict severe pain on another as a punishment.
tow'ing path, the path along the bank of a river or canal where the horses go which are used to draw loaded boats.
town house, town hall, place of public meeting.
trace, sign.
traf'fic, business, trade.
tramp steamer, a steamer that has no regular route but goes wherever it can get a cargo.
tran'quil, peaceful, quiet.
trans par'ent, easily seen through.
trav'erse, to cross, pass.
tre'ble, a high-pitched musical sound.
tre'mor, trembling.
trem'u lous, trembling.
trice, short time.
trin'kets, toys, trifles.
tri um'phant, full of triumph or joy at success.
troll (trōl), a dwarf, goblin.
troll'ing (trōl'ĭng), fishing by drawing a hook and line through the water from a boat.
trough (trŏf), the hollow between two waves.
trow (trō), to believe, think.
trudge, to walk.
trust'wor'thy (trŭst'wûr'fhĭ), to be trusted, reliable.
tu'mult, noise, uproar.
tu reen', a large dish from which to serve soup.
turf, grass-covered earth; the race-track.
Tyn da're us (tĭn dă'rē ŭs or tĭn dā'-rē ŭs).

ug'ly vis'aged, having a disagreeable face.
Ul'fi us,
un'con trol'la ble, beyond control.
un du'ly, beyond reason.
un err'ing, sure.
un par'don a ble, not to be pardoned.
un whole'some, bad for the health.
up roar'i ous, noisy, boisterous.
U'r'ci en,
U'ther Pen drag'on (ū'thĕr pĕn-drăg''n).

va'cant, empty.
va ca'tion, rest period.
vain, useless.
val'or, courage.
van'ish, to disappear.
veer'ing, changing suddenly.
venge'ance (vĕn'jăns), punishment for some wrong done; with a vengeance = at a great rate.
ven'i son (vĕn'ĭ z'n or vĕn'z'n), the flesh of the deer.
ven'ture, to dare, undertake.
ven'ture, undertaking.
verge, edge, border.
ves'pers, late afternoon or evening service.
vi'o late, to break, destroy.
vi'o lent ly, in a way that shows strong feeling.

vir'tu al ly, truly, really.
vis'i ble, capable of being seen.
vow, to declare.
vrou (frou), wife.

wane, to pass away, grow smaller.
wan'ton ly, in a spirit of spite.
wa'ri ly (wā'rĭ lĭ), carefully.
wa'ter break'er, water-barrel.
wa'ver, to turn, hesitate.
wax, to become, grow.
wea'sel (wē'z'l), a small slender-bodied animal about the size of a gray squirrel.
weir (wēr), a dam; also a fence of stakes or brushwood set in a stream or tideway to form a trap for catching fish.
weird (wērd), strange, terrible.
wel'fare, well-being.
wel'kin, the sky.
whence, from where.
whit, bit, particle.
whit'ing, a small sea-fish.
whole'some, good for one's health or spirits.
Wil'liams town, a town in the north-western part of Massachusetts, the seat of Williams College.
wis'dom, quality of being wise.
with al', with, besides.
wor'thy, (wûr'fhĭ), having worth, deserving.
wrath (răth), anger.
writ, a written order from a court of law or magistrate.
writh'ing (rīth'ĭng), twisting.
wrought (rôt), caused.

yaw, to swing from side to side.
yawn, to gape, open the mouth wide.
yearn (yûrn), to long for.

Zep'pe lin,
Zeus (zūs), the chief of the Greek gods.

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